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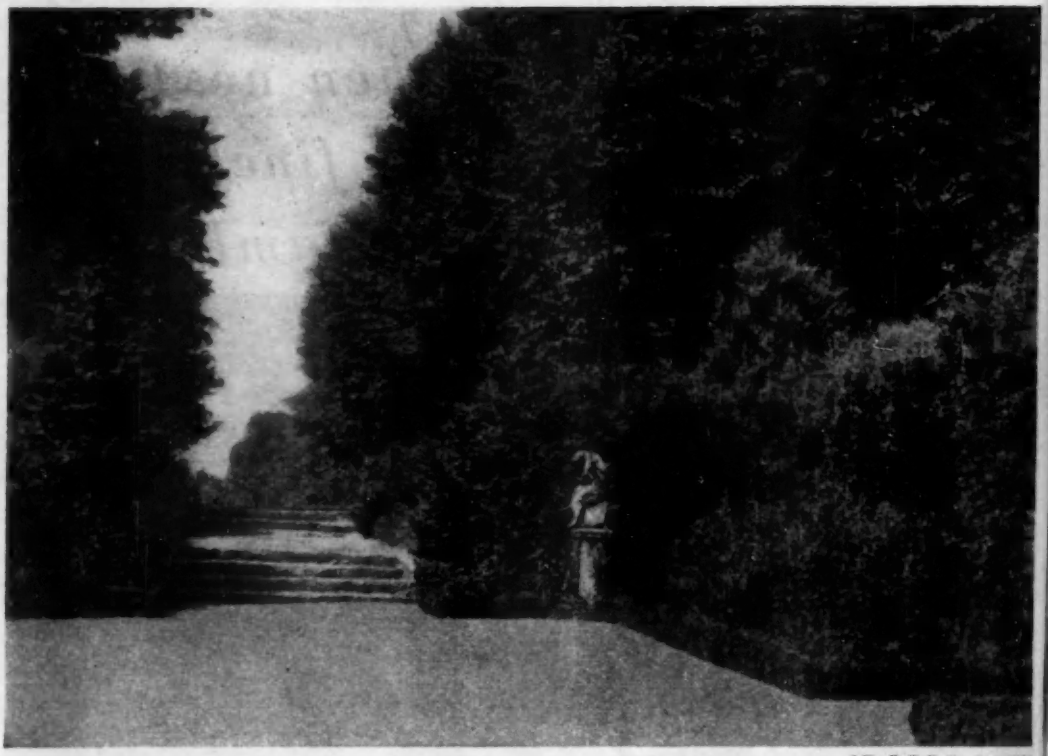

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA.
By Joseph Redlich. *The Macmillan Company*
$5 8¼ x 5¾; 547 pp. *New York*

Dr. Redlich, who is a professor of constitutional law and an active member of the Austrian Parliament, sees the life of Emperor Francis Joseph as a phase in the political transformation of Europe. "The individual character of the monarch," he says, "tends to be subdued to his 'ruler personality'; individual traits, while they affect the success or failure of his government, can hardly be detached from his political existence. . . . The life exposed to us over a period of sixty-eight years' rule is almost from the beginning history—and more history; the history of his countries and peoples, the history of Europe, in the last resort, the history of the world." An interesting and competent piece of work. There are many illustrations and an index; a bibliography is lacking.

GREEK THOUGHT *and the Origins of the Scientific Spirit.*
By Leon Robin. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$6.50 9 x 5¾; 409 pp. *New York*

A study of the beginnings of moral, philosophic and scientific thought, from Thales (640-546 B. C.) of the School of Miletus to Proclus (410-485 A. D.) of the School of Athens. "Truly Hellenic thought appears as a phase in a whole evolution," concludes M. Robin in his résumé at the end. "It represents for us the first systemization of a science and a philosophy. Moreover, both by the way in which it made use of its mythical and technical material, wherever it may have obtained them originally, and by the way in which it afterwards lost its distinctive individuality, it very clearly shows well-defined characteristics. It is a rational, even a reasoning thought. It is so from its historical beginnings, in virtue of its effort to understand the order of things and to organize beliefs intelligibly." The translation is by M. R. Dobie. The book has a foreword by Henri Berr, an exhaustive bibliography and an index. It belongs to the History of Civilization Series, edited by C. K. Ogden.

THE QUACKS OF OLD LONDON.
By C. J. S. Thompson. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$4 8½ x 5⅛; 356 pp. *Philadelphia*

The Seventeenth Century was the Golden Age of quackery in England, and it is to that period that Mr. Thompson devotes most of his attention. London swarmed with all sorts of frauds, from the operators of medicinal baths to the merchants of the new cure-alls, coffee and tea. The hunting was so good, indeed, that the indigenous quacks were reinforced by multitudes of brethren from the Continent, and even from further parts. Mr. Thompson, with immense diligence, has searched the news sheets and other fugitive literature of the time for their advertisements, and unearthed a great deal of new and interesting matter. He by no means confines himself to the Seventeenth Century. He goes back as far as the Middle Ages and also invades the Eighteenth Century. His book is well illustrated and has a good index.

THE COURT OF APPEALS OF MARYLAND.
By Carroll T. Bond. *The Barton-Gillet Company*
$3 9 x 5¾; 214 pp. *Baltimore*

The author of this book is chief judge of the court he discusses and a distinguished legal scholar. The story he has to tell is not merely the history of a single court; it is also, to some extent, a history of the evolution of legal theory and practise in America. The Court of Appeals of Maryland, in one form or another, goes back to the earliest days of the colony, and has shared the vicissitudes of the State. In its earliest incarnation, before it got its present name, it was no more than a committee of the upper legislative and executive body, and most of its judges were laymen. But after the Revolution it gradually attained to autonomy, and now for many years it has been a tribunal of great dignity, adorned by able and eminent judges. Judge Bond's narrative is well written, and with it go many illustrations, including a series of portraits. At the end there is a list of the judges who have been members of the court since the Revolution.

THE AFTERMATH. 1918–1928.
By Winston S. Churchill. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 9 x 6¼; 502 pp. *New York*

This is the fourth and last volume of Mr. Churchill's historical survey of Europe since 1911, which bears the general title, "The World Crisis." Like the previous volumes, it is of great historical value. In it Mr. Churchill deals, not only with the Peace Conference, the Versailles Treaty and the workings of the League of Nations, but also with the post-war condition of Russia, Italy, the Balkans, and the Far East. Naturally, he has also much to say about the United States. He still thinks that Germany was solely to blame for the World War. Of President Wilson he says many sharp things. He thinks that at the

Continued on page xii

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2. The Art of Thinking. By Ernest Dimnet. Published by Simon and Schuster. $2.50.
3. Believe It or Not. By Robert L. Ripley. Published by Simon and Schuster. $2.00.
4. Elizabeth and Essex. By Lytton S. Strachey. Published by Harcourt-Brace. $3.75.
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Peace Conference he "sought to play a part out of all proportion to any stake which his country had contributed or intended to contribute to European affairs." He also says that if Wilson had coöperated with Lloyd George and Clemenceau, a much better Peace Treaty would have come out of Versailles. "[Wilson] made everything slower and more difficult." As for the future, he thinks that the Treaty of Locarno and the Treaty of Washington "give assurance to civilization."

THE LETTERS OF THE TSAR TO THE TSARITSA. 1914–1917.

Dodd, Mead & Company

$5 9 x 5¾; 324 pp. *New York*

These letters and telegrams reveal the Tsar to have been an even more pathetic figure than was hitherto commonly supposed. He was superstitious, ignorant, idiotically affectionate, and in general did not have the intelligence necessary to run a peanut stand. Here are some excerpts. (*a*) "I shall try to write very often, as, to my amazement, I have come to the conclusion that I can write while the train is in motion." (*b*) The Russian Army had just scored a minor victory over the Germans. "All this happened immediately after our troops learned that I have taken upon myself the Supreme Command. This is truly God's blessing, and such a swift one!" (*c*) "My warmest thanks to you for your letters. I always look forward to them with a beating heart. Having opened the envelope, I push my nose inside and breathe in your scent." (*d*) "First of all I hasten to thank you for your three letters. They came, of course, very irregularly, because the train traveled backward and forward on the line, as it was near Dvinsk, where bad birds fly." (*e*) It was March 14, 1916, and the Russian Army had suffered a severe blow on the Prussian front. "Many generals are making serious blunders. The worst of it is, that we have so few good generals. It seems to me that during the long Winter rest they have forgotten all the experiences which they acquired last year." (*f*) This note he sent to his wife on February 23, 1917, three days after the murder of Rasputin, when revolutionary sentiment was rife throughout the country: "I greatly miss my half-hourly game of patience every evening. I shall take up dominoes again in my spare time. The stillness round here depresses me, of course, when I am not working." (*g*) The next day: "My brain is resting here—no ministers, no troublesome questions demanding thought. I consider that this is good for me." (*h*) The following telegram he sent from Pskov on March 2, 1917, a few hours before his abdication: "Arrived here at dinner-time. Hope that everybody's health is better and that we shall soon see each other. Close embrace." The translation from the Russian is by A. L. Hynes.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE READING INTERESTS AND HABITS OF ADULTS.

By William S. Gray & Ruth Munroe.

The Macmillan Company

$3.50 7⅞ x 5¼; 305 pp. *New York*

There is not much here, save only that relentless piling up of trivial and insignificant facts (many of them also dubious) which Ph.D.'s, especially of the pedagogical faculty, delight in. One discovers that the average American reads more newspapers than magazines and more magazines than books, that he prefers the *Cosmopolitan* and *True Stories* to the *Atlantic Monthly*, that less reading is done in Mississippi than in the more civilized parts of the country, that persons who are assiduous readers usually began the practise early in life, and so on. A lady investigator was sent out to pull doorbells in two Chicago neighborhoods, and she generalizes heavily from the answers (often reluctant and hence guarded) of 100 residents of the one and 170 residents of the other. One turns back to the title page and finds without surprise that the senior author is dean of a college of education. The funds for amassing the matter which fills the book were supplied by the Carnegie Corporation, and the work was supervised by a committee of five librarians and pedagogues, representing the American Association for Adult Education and the American Library Association. There is an exhaustive bibliography at the end, followed by an index.

THE CURIOUS LOTTERY *and Other Tales of Russian Justice.*

By Walter Duranty. *Coward-McCann*

$2.50 7⅝ x 5¼; 237 pp. *New York*

Mr. Duranty is the highly competent Moscow correspondent of the New York *Times*. He is that rarity among American newspaper men, a mature and extremely well-informed man. Moreover, he has command of a clear, vigorous and direct English, and never tries to be literary. The present book is a collection of reports of typical Soviet trials, both petty and major. They are all very interesting, but perhaps the most dramatic of them are those dealing with the narrow escape from the firing squad of Savinkov, the greatest revolutionary assassin Russia has ever had,

Continued on page xiv

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and with the part played by Krylenko, head of the Cheka, in the celebrated trial a year ago of the forty-nine Russians and three Germans accused of conspiring to destroy the Russian mining industry. Mr. Duranty, in conclusion, brings out three interesting facts about the operations of Soviet justice. (*a*) "Western law safeguards the individual, Russian law the community." (*b*) "In the West an accused person is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. In Russia the fact that he is brought to trial is prima facie evidence of his guilt. The purpose of the trial is firstly to determine the degree of culpability and secondly to inflict the appropriate penalty." (*c*) "It can fairly be said that in no other country in the world is it so hard for a guilty person to evade punishment as in Russia today."

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.
By Walter Meakin. *Brentano's*
$3 7⅞ x 5¼; 284 pp. *New York*

At the time of the French occupation, which was also the period of high inflation, the major German industries were enduring a severe depression, "attributable mainly to surplus productive capacity in relation to diminished consumption capacity due to war causes." In the endeavor to rehabilitate the country the technical experts hit upon the idea of horizontal unification and vertical combination of the heavy industries. They called it *Rationalisierung*. Their immediate aims were to do away with the waste of competition, and to correlate production more closely with consumption demand, thus keeping the price levels relatively stable. Since 1925, aided by the central government, many of the major German industries have "rationalized" themselves, and Mr. Meakin, who makes a detailed study of the tremendous changes involved, thinks that so far the results have been quite favorable. Anyway, "rationalization" has already spread throughout Europe, and "it appears to the author to be difficult, if not impossible, to resist the conclusion that the changes now taking place in industry and capitalist organization and control in Europe will be at least as comprehensive and far-reaching in their effects . . . as those which followed the rise of the steam-power factory system." For one thing, the new scheme of things will probably mean a completely new labor-capital relationship. Because of the economies of "rationalization" and because of its basic plan enormous masses of workers will be thrown permanently or temporarily on the streets. How they will fight back remains a mystery. Obviously an industrial union in a "rationalized" society could cripple a country instantly if so minded, and so, equally obviously, could a "rationalized" industry ruin the union. Governments plainly will have to take a more direct interest in industry than ever before.

THE TREASON OF THE INTELLECTUALS.
By Julien Benda. *William Morrow & Company*
$2.50 8⅜ x 5½; 244 pp. *New York*

It is amazing what passes nowadays for profundity and originality. The present book has been hailed as a work of revolutionary importance by nearly all the reviewers, and one critic has gone as far as to say of it: "The most stimulating book which has come out of Europe in many months . . . arresting, revealing and disquieting to the extreme." The fact is that it is a puerile performance, full of platitudes, obscurities and idiocies. M. Benda gives over his first twenty-nine pages trying to prove that "the present age is essentially the age of politics." In the next 151 pages he ploughs through all of history in the endeavor to establish the thesis that the intellectual classes of the last fifty years have taken a greater interest in public affairs than ever before, and that on the whole their influence has been for the worse. He thinks that they have intensified the passions of race and of country, and have been the arch enemies of peace, brotherhood and the life of the spirit. Because of this, "humanity is heading for the greatest and most perfect war ever seen in the world," and also, strangely enough, for a new Middle Ages, a period which, 149 pages back, he praises as offering "the ideal form of existence." M. Benda is wholly opposed to having intellectuals participate "in daily life." Apparently the idea in the back of his mind is that they have often proved themselves to be as gullible in matters of common concern as the masses, and that we cannot always rely on their leadership when it comes to the management of *res publica*. He could have said this in so many words—but unfortunately it would not have made a book, and people would have laughed at it as platitudinous. The translation from the French is by Richard Aldington.

THE NEW EXPLORATION. *A Philosophy of Regional Planning.*
By Benton MacKaye. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8⅝ x 5½; 235 pp. *New York*

The new exploration, according to Mr. MacKaye, is concerned with the conservation of natural resources, the control of commodity-flow, and the development of environment. It must cope with problems in the wilderness of civilization rather than with problems in the wilderness of nature, as did the old

Continued on page xvi

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THE SCIENCES

THE SOCIAL WORLD OF THE ANTS, *Compared With That of Man.*
By Auguste Forel. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$15 9 x 5½; 2 vols.; 551+445 pp. *New York*

Forel is chiefly known in Anglo-Saxondom for his controversial tract, "The Sexual Question," first published in 1905. His profession, however, is not that of a moralist but that of a psychiatrist, and the chief interest of his life has not been even psychiatry, but entomology, and especially that branch of it, called myrmecology, which has to do with ants. In these two volumes he presents the fruits of more than seventy years of observation and reflection, for he began his inquiries when a boy of eight and a half and he is still at work at eighty-one. He first discusses the evolutionary history of ants, then considers their anatomy, physiology, classification, geographical distribution, and probable psychology, and then proceeds to an elaborate study of their behavior, both as individuals and as units in their complicated societies. His material is of great richness and he handles it with extraordinary skill and good sense, pausing ever and anon to indulge himself in homilies upon the inferiority of man to the ant. He writes with less charm than that other great myrmecologist, Dr. William Morton Wheeler, but he shows the same enthusiasm for his subject and the same wide sweep of knowledge. His work is elaborately illustrated by Emil Heinrich, and the translation by C. K. Ogden is, in the main, very competent, though there are occasional infelicities, such as the transformation of Schaffhausen into Schaffhouse. There is no bibliography, but at the end of the second volume there is a good index.

FROM MAGIC TO SCIENCE.
By Charles Singer. *Boni & Liveright*
$7.50 9¾ x 6¼; 253 pp. *New York*

Essays on the beginnings of science reprinted from various scientific journals, with some amplification and revision. They include discussions of science under the Roman Empire, early English magic and medicine, the early herbals, the visions of Hildegarde of Bingen, and the school of Salerno and its legends. The volume has many illustrations, mainly reproductions from original sources, and an index of names. A bibliography is missing.

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Continued from page xvi

WHAT IS THE MIND?
By George Thomas White Patrick.
The Macmillan Company
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 185 pp. *New York*

"Thinking, remembering, imagining, as exhibited in higher forms of intelligence," says Dr. Patrick in this exposition of the behaviorist psychology, "are only what human beings are *doing* under appropriate circumstances. They are not qualities or exhibitions of mind. We do not think and remember and imagine because we have minds. We have minds because we think and remember and imagine. Thus . . . the mind is not a kind of *being* but a kind of *doing*." The book belongs to the Philosophy for the Layman Series, edited by Roy Wood Sellars.

FEELINGS & EMOTIONS: *The Wittenberg Symposium. Edited by Martin L. Reymert.*
The Clark University Press
$6 9 x 6; 454 pp. *Worcester, Mass.*

In October, 1927, a new psychological laboratory was opened at Wittenberg College, Springfield, O., and to mark the occasion there was a powwow of psychologists. They came from most of the great American seminaries and even from Europe, and many who were unable to be present in person sent papers. Among them were such men as Joseph Jastrow, Knight Dunlap, William McDougall, Charles E. Spearman, Morton Prince and Alfred Adler. The general subject of the papers was the psychological nature of emotion. Here they are all reprinted, along with a stenographic report of the discussions which followed their reading, and the texts of various congratulatory and historical speeches made before and afterward. Obviously, it is impossible to summarize them in small space. They show great variety of opinion, and, in the main, are extremely interesting. The present volume was prepared for the press by Dr. Martin L. Reymert, professor of psychology at Wittenberg, and appears as one of the International University Series in Psychology, edited by Dr. Carl Murchison, of Clark. There are portraits of most of the psychologists participating. The volume is well printed on good paper, and Dr. Reymert has done his work competently.

QUEER FISH.
By C. M. Yonge. *Brentano's*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5⅛; 193 pp. *New York*

This is an excellent popular book on marine biology. Dr. Yonge, who was leader of the Great Barrier Reef Expedition, discusses, among other things, the recent growth of the fishing industry, the effects of ocean currents on the distribution of fish, the effect of the Great War on fishery research, oyster cultivation, the biology of pearls, and the strange fish which die of

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John Jacob Astor

by

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drowning if allowed to remain too long in water. The last quarter of the book is given over to a discussion of some phenomena in general biology, such as heredity and environment, tissue culture and animal regeneration.

PEAKS OF INVENTION.
By Joseph Leeming. *The Century Company*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5; 269 pp. *New York*

A popular discussion of the latest advances in the world of the applied sciences. Mr. Leeming, who is a member of the scientific faculty of the University of Buffalo, writes clearly and interestingly. Some of the chapter titles of his book give a good idea of the contents: "The Submarine Cable," "The Marvels of Modern Chemistry," "Radio's Latest Triumphs," "The Wonders of the Telephone," "Twentieth Century Ships," "The Story of the Submarine," and "The Conquest of the Air." There are thirty-seven illustrations.

BIOGRAPHY

STEALING THROUGH LIFE.
By Ernst Booth. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 8⅝ x 5⅝; 308 pp. *New York*

The author of this unusual autobiography is serving a life term at Folsom Prison in California, and made his début as an author with "We Rob a Bank," which he contributed to THE AMERICAN MERCURY for September, 1927. Later, until the prison authorities forbade him to send out any more MSS., he wrote "A Texas Chain-Gang" (November, 1927), "Ladies of the Mob" (December, 1927), "I Face a Jury of My Peers" (April, 1928), and "The Language of the Underworld" (May, 1928). The present volume includes a reworking of the material in "We Rob a Bank," "A Texas Chain-Gang," and "Ladies of the Mob." There is also a great deal of other stuff, including an account of his childhood, and of the circumstances which made a professional criminal of him. The story he has to tell shows an extraordinary gift for dramatic narrative, and is quite free from sentimentality. He describes his criminal career simply and almost objectively, and carefully avoids maudlin moralizing. The book thus differs considerably from most others of its kind. It is the work of a man who, whatever his aberrations, is obviously highly intelligent. He is serving his life sentence for a series of daring robberies, and was lately gravely injured in attempting to escape from prison.

ANDREW JACKSON: *the Gentle Savage.*
By David Karsner. *Brentano's*
$3.50 8 x 5⅜; 399 pp. *New York*

Mr. Karsner's interpretation of Jackson is flat and undistinguished. He has made no effort to discover

Continued on page xxii

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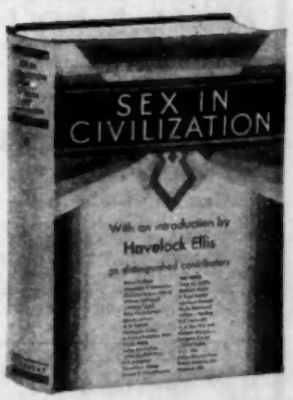

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any new material and his manner of dealing with the sources is often debatable. There is a bibliography at the end, but an index is lacking.

BILL HAYWOOD'S BOOK.
By William D. Haywood. *The International Publishers*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 368 pp. *New York*

This record of Haywood's career as a leading protagonist in the struggles of labor in America is clearly, and often dramatically told, despite his indignation, especially the chapters dealing with his boyhood among the Mormons, his early mining experiences in Utah and Colorado, and the Boise trial. Haywood left the United States for Russia while his last case was pending in the Supreme Court—he was endlessly involved in I. W. W. arrests after his conviction with ninety-two other I. W. W.'s in Chicago—and there established himself as a political refugee "pending the revolution in America." He died in Moscow on May 18, 1928, before the completion of this book; a co-worker has added the final chapter on his life in the Soviet Union.

BAUDELAIRE: *Flower of Evil.*
By François Porché. *Horace Liveright*
$3.50 8½ x 5½; 236 pp. *New York*

M. Baudelaire, the father of Charles, died in February, 1827. Charles had been very fond of the old man with the "jealous" eyebrows, but he was only six years old. Left alone with his mother, a charming woman of thirty, he fell deeply in love with her. "When we speak of a child's love," says his present biographer, "we are deceived by the word 'child': in reality nothing is less childish. It is the loves of grown-up people that are very often childish, or infected with a number of elements foreign to love itself. The child has an individuality of its own, but is quite without any social personality, so that passionate love exists in him, as it were, in its pure state; and to this obsessive emotion nothing is of any account but its immediate object which engrosses the whole soul." Such was Charles's love, and so M. Porché views the drama that overshadowed his life. For the rest, his book reveals a few new sources, but on the whole it is far from conclusive in its interpretation of the facts of Baudelaire's life. There are a number of illustrations, but both a bibliography and an index are missing. The book appears in an indifferent translation, the work of John Mavin.

PÈRE MARQUETTE: *Priest, Pioneer & Adventurer.*
By Agnes Repplier. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$3 8 x 5½; 298 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

"The amazing thing about the little party that left St. Ignace on May 17, 1673," says Miss Repplier,

Continued on page xxiv

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"was the simplicity of its preparations. . . . Two canoes had to carry the adventurers—Joliet, Marquette and their five assistants—their arms and ammunition, their food, their extra clothing, their carefully protected materials for reports and map making, and what gifts they could add for friendly Indians by the way. . . . Indian corn and smoked meat constituted the provisions, the corn being an essential, the smoked meat a luxury." Marquette's journal was in the hands of the authorities at home in 1674; later it was published in Paris. On May 18, 1675, Marquette himself died "on the bare ground in a savage solitude," indubitably from physical exhaustion. This chronicle of his heroic career is admirably executed. Miss Repplier has obviously consulted all the primary sources, though a formal bibliography is lacking.

THE LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD. *Edited by J. Middleton Murry.* *Alfred A. Knopf*
$7.50 8½ x 5½; 2 vols. 281+236 pp. *New York*

These letters of Miss Mansfield, no less than her much over-praised stories, reveal her as a remarkably vivid personality rather than as a great literary artist. She writes sincerely, intensely, often memorably, upon a variety of subjects—everything that interested her, from Shakespeare and Proust to a stray robin that fluttered over her window-sill or the perfume of the flowery trees in the garden of Notre Dame. Her almost endless analysis of her own work is not without critical insight, but it is her peculiarly sensitive observation of the course of the disease which killed her that gives these volumes their special value. There are few descriptions more accurate, and more moving, in the literary history of tuberculosis than hers of a fellow consumptive in whom she recognized the same false vivacity which she was conscious of herself: "I *recognized* his smile—just the least shade too bright and his strange joyousness as he came to meet one—just the least shade too pronounced, his air of being more alive than other people—the gleam—the faint glitter on the plant that the frost has laid a finger on."

BITTER BIERCE. *A Mystery of American Letters.*
By C. Hartley Grattan. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 291 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Mr. Grattan completed the MS. of this book before the appearance of Mr. Carey McWilliams' paper on Bierce in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for February last. In consequence he is found speculating about various matters on which Mr. McWilliams threw a new light—for example, the matter of Bierce's unfortunate marriage. He also falls into a number of errors—for example, he says that "William Randolph Hearst hired him [Bierce] for the [San Francisco] *Examiner* in 1881," whereas the fact is that Hearst had not yet

Continued on page xxvi

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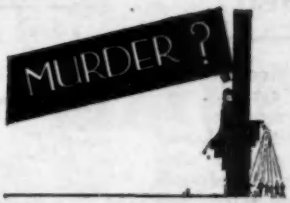

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entered Harvard in that year, and did not take charge of the *Examiner* until 1886. But in general he is careful and accurate, and in several directions he has new matter to offer. His conclusion is that Bierce was a forerunner of the present age. Alone among the American writers of his own generation he spoke out freely, and many of his ideas, taking root, are widely held today. But his very outspokenness kept him from popularity, and he is still to be adequately esteemed. Most critics, it is likely, will hold that Mr. Grattan underestimates Bierce as a wit, but outside that field his judgments are well supported and probably sound.

PORTRAIT OF AMBROSE BIERCE.
By Adolphe de Castro. *The Century Company*
$3.50 7⅞ x 5⅜; 351 pp. *New York*

The author of this somewhat florid and romantic work met Bierce in San Francisco in the middle 80's and remained in more or less intimate contact with him until he disappeared into Mexico in 1913. In 1889 they collaborated in fashioning "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter" out of materials found in Richard Voss's German story, "Der Monch von Berchtesgaden," and thereafter they quarrelled over the rights to it for years. De Castro, in those days, bore the name of Dr. G. A. Danziger and was in practise as a dentist; he seems to have changed his name some time afterward. In the present book he reports a trip to Mexico to visit the late Pancho Villa, and says that Villa confessed to having had Bierce murdered. His narrative is full of detailed accounts of conversations dating back to the 80's, and is otherwise heavy with strange stuff. Whole reaches of it are concerned, not with Bierce, but with de Castro's own witticisms, literary aspirations, political prodigies, and feats at arms. But there remains some stuff in it that will be of value to future biographers of Bierce. The book is illustrated, and at the end of it there is a sadly incomplete bibliography.

AS GOD MADE THEM.
By Gamaliel Bradford. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 295 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Bradford's capacity for writing brilliantly vivid biographies in short space does not diminish: here are seven of the best that he has ever done. The subjects are Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Horace Greeley, Edwin Booth, Francis James Childs and Asa Gray. (The sketch of Greeley was first printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for April, 1924.) All of these men were interesting and important, and all of them left copious records of their lives. Mr. Bradford has examined those records at length, and reduced them to brief but extremely penetrating narratives. He knows how to isolate what is essential in character and act from the mass of report

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and dispute, and to give it a pungent and dramatic form. The formula that he follows is his own invention, and he was using it before any of the ornaments of the current school of biographical writing were heard of. It is more scientific than the one they prefer, for no iconoclastic aim is hidden in it: its sole purpose is to unearth the truth, and to present it as succinctly as possible. The present volume, like its predecessors, is heavily documented, and there is a good index. There are portraits of all the men discussed.

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By Ernest R. Mowrer *The University of Chicago Press*
$3 7⅝ x 5¼; 277 pp. *Chicago*

Dr. Mowrer is assistant professor of sociology at Northwestern University, and the author of a work on "Family Disorganization." In the present book he attempts to set up a highly complicated technique for investigating and dealing with domestic infelicity. But despite his formidable talk of "diagnostic factors," "implicit coercion," "prestige mechanisms," "cultural patterns" and other such inventions of so-called scientific sociology, it does not appear that he has anything to offer that goes beyond the homely common sense of the experienced social worker. He was aided in preparing the book by Helen R. Mowrer, domestic discord consultant to the Jewish Social Service Bureau of Chicago. It has a brief bibliography and an index.

SEX IN CIVILIZATION.
Edited by V. F. Calverton & S. D. Schmalhausen.
The Macaulay Company
$5 9¾ x 6; 719 pp. *New York*

There is not much that is new or important in this book, but some of the chapters are at least sprightly and amusing. This is especially true of the contribution of Dr. William McDougall, a vigorous and eloquent defense of sex taboos, and of Judge Ben B. Lindsey's equally impassioned argument in the other direction. At the further pole are such things as Waldo Frank's sophomoric discussion of "Sex and Democracy," V. F. Calverton's dull laboring of stale Marxism in "Sex and Social Struggle," and William J. Fielding's feeble dealing with "The Art of Love." The other contributors include Havelock Ellis, Alexander Goldenweiser, Joseph Jastrow, Arthur Garfield Hays, Harry Elmer Barnes, Robert Briffault, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Smith Ely Jelliffe, E. Boyd Barrett, Margaret Sanger, Ira S. Wile and Robert Morse Lovett. There are biographical notes at the end, and an index.

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NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxviii

THE FINE ARTS

THE DILEMMA OF AMERICAN MUSIC. *By Daniel Gregory Mason.* *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7⅝ x 5; 306 pp. *New York*

The title essay in this collection was first printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, as was another, "Stravinsky as a Symptom." Mr. Mason's competence, both as musician and as critic, is well known. He approaches the discussion of music with wide and sound knowledge to support him, and is unusually free from prejudice. But his tolerance does not go to the length of welcoming the imbecilities which now pass for novelty in the concert-hall. In an essay entitled "Reflections on Rhythm" he states the case against jazz with blistering clarity and conviction. "If robots," he says, "could make a music of their own, it would be jazz." Eight of his essays deal with what may be called the social aspects of music, four have a technical interest, and five are devoted to Beethoven. The book is well written and full of interesting ideas. It wants an index badly.

PHONOPHOTOGRAPHY IN FOLK MUSIC. *American Negro Songs in New Notation.* *By Milton Metfessel.* *The University of North Carolina Press*
$3 9 x 5⅜; 181 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

The difficulty of recording folk song in the ordinary musical notation is well known to musicians. When the phonograph was invented it was turned to use for that purpose, and many phonographic records are now in the musical libraries. But these records wear out, and are otherwise unsatisfactory. The recording device Dr. Metfessel describes is a modified moving-picture machine, and it was developed by Dr. Carl E. Seashore and his students at the University of Iowa. It produces what amounts to a long graph. This graph shows time and tone very plainly, and may also be made to show volume and timbre. It is the two former qualities that Dr. Metfessel examines in the present book. His material was provided by Negro singers at Chapel Hill, N. C. He finds some interesting peculiarities in their singing. Their attack, for example, is almost never clean: they are at great pains "to get a running start from below." Their vibrato, likewise, is unusual and characteristic. And they employ a curious device—Dr. Metfessel calls it the falsetto-twist—to convey emotion. His study is thorough and extraordinarily interesting. His book has an introduction by Dr. Seashore and a complete bibliography. It is plentifully illustrated.

Continued in back advertising section, page I

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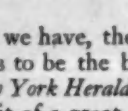

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VOLUME XVII NUMBER 65

The American MERCURY

May 1929

COTTON MILL

BY PAUL PETERS

The personnel manager kept saying: "But you won't be satisfied with $11 or $12 a week. I know you won't." Seeing him yield that much, I insisted that I would. "At least I can live on it," I said, "and I've got to live somehow."

He measured me up again, his eyes full of skepticism. He was my own age. He had told me so with an undertone of pride, as if to say: "Now just see where I am and where you are, for all your knock-about adventures." Aloud he said: "Beside, we don't hire floaters and drifters. All our hands are local people and they're satisfied. As soon as floaters and drifters come in, they stir up trouble."

But at last, drenched under my steady stream of argument, he yielded. However, since I had worked on ships and in factories and mines, I was to be no mere $11-a-week mill-hand. At one bound I became a pipe-fitter on the machine-shop crew. My pay was set at thirty cents an hour for a ten-hour day. "Maybe you can pick up a little more by working Saturday afternoons and Sundays," he said. "Report to Sam Maples at six-thirty in the morning."

So at thirty cents an hour I became a grain of machine fodder in the New Industrial South. Sixteen-fifty a week—let's see: room, $4; laundry, $1; carfare, 84 cents; tobacco, 30 cents; food, 75 cents a day; postage, shaves, soap, medicine, clothes, a movie now and then: say $3 for miscellaneous. That makes $14.39—out of $16.50—umn! . . .

Yet inside I burned with a quiet joy. To work in a machine-shop! All my life I have loved machine-shops. I love the smell of oil, the curl of iron filings from a drill, the feel of a vise tightening to the pull of the wrist, the gnash of saw teeth biting through steel. And then to work in a knitting-mill, to slip unobtrusively into the heart of the miraculous New South I had read about! Why, it was like walking into a gold mine.

Beside, I was broke. I had to live somehow. And in this mountain-valley town of Tennessee there were only the mills.

I didn't have an alarm-clock, and payday was a long way off. So I set my mind for five o'clock, with the result that I awoke every half hour from two o'clock on. I lay in the dark thinking of the Summer that had just ended far up North: the tree-buried Wisconsin town that had come in my eyes to have an almost heart-breaking beauty; strolls around the lake with the most steadfast, the dearest of all companions; days of isolation, living among the turbulent people of my drama, crying out with them in bitterness against the injustice that crushes down the poor, fighting their fight, greedy with them for the joys of sun and wind and water, weeping with them in the defeat that is yet a vic-

tory for their courage. Then a month of drifting, drifting, ever South, over new hills into new valleys; new people; new cities; (none as dear, none as beautiful as the little town up North). Ahead of me lay Memphis, Natchez, Baton Rouge, New Orleans: names that conjured up the boy, me, who used to lie flat on a Kentucky hill above the river and fish dreams out of a volume of Mark Twain.

The jaws of the mill swallowed me up. It was only in those first days that I saw them distinctly, that I thought of them as jaws with iron pickets for teeth, and a cavernous passage between two buildings for mouth, and a squat door through which shot a flood of human fodder for gullet. After that it was merely the business of going to work, still drugged with sleep, still sore from yesterday's grind.

II

Inside the flood broke up and swirled through a maze of intestines. Big rooms, small rooms, alleyways, tunnels, galleries, bridges; vats boiling, fly-wheels spinning, belts flapping, pistons punching, shuttles twirling, machines roaring. Iron monsters in an orgy of cramming white fluff down their maws, writhing over it, rending it to shreds, gulping it down, spitting it out again with a screech. The air was full of steam and cotton lint.

A man named Cully took me in tow. He fretted, mumbled, cursed, jerked in and out of the store-room. Then, loaded with pieces of pipe, screws, a drill, and some ratchet wrenches, I was led to a new section of the mill built on by knocking out a wall and extending the floor and roof. We cut sections of four-inch iron pipe. We put on sleeves and made several sections up. I did everything wrong. I failed to tighten the vise and the pipe slipped. I couldn't adjust the wrench to the sleeve. When I did, I hadn't the strength to draw the sleeve up high enough. I didn't know what pipe-dope was. I dropped a pipe on its end, chipping the threads. Cully snatched the wrench out of my hands. " 'D you say you was a pipe-fitter?" he fumed. Pipe-fitting: why, the words were so simple, so matter-of-fact. Here all at once it was a science, an art. Nobody will ever know how humble I felt, how disgusted with my soft, clumsy, impotent hands.

With three sections made up, we had to mount ladders and hang the pipe from the ceiling. The ladders were thirty feet high and wobbled like new-born colts. Cully's had a way of tipping off to one side; and mine did not rest evenly on the ground, so that it jigged all the time I worked and gradually slid together till it was about to collapse. Then I would save my neck by clutching the pipe hangers I was screwing into the ceiling beams, juggle the ladder apart, run down, and plant it firm. Like most factories, this one was plastered with "Be Careful" and "Safety First" signs.

Under the ceiling you melted in sweat. Sweat ran over your mouth, down your armpits, into your shoes. Sawdust from your bit flicked into your eyes and caked your face. Cotton lint, soaked with steam spray to bring it down, gagged your throat. When you stopped to wipe the ooze from your face you could look down into the spinning room with its whirling spools wrapping up endless cobwebs of thread; its swarm of girls stepping a slow waltz around the long machines, bending, rising, brushing, threading, round and round and round. The roar hurled the heat in a white mist against you. From below came the rap of carpenters laying the floor. Then I saw Cully waving his arms at me, cupping his hands to bellow, but the roar drowned him out. At last he flung away his hammer and came swinging up my ladder, sending it teetering from side to side. My hangers were out of line by half an inch.

Raising the three sections of pipe to the beams nearly landed me in the hospital. It was hard enough to lift one end upon my shoulder, where it rocked like a steam-roller on the bone. Ahead rose the cliff of spidery ladder. Cully scampered up his like a monkey. He was on top before I had more

than started, and the full weight of sixty feet of iron pipe slumped down on me. It rolled from my shoulder and nearly pitched me headlong to the floor. I grabbed it with both hands, hooked myself into the swaying ladder with an elbow, and set up a howl. Cully looked down with abysmal disgust. Then the ladder began tipping over, slowly. Two carpenters, fortunately, leaped up to steady it, while a third ran up behind me to lift the pipe. Together we made the top. I was limp for half an hour afterward.

At dinner time Cully told the men in the shop how I had nearly killed him by dropping a pipe.

He tried that trick again twice within a week. Luck saved me the second time. The third time, having done some thinking, I was ready for him. I raced up the ladder first and dumped my end on top. Now it was he who was caught and he who set up the howl. His face scalded with rage, his frog's mouth clamping open and shut like a trap door, Cully told me in eloquent Southern obscenity what he thought of me. Nobody can beat a Southerner at such things. Nevertheless Cully and I worked like twins on three section pipes after that. The secret lies in keeping the pipe level during the hoisting, so that the weight is evenly distributed at both ends.

In time Cully and I even became fairly good friends. But he was never an easy man to work with. Impatient, hot-headed, nervous, callous about his fellows in that thoughtless way which is so peculiarly American—and even more so Southern—he looked after himself first. First of all there was the important business of making a big noise for Cully and the quantities of work Cully could finish in a day, of flying back and forth in a frenzy of haste, explosions, complaints. Ladders went sliding over the floor, pipes came flying through the air, wrenches and hammers were tossed about recklessly; both of us chased madly up and down ladders.

The man was as strong as a bull; and once he had snatched a wrench from your hands, he would pump at it with such a fever that the beads of sweat swelled into a flood on his face and the veins in his neck popped out like ropes. Actually he didn't do much. He made six trips for tools he could have gathered in one. In his impatience to start he was forever sawing his lengths too long or too short, hanging his pipes crooked, taking them down again.

I learned later that nobody in the shop wanted to work with him. They hated him for a recklessness that endangered not so much himself as his helper. "That guy's plumb bughouse," they told me. "He's always trying to show the boss he can do the whole job in one day." It was not so much from malice as from sheer lack of social sense that, as one man put it, he "wouldn't give a damn if he knocked your eye out."

III

Long before quitting time I was fagged out. Every move tore at my muscles with pincers. My feet burned as if I were walking on hot steel. Inside I was hollow and being ripped apart. I wrenched and lifted and pulled in a blaze of torture. How the minutes crawled! Another hour—another—only half an hour now. Grit your teeth, man: a hell of a fine worker you are! Now only fifteen minutes . . . thank God, the whistle!

Washing in a steam-filled locker room; trudging back through the maze of rooms with a mountain of fatigue on my back; spewed out at the gate with a mob of silent people; slumped like a sack against a pole in the overloaded street-car. Then "home." To sit down: that was the most important thing in the world. I sat in a stupor till hunger stirred me. At the nearest counter I slid some yams and grits down my throat and crept home to bed. Sleep swooped down on me like wind blowing out a light.

In time I became toughened. I learned to spare myself, to stall, to sneak off and hide when I had reached the end of my

strength. But the last two or three hours of the day never ceased to be a nightmare, a tug-of-war between a man's will-to-endure and the dragging minutes. I am sure that for at least two hours out of every afternoon every workman in the mill was worthless. The ten-hour day is not only brutal; it is sheer senseless waste. A six-or seven-hour day would produce fully as much, and would develop in addition a higher grade of workman. He would have time to read, to ruminate, to let his emotions expand, to putter in a garden, to loiter, to dabble in any one of a thousand humanizing hobbies.

But the money back of the New Industrial South doesn't want a higher grade of workman. It knows that only men battered into brutes by relentless drudgery will acquiesce to the heaps of muck, kindling, and rubble that pockmark the cotton mill country of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Georgia. Despite all Chamber of Commerce bulldoze to the contrary, there is only one reason why Big Money is whisking its textile plants from New England to the South. New England in the last twenty years has been driving the mill-owners, strike by strike, into paying half-civilized wages and conceding half-human living conditions. In the South the sky is the limit. In the South Big Money is getting away with murder.

Those little Southern mill towns! No paving, no sidewalks, except on the stereotyped Main Streets (a drug-store, a chain store, a gas station); garbage piles; scummy creeks; rows of blackened shanties; behind them rows of tumbling out-houses; a water-pipe running down the backyards with a faucet stuck up between every two houses. Inside no plaster, no wallpaper, no paint, no gas, no electricity, no baths, no drainage; small windows, few of them; a single flue on brackets half way up the wall—to save brick. If there is a third room upstairs it has no windows at all; the roof presses on your head. This is home, this is life. This and the mill.

The mill is different. Its walls are white-washed. Its offices flaunt a strip of grass. Its stout iron fence holds it disdainfully apart. Its solid brick walls spread up and out, dominating the town as in medieval days the cathedral or the palace dominated the hovels of Europe. The mill is law, the mill is god, the mill is ultimate reason.

From the company shanty where you sleep and eat and propagate to the company mill where you work ten hours by day (eleven on the night shift) to the company store where you dump out your money again for grubby food and shoddy clothes —this is free life in the New South. Luxury consists of a corn-drunk on a Saturday night (out of an $11 or $12 pay envelope), or a sleazy movie in the converted stable in Main Street. All this, of course, is only in the busy season, when the mill showers the blessings of free American living upon you. In slack times you live off credit from the company store. If you don't like it, well, you're free to move, aren't you?—once you've cleared your debts. There are a hundred mill towns like mine down the line.

My town was larger than most, the metropolis of its area. Its Main Street had boulevard lights, fire-brick buildings, one of those gaudy American hotel lobbies with comfort a foot thick; department stores with blocks of show windows; jewelry shops; restaurants where people seemed to eat not because they were hungry (could those people ever be hungry?) but because they had money to spend conspicuously. But turn into a side street and you were back in the cotton mill South. Streets littered with paper; shacks buried in coal soot; boarding-houses stinking of stale grease; grimy windows, dingy lights, poverty—poverty that withers up all the sap and color and light of life like sewage along a canal. Farther out, in the denser mill quarters, the flood of squalor washes the city black. Main Street is a string of pearls on a dirty old slattern, toothless, bedraggled, with hair dangling in her face.

It was an experience to walk those streets at night, thighs stiff and shoulders drooping. What place had I with my heavy shoes and my rough clothes on Main Street? That belonged to the old days, when a man had the solace of books, the vanity of pictures on the wall, the thoughtless security of good food, the dignity of cultured friends. I was through with that. I was hot-footed after a vision, and visions have a way of melting in the overstuffed lobbies and the fat restaurants of Main Street. Now I belonged on the side streets, on the outskirts. I belonged with these gaunt people who seemed to walk by pushing out their bellies and shuffling their limbs up after them.

Mountaineer stock, shiftless, sloppy; sprawling on a door step strumming a guitar, bawling a ditty; talking in a nasal whine; selling grubby tomatoes and wormy apples in the market; sleeping on newspapers in the shop doors; writhing in ecstasy around a preacher on every corner: "Glor-r-ry to Jesus! Bless His holy name. A-a-amen, brother, a-a-amen. Oh, Jesus, save me, Jesus, save me!"

IV

My days, like theirs, were spent sweating for bread. I ate beside them on a stool in a slot in the wall, didn't I?—ate the same soppy hamburgers, the same flabby bacon; swapped smut and gab with them; laughed like them to forget the sour stench that rose in blue steam from the skillet. I bumped into their women on the corners, didn't I?—ugly women who moved along with slow, lewd hips and brazen calculation in their eyes. And then, once in a thousand, there came the radiance of those austere, rugged mountain faces, Lincoln faces, the saddest, most beautiful faces in the world.

In bed mosquitoes zoomed over my face. From across the backyard came the sudden rumble of a drum, the tinkle of a piano. Then shrill with hysteria, a catchpenny revival tune would be beaten with handclaps through my window. A woman wailed in an agony of remorse. A man confessed with tremolos sliding up and down his voice. Then all would pray with a wild fervor, groaning, weeping, stamping their feet and clapping their hands, shrieking: "Holy! Holy! Holy!" With what anguish they prayed! They were like wounded animals, roaring in the dark, pounding themselves against an invisible cage. It took a strong people to rend themselves like that with ecstasy and grief. Only the shriveled of heart, the fearfully polished-off, those who haven't the courage to own a single, simple, honest emotion would laugh at them.

Other people came into my focus at the mill. There was the day when Cully, laughing like a schoolboy, splashing water in the locker-room, announced that tomorrow he was "takin' the kids to the fy-yer" (the fair). The night-man took his place. He was half Cully's size, had half Cully's strength: pale, frail, with clear gray eyes. Yet what a joy it was to work with him! I never saw a man with hands so deft, nor one who worked with such serene and noiseless speed. Face to face on the ladders we hung the pipes, scarcely speaking, understanding each other with a glance. At times it seemed I could read his thoughts, so simple was his mind, so crystal clear. Then we would stop for a rest, and wipe the sweat out of our eyes; and he would look at me with a quiet smile of friendship. The day went by in a flash. We did double the work with one fourth the energy. I went home whistling that night.

Ira was assigned to help us. Ira was a half-wit; he could not read or write; he had never been more than fifty miles from the farm where he was born. He had a face scraped out of red clay with a blunt knife; ears standing out like thumbs; small yellow eyes; thick lips forever parted in an idiotic grin against yellow teeth sawed up in an arch. Talk! He drowned you in his talk! He poured out words at you, hour after hour; drawling, stuttering, meaningless words, gushed out of an empty brain.

They paid him twenty cents an hour and they worked him like an ox. I have seen him swing a sledge hammer two hours without a stop, driving a cold chisel through a fire-brick wall three feet thick. Once, after wallowing in filth under the floor of the plant all day, we took a shower together. Ira, the idiot, had the body of a Greek god: symmetrical, rippling in hard smooth muscles, flawlessly beautiful. Then he put on his overalls and all you saw was his face, and all you heard was the palaver that splashed through his big yellow teeth.

Everybody in the mill deviled Ira. They hid his tools and his clothes; they locked him up under the floor till somebody heard him pound and opened the trap; they tripped him into the salt-water tank; they turned on the juice when he was skinning wires; they baited his sluggish mind with the glee of a bunch of boys hooting a legless man. They would get him to do their work and stand by winking at one another while he tugged and sweated. Ira grinned. I have an idea he smarted under their derision, but he had no weapons against them. He was the most harmless man I ever knew, maybe the most kind-hearted. The sight of pain threw him into a palsy. Once, when an electrician got tangled up in a short-circuit and writhed on the floor with blood curdling yelps, Ira fell off the ladder. They snapped off the juice and carried the man outside. Then Ira wiped the sweat off his face with his sleeve. His mouth was set in a sickly grimace.

Ira attached himself to me, I suppose because I got no pleasure out of baiting him. He would work like a demon for me, lifting the heaviest loads, crawling into the hottest corners and the darkest holes. But a single gesture of kindness opened up the sluices of his gab, and the flood battered you down.

"Aw, for Christ's sake, shut up. Give me that wrench. Get the hell out of here. Go get that twelve-inch Stillson—go on, get!"

For five minutes Ira would be silent.

Then I would feel sorry, and I was always curious. "Can't you even read a newspaper, Ira?"

"I ain't never had no larnin'. I ain't never went to school. I guess if I had some larnin' I'd be gittin' the same pay as you. I cain do the work as good as the next feller, if only they don't do nothin' to git in my way."

"I think I'm paying too much for room and food, Ira. What do they soak you?"

"I jist moved the other day. I had a good place, but the girls was always devilin' me, tryin' to git some money out of me, or take 'em to the show and things like that. I'm livin' with a family from Kaintucky now. They're workin' in the mill, everybody but the missus. Five dollars a week's what I pay. They're good people and they feed good: beans and taters and biscuits—good enough fer a workin' man." Then he leaned close: "The girls is always devilin' me. I don't know how to make 'em keep away from me. You know workin' with all them perdy girls in this hyar mill sometimes makes me feel *mean*."

He wanted to ask the family from Kaintucky if they had a place for me too. It would have cut my food and lodging bill in two, and I had little enough money to spare. But when I thought of that idiotic grin and that inexhaustible deluge of talk: "No, Ira, thanks. I guess I'd better stick where I am."

V

The pipes hung, we got a new job. Through the carding and the roving rooms, past the coal bins, through the boiler room, into the engine room, around behind the dynamos.

"This must be the place," said Cully.

"Where?"

"See that trap door? Down there, under the floor."

Eight hundred feet of water and drainage pipe to drag under the floor and hang from the sills! It was pitch dark. Our flashlights were like most other factory equipment: now they flashed and now they didn't. The farther up we went, the lower the head-

space. By the time our knees were cut and bruised, we had to crawl on our bellies. We went wiggling through dust, scraping over rock ledges, tearing against rusty nails and bits of glass. Sills now hung so low that we had to send Ira ahead to see if he could squeeze himself under. Once he got stuck midway, and howled in a panic till we jockeyed him out by the legs. Would we never reach the wall? Our eyes burned, our throats were raw, our breath came in gulps, dirt in our clothes gritted like sandpaper against the skin. It was cool enough there, pressed against the earth, but the space was so small and the air so foul that soon we were smeared with sweat. Cully, his face glistening like a blob of lampblack, kept hurrying us on. But soon he began to vomit; and the last we saw of him, he was crawling painfully back to the trap door. Ira and I sprawled out on our backs and panted for breath. We did not budge for half an hour.

The rest of the day we worked at our own sweet leisure. At the first hint of dizziness, over we flopped on our backs. How cool the earth was! How the machines trembled and droned overhead, against our very noses! In our nostrils was the mustiness of a tomb.

We strung sockets, we lugged in our tools, back and forth, like worms. By night filth is rubbed into every pore. We ache at every joint as if we've been hammered with stones.

The machine-shop crew splash their lava-suds and laugh. They are all set for the whistle and home before we have even crawled from our grave to scrub off our layers of muck. Dave, the mechanic, fat, red-headed, in loud checks, flips wisecracks at us; Ben, the old machinist, wipes his rheumy eyes and drops into his habitual docile talkiness: "D' you remember, Cully, when you and me was workin' inside the middle boiler and somebody started turnin' on the steam? . . ." Sam Maples dances in and out, jaunty, cocksure, prim in corduroys, rattling his keys. I hate him for his corduroy primness.

"By God, if I didn't need the money, I'd quit. Think of shoving a white man on a lousy job like that!"

So the days spin by like spokes on a wheel. Life is like the web that flops off the rollers in the shrinking room: endless, grey, soggy. Sometimes—rarely—there is a pinpoint of color in the gray wash: days when you open your lunch bag in the court near the wall, and a bit of sun straggles in; and suddenly you love all these grimy, rough-handed men, and you love the bits of old iron and old pipe in the court; and you laugh and whistle for the joy of being there. Days when you stop in the boiler room to see the opening of a door set the walls on fire; and stare at the stokers trundling coal in wheelbarrows up to the scales, up to the furnace dumps: black, only their teeth and the rims of their eyes showing white, like demons out of a Dante's vision.

The afternoon the whole shop talked of flocking out with oil cans and ropes after the "bad nigger" accused of stabbing a sheriff. White underdogs panting to tear the throats of black underdogs.

The big fly-wheel spins. The big belt shimmies up through a hole in the floor. So a month, two are gone in a whirl. You work; you eat, you sleep, you work some more. You earn a living. Do you live? Do you think?

"It *can't* be five o'clock. God, for another hour of sleep!"

"Whuip! Down the jaws of Moloch with you!"

"Wonder how those Molls can dress like that on ten bucks a week? Bah, it's cheap stuff, man. Look at those beads—five-and-ten. Call that fur? Mangy catskin. They want to play their part in the Big Bluff too. 'We're rich, we're rich!' The Great American Lie."

"That ham columnist in the *Sentinel-News* said he was through this mill the other day. 'Everybody seems busy and well-paid and happy,' he wrote. The cheap fake. Picture *him* feeling well-paid and happy on ten bucks a week! Happy? Sure.

What the hell does he think the mill's going to let us do? Sit around and weep from six-thirty to five?"

"Yeow! Why do foreladies always have voices like rusty hinges? That must be why they're foreladies. They're stronger than the rest because they have less feeling. The reward of decency is that you never get promoted."

"Here comes that frowzy-headed old girl with the enameled face again. I'll have to stop kidding her. She's getting too familiar. She leans too close. What she needs is less cheap perfume and a bath. Hell, I guess she's trying to grab off a little life, too. Poor starved old bitch!"

"Some day I'm going to rip those goddamn signs off the wall. 'Save for a Rainy Day!' That's hot. Let's see, fifty cents a week, at three per cent interest, for about a hundred and fifty years—— 'Save for College.' That's better yet. Look at the picture on that one. *Ladies' Home Journal* version of the happy mill-hand's home. Doesn't that make you want to howl! Ah, but this one, this one takes the cake. '*My* Country, *my* Flag, *my* Inalienable Right' —at thirty cents an hour—to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Who was it said the Constitution was framed by 'a little group of hogs to protect their own trough'?"

"Christ, what would happen to this dungeon if a single breath of truth, of simple human justice, of simple common sense ever sifted through that brick wall?"

VI

On the top floor knitting machines twirl and shuttle. They suck in a mist of thread, they push out web, flawlessly knitted. Cully and I slap up galvanized insulation tubing between two walls. When you emerge from the hole the glare of the whitewash and the steely jigging of the machines stab you in the eyes. Cully, always in a hurry, bouncing like a loose wooden toy on a string, comes plunging into the dark passage. With all the force of his body he runs the end of a twenty-foot tube into my face. At first we think the eye is gouged out. It is the nurse who reassures me: "You're lucky, it just missed." But my cheek is laid open, and the bone is on fire with pain. Soon the half of my face is swollen purple and sightless.

"Why the hell don't you look where you're going?" says Cully.

Two days later I ran into an old school chum who travels the South with a line of electrical appliances. He heard my story and he laughed at me. He laughed at my skinned hands, my bandaged face, my "nutty notions."

"My policy is 'Leave 'em alone,'" he said. "The working class don't know any better, and they're happy." Then he smoothed out the folds under his chin and added: "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you want to go to New Orleans, I'll give you a lift as far as Jackson, Mississippi. We'll follow the levee down the river and stop at all the bigger towns. You might as well take it in, Paul. It won't cost you a nickel. I'll charge it up on the swindle sheet to 'liquor for entertaining customers.'"

And suddenly I was deep in the cushions of a big flashy motorcar speeding toward Chattanooga and Memphis. The grime began to wash out of my fingernails. The stiffness thawed out of my limbs. A few days more and I would be fit for the boulevard lights of any Main Street. Now there were fat meals in fat restaurants; struts in and out of bawdy-looking lobbies; momentous discussion with drummers on the steel-wool business and the weather; booze parties; expensive women (also, I suppose charged to the swindle sheet); late hours in bed; shower baths. I was a gentleman. Policemen, who in my customary travels eye me with suspicion, now took one look at my car and treated me with respect.

"This is the life, huh, Paul? Why don't you grab off something good and forget all that crap about the—my God!—the working class? I tell you, kid, it don't get you anywhere."

I would sit at night in the lobbies watching the parade of drummers, politicians, men-of-affairs. ("Say, there's Governor Bilbo himself!") How they waddled and swaggered! How their paunches bulged with the fat of good living! Those lobbies used to make me think I was sunk to the bottom of an ocean of lard.

"Yeah, it's easy enough for *you* to escape the hell of the knitting-mill," I would say to myself. "Escape? Bah, you were never really *in* it. To *you* it was just an interlude, an adventure. But to Cully and Ira and the machinist, to the nightman with the deft hands and the blue-eyed carpenter and the old girl with the rank perfume, the knitting-mill hell is the beginning and end of life. They are trapped. They can never get out. They will die in it like bony old nags."

"Leave them alone, they're happy," said the drummer.

"Leave them alone, they're happy" is no new American policy. It is the heritage of pioneer days. We smear over the surface with bright lacquer—Santa Claus funds, toy-and-doll funds, community chest campaigns—all done to the tune of banquets for the rich, publicity for the rich, honors for the rich. Underneath worms eat away the wood. "Save the surface and you save all." It took an American to think of that.

The American Enka Rayon Company announced last Fall a project for a $10,000,000 plant in Knoxville. Thereupon the city council rushed forward with an offer to extend water mains, provide fire protection, waive taxes for ten years, and "*accept the consequences of fumes and odors.*" Against this proposal to burn on the altars of Big Business the very air the city breathes, a few aldermen had the humanity to protest. They were voted down. "We need industry here," declared the council. "We must offer everything to get it."

The next day the Scripps-Howard paper (and Scripps-Howard papers are supposed to be a trifle social-minded) printed a cartoon depicting the proposed plant—with its privilege of "fumes and odors"—as "a gift to Knoxville." In the same issue was a full-page advertisement of moral pap about bringing up children to be good citizens of Knoxville. "This page is made possible by citizens of Knoxville who are lending their utmost unselfish support to build wholesome character in our youth of today—for they are the citizens of tomorrow." Among the ninety signers was my knitting-mill.

"They're satisfied," the personnel manager had said, looking out at me from his clean office, his rested body, his white collar, his trim tweeds. "Now and then one of them gets the swell-head and goes off to Detroit for big money. After a month he's broke and crawls back begging for his job. But most of our people are local people and they're satisfied."

What will happen when they stop being satisfied? Some day when they open their eyes and suddenly *see* the heaps of rotten lumber they live in; the grubby food they eat; their idiots and malborn; their native stock that cannot read a newspaper or sign its own name; their miasma of religious buncombe and racial prejudices black enough to blot out the sun; their bullring of meaningless days: sunrise to sunset the same drudgery, the same iron-fisted choking off of every vital impulse—for $10 to $13 a week?

Already they begin to chafe. They ask questions on the sly. The strongest flare up in bitterness. "They don't pay you nothin' down here. A workin' man ain't more than half human down here." Yes, keep the floaters and drifters out, New South! You're right: they stir up trouble. They bring comparison with them. A dangerous thing, comparison. But some day, for all your nice precautions, the New Industrial South is going to blow up. You can't put all that pressure on powder without its blowing up. However ignorant, however supine these hill-billies may seem to be, at bottom they are a strong people. They have sucked in savageness from their mountains, a burning thirst for freedom. If ever they revolt, theirs will be the bloodiest revolt in history.

THE NEW INNOCENTS ABROAD

BY RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL

MANY and various rebels against American society—budding communists, veteran socialists, I. W. W.'s, labor agitators, dreamers, failures, neurotics and plain adventurers—flocked to Russia after the war. Kuzbas, a coal mining enterprise in the Kuznetsky Basin of Western Siberia, was the most pretentious of the colonization projects. Fantastic plans of the New York Organization Committee called for thousands of American immigrants, but actually about 500 men, women and children joined the Autonomous Industrial Colony Kuzbas and traveled from the United States between 1922 and 1924.

The mines had already been long in operation, with several thousand Russian employés. The American colonists, many of whom were foreign-born participants in the radical labor movement that had so alarmed the Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer, were to be a super-directorate over the Soviet government enterprise. But during the first year the American colony was not actually given control, and so it lived a somewhat anomalous and unhappy existence, absorbed in its own petty problems and conflicts. There was no money, for wages were paid in *piocks* (rations). Everybody, including dependent wives, had to work. Housing, bad as it was, was free, and other communal services, such as electricity, fuel and water, were furnished by the enterprise.

The celebrated William D. Haywood was the first manager of the American colony. Like many other wobblies, Bill, while a glorious fighter, was not fitted by nature for steady and constructive work. He had a simple system of accounts: one pocket was the debit side and the other the credit. His big heart went out to the Siberians and he wanted to adopt all the homeless children in the district. When he returned to Moscow in the Fall of 1922 to make way for a new director, S. J. Rutgers, he left his protégées as bequests to the Colony. Notable among them was Tovarisch One-Crutch. This 10-year-old boy had lost a leg in a sawmill, and now he lived by his wits. He adored Big Bill and limped after him like a puppy. For Bill's sake, he was given a job as messenger in the mine offices. When Winter set in and ill-smelling sheepskin coats, mittens and huge fur hats were distributed to the colonists, Tovarisch One-Crutch did a thriving business. His appeal to soft-hearted, sentimental Americans was that he had no hat—and the fur hats he collected he sold at the bazaar. Among his victims was Comrade Lemon, an ex-railroad conductor from Illinois and a stern communist of Puritan ancestry. Comrade Lemon stoically wore a wool cap all through the bitter Winter, contracted an abscess in his ear, and was the first to die in the smallpox epidemic of 1925. His widow remained to be the last American in Kuzbas, which in 1927 returned to Russian control.

Everything in those early days was decided in colony meetings. A motion to throw a certain engineer in the Tom river carried, but the debate over the details of the execution dragged on until the river froze over. Another motion that the American office force should work from 7 A.M. to 5 P.M. was railroaded through and enforced by the other workers, who were naturally in a majority.

The I. W. W. members had put all their money and their hopes into the colony. They soon found that it was not to be an isolated group trying out its dreams of industrial democracy and communal living, but a Soviet state enterprise in which they must work according to the prevailing laws of the country and under the dictatorship of the communist party. In December, 1922, several resigned and wanted to return home. Rutgers was in Moscow fighting for American control of the industry and the chief engineer refused to release the rebels.

So they went on strike. Charley King, a burly fighter, Bill Hopkinson, who had charge of the log-lift, and his tall son who worked in the offices lived with three other wobblies in one of the vermin-infested log army barracks. They took their food rations from the warehouse and did their own cooking on the brick stove. Their room became a wobbly center, where all gathered to sing:

Stung right, stung right, s-t-u-n-g!
Stung right, stung right, EZ mark, that's me!
When my term is over and once more I'm free
There'll be no more trips around the world for me!

The acting manager sent a militiaman to the stronghold to notify the strikers that their *piocks* would be taken from them if they did not work. "No work, no eats," was the law in those days. But the strikers were obdurate; the barrack resembled a fort and the bitter cold which coated the latticed window panes with frost and sometimes froze the water on their stove seemed to add grimness to their struggle.

A Sunday afternoon colony meeting was called in the community dining-room to consider the case. At the meeting the irreconcilable conflict between I. W. W.'s and communists burst into impassioned speeches and bitter personal attacks. Rules of order and reason went overboard. The motion before the house was to deprive those who refused to work of food and other supplies. The strikers shouted that they had put thousands of dollars into the project and paid for their rations many times over. While the vote was being called for and emotion was at high pitch, one of the strikers, in true wobbly fashion, burst into song:

For might was right when Christ was hanged . . .

A Finnish-American communist behind him interrupted with an oath. The wobbly punched his face. The Finn, in true Finnish fashion, drew his dagger and an American whipped out a gun. The chairman mounted the table and shouted that comrades who did not at once come to order would be expelled from the party. This dire threat subdued the communists and left the wobblies with no one to fight. The vote was taken—98 to 30 in favor of the motion. The strikers, like good wobblies, decided that since their fellow workers and not the hated boss had ordered them back to work, they could obey.

Thus all was quiet on the Tom river when Rutgers returned with the mandate granting control of the enterprise to the Americans. The uncompromising wobblies were released and arrangements made for their transportation to the border.

II

In March, 1923, another momentous colony meeting took place at which it was voted to accept the prevailing Russian economic system, which divided labor into seventeen categories with corresponding scales of wages. By this time the chemical plant (the only one in Asia) had been finished, coal production had been greatly increased, and much of the hostility of the natives had disappeared. ("You mean indigenous population," the little colony doctor would here correct me severely.)

But relicts of the I. W. W. and other impractical idealists among the colonists objected to the hated wage system and the inequality of income.

"Aren't we class conscious workers? Did we come to Soviet Russia to be wage slaves?" they demanded.

"If the NEP (New Economic Policy) is good enough for the Rooshians who fought

and bled for the Revolution, why ain't it all right for us blankety blank Americans?" shouted a communist in an eloquent speech.

"Hey there, comrade!" yelled Sussman, the colony satirist, whose caustic wit spared no one, but who as head of colony transportation was held in wholesome respect, "you ain't in America makin' a Fourth of July oration."

"And remember you ain't in the stables, Sussman."

"I know damn well I ain't. Any of my horses has got more intelligence than you."

When Bronca, Rutgers' secretary, a frail, zealous Polish girl with only one lung, excitedly interrupted the speakers, the Finny ladies behind her would cry "Sh-sh" in chorus.

"I have hear," said Bronca in her broken English, "that the bedpans in the varehouse was given out to colonists. Dese bedpans is not for the Americans. Vee bring them for the hospital. Vee bring them for Russian propaganda!"

One of the Finny ladies tried to interrupt Bronca.

"What is Mrs. Ikel-di-Kikel cackling about?" yelled Sussman. "Don't everybody know that the Finns run Kuzbas? Don't they hold meetings before every colony meeting and get instructions how to vote? When Finnbas thunders Kuzbas trembles!"

After hours of such idiotic discussion, the seventeen categories were accepted. Sussman, as usual, had the last word.

"Workers of the world, unite!" he shouted. "And then be divided into seventeen categories!"

Thirty colonists resigned. To still the murmurs of discontent and retain the advantages of coöperation, a system known as 60% communism was installed, by which each worker left 60% of his basic wage in the colony fund for operating kitchens, laundry, tailor shop, and shoe shop and providing for the dependent wives and children. The wives were to be provided for whether or not they worked in communal services. But their volunteer labor did not prove satisfactory.

The kitchen staffs spoiled the American food. Professional cooks went to work in the mines and miners in the kitchens. Stewards who rose and fell established according to their prejudices their own cuisines—Finns, Germans, Jugo Slavs and last and worst, the miners held sway in the kitchens. The steward who had recently been digging coal felt sorry for the miners, the lords of the community. He fed them five times a day, but if a poor office worker came for breakfast one minute after 7:30 A.M., the doors were shut in his face. American workers could not get over their antagonism to "white collar slaves" as in some way being in league with the boss, even in a Soviet enterprise.

There were also those who objected to 60% communism on grounds of economic determinism.

"What's this, a Salvation Army?" railed Sussman. "Here I am, a single man on the fourteenth category. I get forty roubles a month and pay twenty-five into the colony. A miner with a wife and two children gets twenty-five roubles in the ninth category plus twenty-five more for production bonus—and yet he pays only thirteen roubles! And that ain't all. I got to support all the Russian brides. I tell you the truth: most of the Americans came to Russia because they believed the women had been nationalized—but they sure got stung!"

III

It was supper-time in the colony dining-room on the mine-side. The colonists who lived outside the Community House came in stamping the snow off their felt boots and hung their sheep-skin *shubas* on the rack. They sat on long benches before the oilcloth-covered tables on which stood big copper pots of sweetened tea, platters of black bread, and gray enamel tureens of soup. Behind the counter, the plump little stewardess, Mrs. Lemon, looking like the landlady of a Texas boarding house, was handing out enamel plates of canned beef and beans, and dishes of stewed prunes.

The cuisine in the dining-room was a mixture of German and 100% American.

"Here comes the bride!" announced Sussman in a loud voice as a young Russian woman wearing a bright Paisley shawl entered. One of the colonists had met a Russian woman in Leningrad during the short stop there, and after a courtship by correspondence, had sent her a ticket to Siberia. The lady who arrived with her small son was not the expected bride. She explained that the other woman was already married and had sent her instead, which proved satisfactory to all.

"Ah-ha!" remarked the irrepressible Sussman, as the bride in broken English told the stewardess that she would take their supper upstairs to their room. "Another pioneer becomes a *piockneer*. Us two hundred American workers will soon be feeding all the wives and children in Russia—we'll need a miracle of the loaves and fishes, by God! Yes, this is what I work like a dog for—to feed Russian ladies!"

A laugh ran down the long tables. The bride suddenly seized, one after another, the plates of prunes on the counter, hurled them wildly in Sussman's direction, and marched out weeping. The dining-room was a mess. Even the unpainted boards of the ceiling were decorated with prune juice. Husky Siberian kitchen maids ran out and began mopping up the floor and, standing in their bare feet on the tables, tried to wipe the ceiling. Then the little colony doctor stood up in her place, her face blazing and her figure very straight in khaki jacket and breeches.

"Sussman," she said, "it's too bad she missed you. You might have become what you are so fond of calling others—a prune revolutionist."

For once the laugh was on Sussman. His florid face and bald head turned a deeper red. He did not wait to eat his salvaged prunes.

But even before this there had never been complete social and economic equality in Kuzbas. There was Parasite Hill. This was the Stone House on the cliff, a fine modern residence built by Austrian war prisoners in 1915 and used by General Kolchak as headquarters during the civil war. The chief engineer, A. P., on a special salary basis, his wife and three children, a number of single technicians and two married couples lived there. When Mrs. A. P. arrived in the Fall of 1922 she found the indigenous population living there too. They had set the bathtub out in the yard and a married couple lived in the bathroom; several more Russians slept in the corridors and on the enclosed verandah.

The new mistress of the Stone House drove them and the cockroaches out and brought the bathtub in. Favored were the colonists permitted to live there and enjoy her excellent meals. But she soon clashed with the other two American women. Mrs. H., who had an infant, was rather high and mighty herself, for her husband was also an important official. Mrs. H. cooked her own meals but, frozen out of the kitchen, she retreated into her own room and cooked on a *primus* (one-burner oil stove). A quarrel began when Mrs. A. P. accused Mrs. H. of not returning her spoons. The two husbands as a consequence fell out at the office. A. P. told H. that his wife must go to work (this was in the days of pure communism); the other man indignantly quoted a ruling that mothers of infants were exempt from duty and, in a rage, resigned. A. P. accepted his resignation. The office force protested and sent a letter to the director, who was again in Moscow, about the quarrel of the two women over the spoons and the terrible crisis in the administrative offices. A telegram settled the conflict.

Mrs. A. P. solved the language problem quite simply: she insisted that her hired help should learn English. There were some difficulties. She sent Ivan, the coach man, to the bazaar. She wanted eggs, not goose eggs but hen's eggs. Her Russian vocabulary was limited to the one word, *niet*, meaning no, which she confused with the Americanism, *nit*.

"Nit quack, quack eggs, Ivan," she told

him in a very loud voice, so that he would understand better, "cackle, cackle eggs—ya, ya."

Mrs. A. P. did not approve of one of her maids, Marusya, a plump girl with rosy cheeks and dark hair under her white kerchief. Marusya liked casting soft, brown eyes at the young Americans better than learning English. One day Mrs. A. P. intercepted a note Marusya had written to a young engineer, agreeing to meet him in the woods after supper, and was righteously indignant when it was translated.

"She's got to git! This ain't that kind of a house," she declared. The story spread to the proletariat down the hill and soon a new ditty was being sung in the room where a few remaining wobblies gathered:

Nit, nit, Marusya,
Git, git, Marusya,
This ain't that kind of a house!

IV

But Mrs. A. P. departed for God's country before some of the most shocking things began to happen in the colony. In the Spring of 1925 more than one matrimonial partnership melted, usually on the wife's initiative. The colony women found in Siberia the freedom their souls craved.

Mrs. A. P.'s disapproval had soon cast into outer darkness the other young American woman living in the Stone House, and she had gone along the primrose path. Her fat and grouchy husband, whom she had put up with in Chicago, sulked once too often for an attractive girl with other chances. They went to Kemerovo Village for a divorce. The People's Court was sitting in Juravlova, twenty miles away. They filled out application forms, got a horse and wagon at the stables, and started off. It was a hot day; the dusty road wound over the rolling meadows and through groves of silver birch trees. By noon they were in sight of Juravlova, nestling in a little valley—a cluster of log huts and stables with thatched roofs and fences of intricately woven birch twigs.

Court was sitting in the one-room log school-house, but had adjourned for dinner. A bearded peasant lounging on the steps took them to his house to rest. The log hut had one room and an entry; pigs and geese ran in and out; a baby was in the cradle and a little boy clung to his mother's skirts. She lit the samovar to prepare tea, and boiled eggs on top in the steam.

"How old is the baby?" asked Laura as the woman served tea, black bread, eggs and cucumbers which were to be eaten with honey.

"One day," she replied.

"I mean when was it born?"

"Yesterday."

"And American women think they're abused," Laura's husband growled bitterly.

News of the foreigners spread through the village. Spectators filled the schoolroom and were lined up outside when they got back to the school house. An old man was up for beating his wife. The young judge quoted Lenin while the defendant blinked.

"Ilyitch taught us that women must be emancipated," declared the judge. "If you ever beat your wife again, she'll leave you and you'll have to divide the property with her!"

The two Americans came forward and presented their papers from the Kemerovo Soviet. The clerk produced printed forms and began filling them in: surname, given name, father's given name, age, place of birth, social status of parents (peasant, worker, bourgeois, nobleman), education, occupation, what were you doing at the time of the October Revolution, did you serve in the Czar's army, in the Red Army, were you ever in jail, are you a member of the Communist party, of a trade union, when were you married and have you any children? Which of you wants the divorce?

"I do," said Laura.

"I don't," said her husband.

"Desire on the part of one contracting party is all that is necessary," said the judge. He consulted the two peasant assistants, a man and a woman, who nodded assent. The clerk filled in two small forms

to the effect that the couple were divorced.

"Will this be good in America?" asked Laura.

"Of course, of course," replied the judge optimistically. "Tell me the place where you were married so we can send notice."

"The charge is eight roubles," said the clerk.

"I'll pay half," Laura volunteered, and she thanked the judge.

"*Neechevo* (it's nothing)," said the judge, "and a happy journey!"

Turning about, Laura became aware of the room-full of curious, smiling spectators and took her recent husband's arm. They walked slowly down the lane of villagers, who pressed close, giggling and whispering.

"Ech, why did they do it? But they say the Amerikantsee are always doing it. Maybe he beat her. Nu, women, women—they think they're free now!"

When they climbed into the wagon and started off, the villagers followed waving and crying, "Happy journey," until they were out of sight.

V

When Bill Haywood went to Moscow from Kuzbas he became a pensioner of the Communist International in the community house for Comintern workers, the Hotel Lux, the holy of holies of foreign colonies in Soviet Russia. Bill was given a large room facing on the Tverskaya with a balcony where he and his friends could sit and watch the frequent processions. Americans arriving in Moscow went to see him even before they looked at Lenin's body on the Red Square. It became a kind of pilgrimage, and they often brought along several drops of cheer, good and cheap in Russia, where the government has a monopoly. The arrival or departure of an American delegate was an excuse for a party in Bill's room. Staunch communists in their cups would remember sentimentally that they had once been wobblies and sing loudly the old I. W. W. songs.

The rest of the foreign colony in the Lux Hotel was as isolated and dreary as a Russian emigré club in Paris. To Americans the language was impossible; outsiders, especially "non-party" Russians, were reluctant to go through the red tape necessary to visit a Lux inmate. The visitor surrendered a passport or other precious document to the guard, who telephoned to the resident comrade, and if the latter gave permission, laboriously filled in two forms, one to be filed with the document and the other as a pass for the visitor. At the second landing, another guard would demand the pass. When the guest departed, his host signed the slip, which included spaces for the exact time of coming and going. At midnight, the guard examined his files and telephoned to all who still had guests in their rooms that it was time to send them home. In this way, not only were foreign communists guarded from spies and bombs, but their morals were protected from outside contamination.

Professional Sovietists like Professor Harry Dana, Louis Fischer, Albert Rhys Williams and Anna Louise Strong usually stayed at the Bristol Hotel, an unpretentious but comfortable hostelry across the street from the Lux. Thus most Americans in Moscow know only the Lux and the Bristol on Tverskaya avenue, which leads into the Red Square, and, up a few blocks along the Kremlin wall, the great yellow building which houses the headquarters of the Communist International (even harder to get into than the Lux). Visitors who have a desire to see something of the country, outside the foreign colony, also know VOKS (Society for Cultural Relations Abroad) presided over by Madame Kameneva, who is Trotsky's sister, although not resembling him in a single one of his versatile and charming ways. You may get an unctuous guide, Treevas, who, while showing you the sights, is probably taking your measurements for the Gay-Pay-Oo.

There is also the Grand Hotel, where more pretentious American visitors, such

as business men who can afford to pay $5 a day and up, and official guests stay. It is a handsome hotel looking out on the Red Square. Here the correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, Junius B. Wood, had his quarters and acted as adviser to stray Americans who had lost their passports, or money, or could not find lodgings. Here Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser bowed to one another in the corridor.

Dreiser arrived in Moscow rather unexpectedly and as VOKS had not yet grasped his importance (at first it had the impression that he was somebody from Dresden), he was taken to the Grand Hotel by an uninformed representative and left to his own devices. Having eaten nothing since crossing the border, for he was unable to make his wants understood, he rang the bell for help. When a waiter came, Dreiser could not open the door, which had a very mysterious French lock.

The waiter, several maids, and finally the manager cried directions through the keyhole which he could not understand, while he in turn shouted remarks such as "Swine!" "Dumb-bells!" and, "So this is communism!" which fortunately fell on deaf ears. After a long conference in the corridor, presided over by a maid who was a delegate of the Domestic Workers Union, they had just passed a motion to break down the door when a young Russian literary critic, Sergius Dinamov, appeared, to call on the distinguished American visitor. He is a resourceful young man.

"Please to rise up the ting," he wrote on a card, drawing a diagram of the lock with an arrow pointing to the "thing," and pushing the card under the door. Dreiser was able to open it at once and, in a fainting condition, fell into Dinamov's arms. They have been devoted friends ever since.

The Lux, in the old days a fashionable hotel, was badly in need of repairs, as the foreign comrades were rather hard on things. In 1926 a new commandant, a capable Russian who replaced an incompetent foreigner, began cleaning up the Lux. Rat and bedbug *artels* (contract labor groups) were organized, foundations were torn up and roofs down, and rooms renovated. In the general house cleaning, Bill Haywood was moved to a much smaller room on a back corridor of the fourth floor (elevator usually out of order), whose windows opened on an inner court. Here he continued to hold open house, a great, fat ghost of a mighty warrior sitting with his one eye staring moodily while his guests—wobblies, communists, American Negroes attending the Eastern University, and all sorts of derelicts who had somehow got there from the States—sat on floor and divan, smoking, drinking and talking of the old days in America. Outside the walls of this foreign concentration camp, as the Russians called the Lux, the colorful and zestful life of old and new Moscow flowed on unnoticed and uncomprehended.

Then Bill took a wife, a little Russian bookkeeper both amiable and intelligent. She found something of romance in Bill although he never spoke more than a pidgen Russian and she did not know a word of English. She continued to earn her living, also preparing their meals on the *primus* which stood on a marble washstand near the door. A wardrobe with all the things which would not go on the table or under the bed or washstand stood against the foot of the three-quarter bed. Later the new commandant opened community kitchens on each floor with gas stoves, and tenants were no longer permitted to cook in their rooms.

The Lux with more than 300 rooms had only two bathrooms, a small one in the NEP section with two tubs, and a larger one with four tubs and four showers in the main building. Bathing programmes had to be arranged some time ahead; it was necessary to be scheduled at the office for a certain day and hour, pay seventy-five kopecks and receive a receipt to be presented to the maid. Russians do not depend upon such crowded community tubs

for their weekly ablutions, but go to the public steam-baths.

The Americans in the Lux wanted to bathe in the morning. So did the Germans. They went to the commandant and insisted that the bathroom should be open before noon. The commandant, annoyed by these bourgeois tastes, arranged a bathing schedule: 7 to 7:45 A.M. for women and 7:45 to 8:30 for men. At first the Americans and Germans had the bathroom to themselves. The French, Italians, Spanish, Tschecho-Slovakians, Poles and English did not appear until much later.

Some women always overlapped their time. The men, waiting outside the door in dressing gowns with towels and soap in hand, would pound on the door and yell. The difficulty was to know in what language to voice their complaints. German was usually the best medium, for it was the official language of the Comintern.

"Genossen, Genossen, machen Sie schnell! Es ist schon acht und wir müssen zu Arbeit gehen!"

But one morning an American, after getting no response to his protests voiced in English, bad German, worse French and weird Russian, opened the door and walked in. There were feminine shrieks and a scurrying for bathrobes. The American calmly ignored the women and proceeded to take his cold shower. The women protested to the commandant and a hearing was held.

"I notice it's only the fat bourgeois women who object," declared the pioneer American, "and if they don't like it they can get up earlier."

"As communists our bodies do not belong to us," argued his wife and defender. But she was soon squelched by comrades of other nationalities who declared that such an interpretation of communism was utterly un-Marxian and typical of Greenwich Village dilettantism.

However, a precedent was established and bathers soon found it convenient to adapt themselves to the new promiscuous code. "Well, we're in Russia, you know."

VI

Bill Haywood knew Jimmie, who lived with his mother in the room overhead. Jimmie's mother worked in the Comintern, and Varya, a simple-minded peasant girl, a sturdy survivor of revolution and famine, although her five children had perished, took care of Jimmie, who was almost six.

Heating, like bathing and many other things, ran on schedule in the Lux. On May 1, regardless of weather, windows were unsealed and washed and the heat turned off. On October 15, the *artel* made its second annual round, again washed windows, sealed the inner windows with putty (leaving open a small hinged square *fortochka*), and turned on the heat.

"Don't open your windows," warned the commandant, who had an annual battle with hygienic foreigners. "If you do I'll turn off your heat."

But that night Jimmie's mother opened the casement windows; the putty rolled off in clean strips. In the morning Jimmie cried, "Mamma, what'll the com—" but his mamma said "Sh-h!" as she closed the windows, and showed him how to smooth the soft putty into place. Two inspections followed that week, but the suspicious commandant found the putty intact. In the Lux Jimmie learned much about life.

Christmas was coming and Jimmie's mother wanted it to lack for nothing he had known in America. Jimmie still believed in Santa Claus and Varya entered with childlike enthusiasm into the game of preserving his faith. It was Dedushka Moroz (Grandfather Frost) in Russian, but Jimmie adjusted himself to the name as easily as he had to the Russian language. Next door lived a Hungarian who was carpenter in the Lux; his daughter, Manya, being of a devout communist family, believed it a duty to disillusion Jimmie about Dedushka Moroz. "It's your mamma," she told him.

Jimmie referred the matter to Varya and his mother, who put him off.

Early Christmas morning Jimmie was

stirring. "Mamma, I can see the tree. Santa Claus must have been here. I bet he didn't come to many children in the Lux, because they don't believe in him!"

When the tree was lighted, his mother tapped on the neighbor's door. "Can't Manya and baby come in and see Jimmie's tree?" she asked timidly as Manya's mother opened the door an inch and let the close air of their crowded room into her face. Presently the children came in, still in nightclothes, and approached the tree wonderingly. The baby sat down and began grabbing everything within reach.

"Where'd you get it?" asked Manya, her mouth full of candy.

"Dedushka Moroz, of course."

Manya looked slyly in the direction of Jimmie's mother and said nothing. But when she returned from preparing breakfast in the community kitchen, Manya and Jimmie were in a heated argument. The baby was happy with Jimmie's wooden popgun and Manya had filled her lap with candy.

"Yes, you are too *boorzhooie* (bourgeois)," Manya was saying. "You're the only people in the Lux that have a tree."

"We are not *boorzhooie*," cried Jimmie, who knew his A. B. C.'s of communism. "My mamma works."

"She's not a *rabochee* (worker), she only works in a library. But my papa is a *rabochee*."

"You get out!" cried Jimmie, almost in tears. "My mamma is too a *rabochee* and we're not *boorzhooie!*"

Manya took little brother by the hand and dragged him, still holding the popgun, toward the door.

"*Boorzhooie, boorzhooie!*" she taunted, pausing at the door.

"You give me back my gun and candy," yelled Jimmie, running after her. "If it's *boorzhooie* to have Christmas what you want to take my presents for?"

With righteous dignity Manya removed the popgun from the protesting baby's hands and hurled it at Jimmie—but she kept the candy.

Jimmie's education continued. The Lux annex was called the NEP section because for a time the rooms were rented to outsiders who used a side entrance and were cut off from the main hotel and contact with the foreign comrades. Manya and Varya explained that a Nep-man was a bloated *boorzhooie* who got rich selling things.

One warm Spring day when Jimmie's mother came home from work she found her son standing out by one of the gray marble columns at the imposing entrance. He had collected pencils and notebooks and was trying to sell them to the throngs of people surging past.

"Pencils, five kopecks, paper, ten kopecks," he was calling in Russian.

"Jimmie, what are you doing?"

"I'm a Nep-man," he answered. His mother, fearful for her already precarious social status, hurried him upstairs.

Jimmie was going to spend a year in England and then return to America. Said Varya tearfully: "It's bad in England, Jimichka, they don't like Reds. Meester Chamberlain will put you in jail."

"Well, then, I'll be a White there!" Jimmie answered promptly.

He went down to say goodbye to Bill Haywood, who was still enormously fat, but pale as a corpse. He had stopped drinking and it was considered bad taste for a pilgrim to bring liquor to his room. He was writing his memoirs and living over again his thrilling past. Life again had some meaning for him and he was even too busy to receive old fellow workers. But he was always glad to have Jimmie come in.

"I'll see you in America," said Bill as he shook the little boy's hand.

But the following May, on the very day Jimmie arrived in New York, Bill died in Moscow.

HIS REV'RINCE—REST HIS SOUL!

BY FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

WHEN I was a boy, up in the highly Hibernianized hill towns of Northeastern Pennsylvania, I sometimes heard a half cynical, largely truthful boast that had come from Catholic Erin: "Every good Irish family has a priest and a fool in it." Whenever I heard the aphorism my personal devil would tempt me to add a completing phrase of my own, but I always kept silent. If I had uttered the blasphemy, God would have withered my tongue.

Now I am older and bolder, and doubtless am damned anyway. Besides, as I write, the whole Atlantic protects me from the wrath of the good Justice Dan Cohalan and his ardent Friends of Irish Freedom. Therefore I now dare to rise amid the security of my high Alpine solitudes and yodel the aphorism in the completed form in which I have always wanted to say it:

Every good Irish family has a priest and a fool in it—and often the two are combined in one.

Voila! It's out. And now let us be on before avalanches bury me.

II

The old time, always Irish-born "American" Catholic pastor that I have in mind, I hasten to add, is now virtually extinct in the United States; but when I was a young lad he was still the bulwark of Catholicism in America, and always he was the rector of the most effective—and prosperous—ethical plant in the town. He was always a good man, always a hard worker, always quite human, and sometimes an ass. Invariably he was a Puritan—and there is no Puritan so insufferably pure as the Irish-Catholic Puritan. In an academic way he was also better educated than, and quite as bigoted as, his flabbier, less well-fed rival pastor of the Methodist, Presbyterian or Baptist edifice nestling under the elms in the more blue-socked sections of town. Also, unlike his rival, the Rev. Mr. Wesley Jones, he inflicted his bigotry only upon his own parishioners,—we of the Thrue Churrch *must* go my way, and you heretics may freely go your own way, and be damned to you! And he preached, and vigorously practised, the dictum of Kipling's Mulvaney—that th' Ould Churrch is a harrd church t' live in, but a good wan t' die in.

Irish birth was a requisite if he hoped to be pastor. His Irish-born bishop saw to that. If he had had the further good fortune to be born in the same county in Ireland that his good bishop hailed from, his chances of promotion were doubled. From ante-bellum days to the end of the century this Irish-born priest was pastor not only in great city parishes but also far back in the hinterland. Let us call his composite reverence Father Dennis Mulhearn. A ruddy, fine broth of a man was Father Mulhearn. He has gone from the scene now forever, and I am glad of it,—Lord rest his soul! His Church (and still mine) in America has advanced far beyond the peat-bog mentalities of the Father Mulhearns of post-Civil-War times. But back in the hard days of hurried upbuilding good old Father Mulhearn had his uses.

In the black mud and misery of Pennsylvania coal villages, in the hideousness

of New England textile towns, as well as along the cobbled Grand Boulevards of Bangor, Chicago and all points west, he somehow could, and always did, build to the heavens the highest steeple in sight. Before the mortar had set on his glaring new church he was building a convent for the nuns, a parochial school for the children and, for himself, a grandsquare pastoral residence of sandstone and brick that Lord Sligo himself would have envied.

Then came Father Mulhearn's masterstroke as a go-getting builder. On a Sunday his parishioners suddenly found themselves kneeling beneath a forest of indoor scaffolding. From the nearest metropolis a gifted painter, accompanied by a swarm of assistant geniuses, had been imported. Boss genius and his assistants were congenital sign painters suffering from Michael Angelo complexes; and all must have also come up to one requisite as to country of birth before Father Mulhearn would give them the job of glorifying the interior of his church. They must be Italians. That was a hard and fast law. Weren't all holy pictures—the only great art—Italian?

Followed weeks, maybe months, of indoor scaffolding, æsthetic whoopee and garlic. Then, as suddenly, the gifted artists and their scaffolding all would be gone; and the proud gleam in the eyes of Father Mulhearn, singing Solemn High Mass in thanksgiving, would be dimmed by the new dazzle of ceiling and walls all about him. Gold leaf and silver on plaster toreutics, and the rainbow in gay arabesques; indoor columns and pilasters now "marbled" with paint to look all that they were not—a harmless deception that the good Father Mulhearn, however, was the first to denounce from the altar when his Children of Mary girls, back in those modest days, attempted with paint to make complexions look all they were not.

An Italian-American Knights of Labor conception of their great compatriot's "Last Judgment," painted on canvas the size of the side elevation of a modern two-car garage, now was the backdrop during services. A snappy "Sistine Madonna" exploded on high. Murillo also was sometime honored with a copy of his "Immaculate Conception," but the North Sea old masters were invariably scorned; there was a feel in the air that Rembrandt and even Rubens were scalawag Protestant pups. Incidentally, it may be illuminating to note here that our own great Roxy himself, arch-priest of modern movie cathedral decoration, spent his more boyish, most receptive years in two coal towns in the diocese of Scranton, in the heart of the Italian-American ecclesiastic art belt—and boys will be men.

With his church now aglow indoors like the big scene in one of George White's "Scandals," little was left for old Father Mulhearn but to wait patiently for the transcendental wake that he knew was his due—those super-eminent three days and three nights most glorious in the life of an Irishman which, in true Irish contrariness, do not come into his life till he is dead.

A quick hush falls on the parish, and is felt throughout the whole town. Great streamers of black are hastily festooned from the high pigeon nests, up in the terra-cotta Corinthian capitals of the sacred façade, down to the street. The screams of gay Gothic patterns indoors are almost stilled beneath more somber hangings. And from his high place in Heaven blessed Father Mulhearn parts the clouds and proudly gazes down on himself as he lies in state, wearing his earthly canonicals, before his Byzantine high altar. Tall candles glow at his head and his feet; sturdy uniformed lads of the parish Hibernian Rifles—six frozen statues, their rifles askew—stand on guard round the still dominant yet kindly, rigid, upturned face; alert young curates are directing the awe-stricken thousands, the tens of thousands, all day and all night up the center aisle and down the side aisles to the street; lips are whispering prayers with a faint whistling sound, like far-off canaries.

Tears, real tears wet emotional Irish eyes of the oldsters as they pause momen-

tarily beside the white face and make the sign of the cross in farewell to the spiritual father who had joined them in matrimony, baptized their children, driven miles through wintry midnights to bring them the Sacrament in dire illness, ballyragged them from the altar, helped them, scolded them, buried their dead. A stern man, maybe a driver, old Father Mulhearn, but 'twas a grand Irish heart he had in him—Lord have mercy on his soul!

III

As far back as the days when our sainted George Washington was tilting the rum flasks now on display at Mount Vernon (or have blushing W. C. T. U. gals removed them since I was there last?), all the Scotch and the Holland Dutch citizens of the year-old Republic combined outnumbered by a bare two per cent the Irish colonists from the Ould Sod. But it was not until the Great Famine, in the eighth year of the then girlish Victoria's reign—bad cess to her!—that the Hibernian flood began to swamp Castle Garden. Down dropped the population of Ireland, despite the big birthrate, from eight million to four million, where it remains today.

Every immigrant Irish couple when landing, or within a few years thereafter, had from six to ten or more children; 'twas a sin against purity to have less. Father and stalwart sons brought power and sweat to the up-building of Manhattan, or made a lovelier contribution to the new civilization in the form of more corner saloons. Some arrived just in time to join the earliest gold rushes westward; *vide* the Mackays, the Fairs *et al*, whose offspring today make nobby our Social Registers. Tens of thousands crossed the Poconos to the mines of the then infant anthracite industry, or spread over New England—there to open small grocery stores, with bars on the side, and found families whose young soon were to rule Boston, grace the United States Senate, and carry the State of the Sacred Cod for Al Smith.

Among the more ambitious of these immigrant families there was frequently one lad, a younger son usually, who was the family hope. Sometimes he wound up a big-time burglar or leg-show comedian. Far oftener the family prayers were answered, and there was great joy thereat; for, with the help of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, young Dinny was to bring not only added spiritual grace to the House of Mulhearn but, in one quick step, was also to bring to fruition that craving for social and intellectual advancement that gnaws at the hearts of almost all Irish peasants. Yes, little Dinny was different. Almost from infancy he showed all those outward signs of inward grace that go with having a vocation. Eons before the fall of man, God in His goodness had marked Dinny for the apostolic succession. Regardless of any youthful doubts Dinny may have had, he, too, soon was taking his vocation for granted. Therefore it sometimes—too often—happened that many an excellent bartender was ruined and lost to the world because his family made a mere priest of him.

There was family privation, maybe borrowings, perhaps some financial aid from Dinny's pastor, before Dinny was sent off to a Catholic college. If the College was a Jesuit institution, and young Dinny ranked unusually high in intellect and piety, the Jesuits reached out for him, and Dinny was swallowed by Woodstock. But usually the Dinny Mulhearns, following two or three years at a small Catholic college, entered a theological seminary.

On rare holiday seasons now Seminarian Dennis Mulhearn came home for brief visits, wearing black clothes, a weird clerical hat and—hosannas on high!—a real Roman collar. Through the holy joy of the family ran a note of awe, of deference, in the presence of this new Dinny. Even redheaded Packy, Dinny's irrepressible big brother—the life of all dances and wakes for miles round, but sometimes, alas, given to drink—was not the same cut-up when Dinny was present. There was all but a

priest in the family now. *Noblesse oblige!*

"I remember the lump in me heart," one lovely old Mrs. Mulhearn told me long ago, years after her greatest of days, "when Michael and me and the childern went off on the steam cars, and we all intered the grand cathederl. They had a pew for us right near the altar; but it was our good Lord's holy will that I was not to see my own boy ordained. It was His wise way, I suppose, of punishin' me for the sinful pride that was in me. The smell of the incinse stays with me still, as if 'twas but yestherday. They opened a door, and he came towards the altar. 'Twas me Dinny. And the next minute the wide world wint black, and they carried me out of the cathederl, dead fainted."

IV

When I, two score years ago, was a sweet faced, holy little acolyte—later dishonorably discharged for impugning the legitimacy of the church sexton—old Father Mulhearn was sitting pretty, temporally and spiritually. His brick, terra-cotta and sandstone equipment, surmounted by gleaming gilt crosses, filled most of a big city square and was working full time on a standardized, mass production basis. There was a slight interruption one sultry August afternoon, when a sudden and fatal tornado ripped the roof off the convent and knocked the church spire flat—but deftly avoided, incidentally, the nearby brick tower, almost as high, of the Schmidt-Reuss lager beer brewery. By this time, however, old Father Mulhearn had things so well in hand that in no time a new convent roof and church steeple had covered all scars.

But Father Mulhearn had not reached the restful heights until he had first gone through long, lean years of apprenticeship, years of real labor. He had begun with a parish, mostly boulders and blueberry bushes, that stretched for thirty miles or more across the rattlesnake hills of Pike county. The Catholic priest, unlike the Rev. Mr. Wesley Jones, must always be in intimate, personal touch with his flock. Young Father Mulhearn heard confessions and said an early Mass in one valley and then, still abstaining from even a cup of hot coffee, drove his nag miles over the bleak hills to a far distant chapel. In those early days the back country parishes were so vast, even in the East, that often the faithful were thankful if young Father Dennis Mulhearn found it physically possible to say Mass for them every fourth Sunday. Then there were always the sick and the dying. The stricken among Father Mulhearn's flock were all of the sort that call for the Sacrament first and later send for the doctor. And Father Mulhearn never failed them, whether the call came at sweltering noon in mid-Summer or in the ghastly zero blasts of January midnights. And through it all he must come up to his bishop's expectations in the mundane matter of begging, exhorting, commanding his charges to replace their poor chapels with glorified churches and schools.

It was not until he had written his record in mortar and brick in the backwoods that he was promoted to a small-town parish. Now he began all over, but on a more concentrated, more ornate scale of building. Sometimes at the first touch of ease in his life, middle-aged Father Mulhearn—like his inhibited colleague of the old Limerick —"burst from his cell with a hell of a yell." The yell took the form of first building for himself, before tackling a new church and school buildings, a residential "mansion" of a nobbiness that caused a lifting of eyes, even guarded whisperings, among the faithful. When I was a small boy, I remember, an order finally was issued in our diocese—quietly, as usual, but thoroughly effective—(*a*) that churches and schools were to be built first, and (*b*) that henceforth there were to be no more pastoral residences of the Senator Clark type of architectural ecstasy.

It was about this time, too, that the diocesan G. H. Q.'s all over America began to take a hand in systematizing and gener-

ally tightening up parish financial methods. Since ante-bellum days good Father Mulhearn had been largely his own Andy Mellon in parish affairs. Out of "your tin cints an' my tin cints" expensive churches and schools were first built and paid for, and then and ever thereafter there was the annual big outlay for maintenance, especially for the upkeep of the convents and schools; but what was left over was largely a more or less personal matter between Father Mulhearn and God Almighty.

In justice to the old Irish pastors it should be said that they spent little or nothing on personal fleshly pleasures. I have heard that there are ancient travel statistics which prove in hard figures, in fact, that three Bishop Mannings and twelve-point-two Doctor Cadmans of those days used to pass a given point on the boulevards of naughty Paris on any Summer day, as against a mere one-half-of-one per cent of Father Mulhearns idling by the same corner kiosk. Father Mulhearn had, of course, at least one "trip to the Holy Land" (which he spent largely in Ireland) in the course of his career; but this holy junket was paid for, as a rule, out of a special "purse of gold" that his flock enthusiastically raised and presented to him on the eve of departure. And it should be further recorded that when the old gentleman finally ascended to Heaven it was his custom to will what he had—beyond a modest bequest to an old mother or other close relatives—to his parish activities.

Today all pastors of Catholic churches in the United States receive annual salaries so small—under one thousand dollars a year—that they could not pay living expenses if it were not for the marriage fees and other parish perquisites that come to them. But in Father Mulhearn's day the pickings were better. And although Father Mulhearn's simple manner of life gave no evidences of prosperity, with each new promotion that he received there were accompanying signs of worldly advancement on the part of his brothers and sisters and their offspring.

The good pastor's younger brother, Jimmy, suddenly doffed overalls forever and, now a white-collar man, found himself at the head of a modest but genteel business that had long been his dream. It wasn't long before Merchant James Mulhearn's older lads were off to Fordham or Georgetown, sometimes with the priesthood in view, but far oftener with the idea of adding further tone to the clan by eventually studying dentistry, law or medicine. And a day finally came when the name of Nephew Eddie, now Dr. Edward Mulhearn, A.B. (Fordham), D.D.S. (Pennsylvania), gleamed in gold letters on an office door of the new sky-scraping, eight-story First National Bank Building. Merchant Mulhearn's other lad, Malachy Joseph, was now Attorney M. Joseph Mulhearn, A.B. (Georgetown), LL.B. (Georgetown), and already slated, they say, for the office of District Attorney. And be it said for the lads that there was rarely a young Doctor or Lawyer Mulhearn who failed to pay back to His Rev'rince, kind Uncle Dennis, every last penny he had spent to exalt them. . . . .

Come on now, Lord Sligo! . . . . you scum of the earth, who robbed us, and cursed us, and let us die in the fields through two years of the Famine! Come up from your hot bed in Hell, you damn' Sassenach, and look at the House of Mulhearn NOW!

V

Old Father Mulhearn's steps grew slower as he went out for his afternoon walks—but his grip on his blackthorn was still virile. The singing of the late High Mass on Sundays he left now to his curates; he was growing too old to fast until noon. His Mass now was the nine o'clock Low Mass. Mechanically he read the gospel of the day in English. Mechanically he mumbled the Latin of the Mass. Less mechanically, but still largely from sheer force of habit, he urged generosity when the plate was passed for the "special debt reduction collection." Small gilt crosses set into the

side walls showed that the church building had been consecrated—a ceremony which, under church law, cannot be performed until the last cent of debt on the edifice has been paid; but it is hard to break the habits of a lifetime.

Tacked on to formal parish announcements and money harangues was a brief moral discourse, in the course of which old Father Mulhearn expounded dogma and moral philosophy which assayed more than nine-tenths Roscommon peat bog teachings, and of Thomas Aquinas a trace. Abstract platitudes on the cardinal virtues composed most of the sermon, but often it was interlarded with sarcastic allusions, meaty with rough native wit, that the more sanctimonious—and, perhaps, less sincere—Rev. Wesley Jones would consider most undignified, even ungodly.

". . . . And that, in conclusion, my brethren, is what is meant by 'the Rock of Peter.' And let me add that if some of you fancy young ladies of this parish let your thoughts dwell more on this glorious Rock of Peter and less on Rocky Glen Park, with its indecent moonlight picnics and round-dancing shenanigans they hold there each night, you'd bring less heartbreak to yourselves and your good parents. Oh, I know what I know, girls! It's Rocky Glen, Rocky Glen, every night the whole Summer; and nine months from now it's rocking the cradle too many of you'll be—God be with you, brethren, in the name 've the Father, the Son, 'n've the Holy Ghost, Ay-min."

As for the rest, old Father Mulhearn followed to the end, never doubting, never changing, the way to salvation that he had learned at his mother's knee. The way was rigorous at times, yet simple, and simply he expounded it to his flock:—You must be temperate and pure of heart; you must "make your Easter duty"—go to confession and receive communion—at least once a year, or, *ipso facto*, you were excommunicated; you must attend Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation; you must eat no meat on Friday.

Here were fundamentals. The great devastating sins—crass dishonesty, divorce, actual adultery,—these were too heinous to discuss from the altar; they "weren't done" in the parish. You might marry "out of the church"—marry a non-Catholic—and send your children to the public schools and still sneak into Heaven, but you were taking a terrible risk by so doing. Heretic husbands or wives were all right for heretics, and so were the heretic schools. Old Father Mulhearn had no ill will toward the public school *per se*, until it began to claim too many of the young of his flock. Then there was often a rumpus.

But there was one outstanding Commandment that overshadowed, almost included, all the rest of the Decalogue: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Actual, factual adultery was not meant; the word was an all-inclusive term for sins of "impurity" —sex—It. Breaches of *the* Commandment ranged from birth control, moonlight shenanigans at Rocky Glen Park and plain and fancy necking down to wearing half-portion evening gowns, rouge on the cheeks and "round dancing." All-day dancing took place at the annual parish picnic, out at the grove,—reels and lancers that the pastor himself looked upon with tolerant, even twinkling, eyes. Let a lad or a lass of the parish break into a solo jig step and Father Mulhearn would have joined in, but for the items of apostolic dignity and a touch of rheumatics. But the waltz was the spawn of the Devil.

Here was one subject on which Father Mulhearn and the Rev. Mr. Wesley Jones were in hearty accord, perhaps the only one. For half their lives the two holy men may have labored side by side, with the same aims and activities, but they had absolutely nothing personally in common. At times Brother Jones, the more polished, may have attempted friendly advances in his best Y-M-C-A-get-together-fellows manner. Usually he was rebuffed, sometimes in a very rough manner. The Mulhearns, back in those clear-cut days, would have none of the Joneses. This insularity

of the old Irish-born pastor was so marked that he rarely took part in general civic activities. One Jones leading in prayer at the Fourth of July ructions was enough to send Father Mulhearn off on a walk in the suburbs.

Also—regardless of honest beliefs of Klansmen to the contrary—Father Mulhearn devoted less thought or activity to local or national politics in his whole life than the Reverend Jones gave to the subject in a single campaign. During more than two score years of attending Mass throughout the United States I have never yet heard a Catholic priest so much as hint at politics from the altar,—not even during the late and ecstatic national campaign. I know of only one who, off the altar, took a hand in the political game—the late Dr. McGlynn, of Henry George's day; and Rome promptly squelched him.

But the politics of Ireland—ah, that was different! I vaguely remember when the then still sanctified Charles Stuart Parnell actually came down upon earth in our very town in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. Glory be to God, what a day! And who was in the forefront of the green-badged reception committee when the big-stacked locomotive with the shiny red wheels clanked to a stop at the old Lehigh Valley dee-po'?—waving his blackthorn, swinging his rain-soaked high hat, lustily cheering. 'Twas His Rev'rince, Father Dennis Mulhearn. Apostolic dignity? Be danged to it! The high hat was never the same again, but he wore it on state occasions right up to the time that his bishop, yes, the whole diocese, chanted a last requiem around his bronze casket, and laid him at rest beneath the tall Celtic cross that still crowns a hill, high over the Susquehanna.

Generous, bigoted, lacking polish of manner, interfering only with his own parishioners, hard working until age slowed him down, unswerving in his spiritual faith, very human—that was Father Mulhearn. Sometimes he was a Father Mulhearn who had taken the pledge as a boy from Ireland's great apostle of temperance, Father Matthew, and practiced and preached total abstinence. More often he was a Father Mulhearn who, although temperate, heartily held to my own belief that America's sole contribution to civilization was its rye whiskey. But even when he was the strictest of total abstainers old Father Mulhearn—again at variance with the Reverend Jones—refrained from ramming his beliefs down the throats of outsiders.

Although an important participant in the upbuilding of the American scene for generations, he was always aloof from it, never an integral part of it. His inner self had never taken out first papers, never had even emigrated from the beloved Ould Sod. Much of that narrow insularity he instilled in his followers, even those of American birth, and they have it today. (I know of one town in Pennsylvania that boasts of a Protestant golf and country club and a Roman Catholic golf and country club.)

But he left with his flock also, and with the pastors who followed him, sound decencies of mind, and a spiritual faith that was all but astounding in its intensity—and vastly comforting. And whatever his faults and his crudities, he was the avatar of the only denomination of American clergymen who, individually and as a body, have a sense of dignity left, and the intelligence to mind their own damned business. And I herewith lay a small bet at eight to five—yes, at one hundred to one—with St. Peter himself that when I go to Heaven I'll find all the Roach Stratons and Billy Sundays, if any, gladly holding down the regular and honorable job of shining the solid gold brogans of Father Dennis Mulhearn.

MOONEY

BY TRAVERSE CLEMENTS

As a cub reporter on a San Francisco newspaper some years ago, I used to go to the city editor shortly before noon each day and ask for an assignment to cover a luncheon meeting. On days when he could oblige me, I was a gentleman of the press who victualled well, if somewhat timidly, with the city's affluent business and professional men at the Palace, Fairmont or St. Francis Hotels. On other days I was a more or less undernourished kid who went around the corner to Dinty's for a corned beef sandwich and coffee.

On one of my successful forays, I arrived at one of the hotels on a particularly clear and sunny day. The wide windows of the long banquet-hall seemed to open out directly over the blue-green bay. Beyond, lay the rolling brown hills of Berkeley and Richmond. Above, a few tumbled clouds drifted lazily inland toward the San Joaquin.

The men at the speakers' table sat with their backs to all this splendor. Luncheon was served and quickly dispatched. Cigars came out of breast pockets. A few songs were sung somewhat self-consciously to such tunes as "Eliza Jane" and "Sweet Adeline," the sentiments expressed being identical with those that ring out in any high-school auditorium on Class Day. Then we settled down for the speeches.

With admirable singleness of purpose the speakers hewed to the line. They told their preliminary jokes and then talked glibly of sales, trade cycles, prosperity and the crises confronting them as leaders in the life of this "thriving gate-way to the Orient." Earnestly, the audience listened. Only once did attention seem to stray and I saw a few men around me sneaking glances at "the world's greatest deep-water harbor." Rudolph Spreckels, a liberal-minded millionaire and the son of old Claus Spreckels, the Sugar King, had the floor and was speaking of "the invisible, corrupt government of our city." He exploded what I considered a few bombshells. The aplomb of his audience, however, was perfect. It appeared slightly bored, but remained as cool and genial as ever.

A good-natured, jovial and well-scrubbed crowd of prep-school boys, grinning while the dean talked to them of the serious side of life. It was impossible to think of them as sinister, but it was not difficult to imagine them tying a can to a dog's tail, pulling out flies' wings or throwing stones at a Chinese laundry. It was, in fact, only a slight extension of such activities on the part of many of these and similar good fellows, a few years previously, that had sent Tom Mooney to San Quentin and Warren Billings to Folsom, one under sentence of death, the other for life imprisonment. It is pressure from such groups that keeps them in prison to this day, though their innocence was established beyond the shadow of a doubt years ago. "We got the right men on the wrong evidence," are the words with which the sorry business is dismissed at San Francisco luncheon boards.

In order to understand the cases of Mooney and Billings, it is necessary to go back to a period long before San Francisco ever heard of them. Once in the dear, dead days before the earthquake and fire, when one could watch a performance at the old

Orpheum over a stein of beer and the Barbary Coast was a subject for evangelists to shout about, Rudolph Spreckels got wind of something that shocked his æsthetic sensibilities. Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railroads, was planning to install an overhead trolley system in Sutter street. Spreckels was a man of considerable civic pride. Familiar with the underground conduit system then in use in New York and Washington, he went to Calhoun and tried to convince him that hidden cables exemplified more modern engineering and better æsthetics. He even offered to stand part of the added expense the underground system would entail. But Calhoun was obdurate. Damn the looks! Cables strung from poles were cheaper and they were plenty good enough.

So Spreckels decided that if Calhoun wouldn't give the city a transit system that would leave unmarred the beauty of its streets, he would do so himself. Ignorant of municipal politics, he applied to Mayor Schmitz for a franchise to establish it. There is little doubt that Schmitz laughed heartily before Spreckels reached the bottom of the City Hall steps after their interview. And there is no doubt whatsoever that the city administration later got a substantial share of a $200,000 bribe that Calhoun, through his personal attorney, Tirey L. Ford, paid to Abe Ruef, the political boss of the town, for an overhead trolley franchise for the United Railroads.

This, and other high-handed procedures on the part of Ruef, Schmitz, and the supervisors, led to San Francisco's famous graft prosecutions. They stretched over a period of three years, and landed Ruef in San Quentin. Schmitz, who stood in the dock as mayor of San Francisco and at the close of each day in court went to his office to conduct the affairs of the city, was convicted of extorting bribes from the French restaurants (San Francisco's polite term for cafés providing bed as well as board), but his sentence was set aside on a technicality.

It was when the prosecution, financed by Spreckels and ex-Senator James D. Phelan and pushed by Fremont Older, then editor of the *Bulletin*, Francis J. Heney, fresh from prosecuting the Oregon land fraud cases, and William J. Burns, borrowed from the United States Secret Service, reached back for Ford and Calhoun that the real fireworks began. Calhoun, in league with a corrupt labor leader, precipitated a strike among his own employées, dramatically smashed it, and as a result, went on trial a popular hero, the savior of a city threatened by unionism. Burns' detectives and Calhoun's Pinkertons dodged about, shadowing their respective victims and getting in each other's way. Older and his wife found themselves socially ostracised. Three separate attempts were made to take the editor's life. The Calhoun people imported a Mexican gunman to do the job, but Older had friends in the underworld who tipped him off. Fifteen pounds of dynamite were stored in the basement of a cottage next to his at the beach, but plain clothes men scared off the dynamiters. Finally, he was kidnapped in broad daylight from one of the city's main thoroughfares. He escaped from his captors at Santa Barbara after imprisonment for a night in a compartment of a southbound express train. Heney, shot through the head in open court, was replaced as prosecutor by Hiram W. Johnson. The house of the prosecution's star witness was wrecked by a dynamite explosion.

The Calhoun case dragged through the courts, and the jury finally failed to agree. The public, originally stirred by the graft disclosures, had been satisfied when Ruef went to prison and had grown tired of the whole sorry mess. The respectables had been with Calhoun from the beginning. An election came on with indictments still pending. Calhoun looked about for a man he could back for the district attorney's office who, once in, would have the remaining indictments dismissed. He found his man in Charles M. Fickert. Backed by the United Railroads and running in opposition to Heney, Fickert won by a large majority. One of his first official acts was to move the dismissal of the indictments.

The citizenry of San Francisco settled down to enjoy peace and quiet and extra dividends, but it soon became apparent that the graft crusaders had not been the only flies in the municipal ointment. There were also the union labor leaders.

II

In the years of reconstruction following the earthquake and fire, with labor in great demand, San Francisco had become the stronghold of trade unions, and they were entrenched too securely to relinquish their position at the cry of "Back to normalcy!" Particularly in the building trades, with wages higher than in any other city in the United States, unionism was strong. The first slackening of activity gave rise to a serious unemployment situation and the inevitable encroachments of the employers began.

The unions made a gallant, or despicable, fight (according to one's point of view) to maintain their standards. Clash succeeded clash. Both sporadic and well-organized strikes cropped up on every hand. The city became a battleground whereon strikers and mercenaries hired by employers to protect their strike-breakers waged unceasing guerilla warfare. It was possible at this time to discover whether or not a man had any position in the community merely by showing him a union label and watching his neck above the collar line.

In 1913 a strike was in progress against the Pacific Gas & Electric Company and a labor agitator by the name of Tom Mooney was picked up in Contra Costa county, charged with the unlawful possession of explosives. He was tried three times, the third trial resulting in acquittal. About the same time one Warren Billings, a youth of 19, was arrested in Sacramento on a charge of carrying explosives on a street car. He was convicted and sentenced to Folsom for two years. Both Mooney and Billings claimed a frame-up on the part of detectives employed by the gas company. One thing is certain: they were both arrested mainly through the efforts of a Pinkerton agent, one Martin Swanson.

Two years later, with Mooney and Swanson face to face in San Francisco, the struggle between the employers and the unions culminated in a long and bitter water-front strike marked by extreme brutalities. Coincident with this the culinary workers walked out of the restaurants, giving the public a figurative, and no doubt many a literal, pain in the midriff. It was about this time, too, that members of the Chamber of Commerce began to turn eyes longingly to the southward. Los Angeles, an open shop town without even the vestiges of trade union strength since the McNamaras had dynamited the *Times* Building, was on the boom, attracting Eastern manufacturers by cheap labor as well as retired farmers by eternal sunshine. It had become clear to every up-and-coming citizen of San Francisco that it was his patriotic duty to do something in the cause of Right and, incidentally, Prosperity. The Chamber of Commerce formed a Law and Order Committee which immediately began to issue pronunciamentos: "We are not opposed to the legitimate activities of organized labor, but . . . .", and so on. The Chamber also quietly raised a million dollar fund to fight valiantly for the open shop.

About this time, Mooney, in the face of great antagonism, even from San Francisco labor leaders, made an abortive attempt to organize the platform men of the United Railroads. With practically no strength to his little union, he called a strike which promptly failed, succeeding only in arousing Calhoun's ire. Swanson, now employed directly by the gas company and other utilities, including the United Railroads, was again set on Mooney's trail. According to the later testimony of Billings, who had been released from Folsom and had joined Mooney, and Israel Weinburg, a taxi driver, Martin Swanson approached them separately and offered them $5000 to implicate Mooney in the dynamiting of some electric towers.

A few days after these interviews were alleged to have occurred, on the afternoon of July 22, 1916, at six minutes past two, to be exact, a bomb exploded on the sidewalk behind spectators viewing San Francisco's Preparedness Parade. Ten people were killed outright or died later from injuries; forty more were wounded. That night, when the police were hot after clues and arresting all poor old beggars with long beards, Swanson, officially of the United Railroads, visited District Attorney Fickert, unofficially of the same concern. Within the next few days, Mooney, his wife, Billings, Weinberg and Edward Nolan, president-elect of the Machinists Union, Lodge 68, were arrested and charged with the crime.

I hold no brief for the purity of union men, whether rank-and-file or leaders. The struggle in California had been a long and violent one. The traditions of the mining camp days were not entirely forgotten. Along the waterfront, in lumber camps, and mines and on the railroads, men still drank their uncut whiskey straight and knew how to shoot. When riled, they were inclined to raise hell instead of discussing strategy.

While there is evidence to support the contention that dynamite, as a modern improvement over the six-shooter, was first introduced in California labor struggles by an employer, it is true that high explosives were handled carelessly, to say the least, by both sides. If the offices of the United Railroads, Calhoun's home, or the San Francisco *Chronicle* had been blown sky-high, I could imagine that some labor sympathizer had been crazy enough to do it. But there was no motive whatever for Mooney, or any other laborite, to bomb that parade. That the job was the work of some fanatic whose rightful home was the insane asylum at Napa seems too obvious to require elaboration.

With the suspects in jail, the city went on a unionist-anarchist-German-pacifist hating spree. At the luncheon clubs, across conference tables, in the press and at Chamber of Commerce mass meetings, the names of Mooney and Billings were linked with those of every popular arch-fiend from Kaiser Wilhelm to Alexander Berkman. All of San Francisco's troubles since the fire were laid at their cell door. President Wilson was still keeping us out of the war, but here was an opportunity for distinguished citizens to carry on without violating neutrality or leaving the wife and kiddies.

The reward for information leading to the conviction of the perpetrators of the tragedy mounted steadily until it reached a grand total of $17,000. Out of literally hundreds of people who filed through the city jail attempting to identify the suspects, only three, a prostitute, her mother and a tramp waiter, addicted to drugs and out of a job, succeeded after Mooney and Billings had been pointed out to them and called by name. On the testimony of these witnesses, the five suspects were indicted.

III

Billings was tried first. On the testimony of the waiter, the prostitute, and two new witnesses, a mother and daughter, who had come forward after the grand jury investigation, he was convicted of second degree murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. The prosecutor under Fickert rebelled because of his lack of confidence in the State's case and refused point-blank to ask the jury for a first degree verdict. The waiter, who alone testified to seeing Billings at the scene of the crime, many years later confessed that he had lied. The prostitute later confessed that Fickert had threatened her with the penitentiary if she refused to testify. Her mother, although an important witness before the grand jury, was not called to the stand. Just before the trial she had written a letter to her husband, a forger in San Quentin prison, which had fallen into the hands of the defense. She had written: "I know I am needed as a witness, and they are helping me by getting you out."

District Attorney Fickert and his assistant, Cunha, prosecuted the case against Mooney. One page of the record is worth referring to in the light of the fact that Fickert was a graduate of Stanford University and ex-captain of its football team. In attempting to discredit Mooney, Fickert said that Mooney's friend, Weinberg, had attended a picnic at which a dangerous explosive was to be given away as a prize. Fickert said he couldn't pronounce its name, but that it was spelled N-i-e-t-z-s-c-h-e. W. Bourke Cockran, who was defending Mooney, interjected:

"The district attorney thinks Nietzsche is a bomb!"

After some thumbing of the encyclopaedia, Fickert, still attempting to make his point, announced:

"Nietzsche, the writer, was a bad man who associated with Richard Wagner."

Then the State sprang a surprise witness, one Frank C. Oxman. Judge Franklin A. Griffin, the trial judge, has since said of him:

> Oxman was by far the most important of these witnesses [the main witnesses in the Mooney trial]. His testimony was unshaken on cross-examination, and his very appearance bore out his statements that he was a reputable and prosperous cattle dealer and landowner from the State of Oregon. There is no question but that he made a profound impression on the jury and upon all those who listened to his story on the witness-stand, and there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that the testimony of Oxman was the turning point in the Mooney case and that he is the pivot around which all other evidence in the case revolves.

Mooney was declared guilty of first degree murder and sentenced to hang. Soon afterward Judge Griffin denied a motion for a new trial. An appeal was then carried to the California Supreme Court. While this appeal was pending, letters came to light that Oxman had written just previous to Mooney's trial to an old friend in Illinois.

In these curious letters, he urged his friend "to cum to San Frico as expurt wittness in a very important case." In one he continued:

> You will only hafto answer 3 & 4 questiones, and I will Post you on them. You will get mileage and all that a witness can draw Probly 100 in cleare so if you will come ans me quick. in care of this Hotel and I will mange the Balance.

As soon as Judge Griffin saw these letters, he wrote to the Attorney-General and requested that his own decision denying a new trial be reversed. The Attorney-General so stipulated to the State Supreme Court, but the court affirmed the conviction, ruling that it was prevented by a constitutional provision from considering evidence not introduced in the trial court. The court's opinion closed: "The remedy in such cases rests with the Executive. He alone can afford relief."

Oxman was brought back to San Francisco. Fickert, seemingly cornered, agreed to give Mooney a new trial, but then changed his attitude over-night, and called together a grand jury which obediently whitewashed Oxman and commended the district attorney for his efficient prosecution of the cases. If no tide of reaction set in as a result of these proceedings, at least there was an eddy. The Law and Order Committee felt it necessary to buy advertising space in the newspapers and issue a call for all good men and true to stand by their guns.

Oxman was duly tried, but his jury acquitted him. A futile attempt was made by a body of liberal ministers to put Fickert out of office through a recall election. Mrs. Mooney and Weinberg came to trial and were acquitted. Nolan, although he had been held in jail for nine months, was not brought to trial.

Throughout the various trials, the State contended that Mooney and his aides first met at a certain building that the parade was to pass, with the intention of dropping the bomb (a time bomb, mind you!) from its roof; that, at the last moment, they changed their minds and drove down the city's main thoroughfare in the face of the oncoming parade, and planted the bomb at the point where the explosion subsequently occurred.

In order to have driven down this thoroughfare, the defendants necessarily would have had to pass a score of traffic officers on duty to keep the street clear. At Weinberg's trial all these officers testified as defense witnesses. Many of them were certain that no such automobile had gone down the street at the time indicated. All of them admitted that they had seen none.

Many reputable defense witnesses, none of whom was ever discredited, testified to the presence of Mooney and Mrs. Mooney on the roof of the Eilers Building, a mile and a quarter from the scene of the explosion, before and during the parade. It was in this building that the Mooneys lived and Mrs. Mooney had a music studio. Mooney and his wife are actually shown in a snap-shot taken on the roof, five minutes before the explosion. The picture was taken, unknown to them, by a young man employed in the building. It shows one corner of the roof with the Mooneys and others standing there, watching the parade, which appears below. A large street clock included in the scope of the picture establishes the exact time the snap was taken, 2:01, or five minutes before the bomb explosion.

This alibi photograph, obtained by the defense from the prosecution by a court order on the eve of Mooney's trial, threw the State's case into confusion. The waiter at Billings' trial had given testimony indicating that Mooney at 2:01 P.M. was a few feet from the spot where the bomb had been planted, a mile and a quarter from the Eilers Building. Now, the prosecution finding it necessary to allow for Mooney's alibi, the waiter changed his testimony in such a way as to place Mooney at the scene earlier. The new witness, Oxman, introduced to bolster up the case, corroborated him by testifying to the early arrival of the defendants at the scene of the crime and to their prompt departure after planting the bomb. The prosecution then contended that the Mooneys had sufficient time to get back to the Eilers Building and appear in the photograph.

IV

With Oxman exposed and Mooney still under sentence of death, labor instigated a world-wide protest comparable to that preceding the Sacco-Vanzetti execution. A mass demonstration before the American Embassy in Russia (during the Kerensky régime) put the Mooney case into the headlines. We had now entered the war and it was felt in official circles that the agitation was compromising the United States with its allies, so President Wilson took a hand. Late in 1917 he sent a commission to San Francisco to investigate. The commission, headed by Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson, with Felix Frankfurter as secretary and counsel, reported that "the utilities against which Mooney directed his agitation or who suspected him of mischievous activities undoubtedly sought to get him," and that "when Oxman was discredited, the verdict against Mooney was discredited."

Dr. Wilson wrote Governor Stephens of California requesting him to postpone execution until Mooney could be tried on one of the other indictments. After a long delay, Stephens, instead of granting this new trial, commuted Mooney's sentence to life imprisonment. In doing so, he declared that it was not unreasonable to assume that Mooney and Billings were acting as, or in sympathy with, agents of Germany, and quoted a long letter that Alexander Berkman had written after Mooney's arrest urging that the case be given wide publicity. He failed to mention Oxman.

A few months before the Governor rendered this decision, a secret investigation of the Mooney case was made at the order of the Secretary of Labor by J. B. Densmore, then Director General of Employment. Densmore's men planted a dictograph in District Attorney Fickert's office. The day by day record of conversations between the district attorney and his associates reveals him attempting to frame evidence to re-try Mrs. Mooney, previously acquitted; plan-

ning to intimidate a prospective woman witness by obtaining a photograph of her in a compromising situation; and conspiring with a notorious jury fixer to free a wealthy man charged with crimes of degeneracy.

At one point in the Densmore report, [House Document 157, 66th Congress] Fickert says: "That —— — — —— Griffin —if it wasn't for him we would have had Mooney shoved right off at the end of the trial."

Here Cunha and Fickert are talking about the women witnesses they are planning to use against Mrs. Mooney:

"Chief," said Cunha, "if you can get a witness who will put Mrs. Mooney at Steuart and Market streets I don't give a damn if you put her there in a balloon."

Fickert said, "I think I can put her there in a taxicab. It looks as though we had the witness."

"If you have, chief," said Cunha with real enthusiasm, "I will put that — — — Mrs. Mooney on trial again and I will convict her by every rule of the game."

Something of the atmosphere of Fickert's office is suggested in the following excerpt from the report:

He [Cunha] then said to Fickert, "I tell you a —— — — —— of a strong fellow for an assistant, chief, and that's Al Joy."

"He spoke to me today," said Fickert.

"He just passed the bar," continued Cunha, "and he belongs to the club and baseball people and is one of the best known men in San Francisco. I asked him if he could get along on a — — — a month. He says he could all right. He is very popular and is one of the boys in the minstrels."

"I need a fellow like that," said Fickert.

"Chief," said Cunha, "it would create a hell of a favorable stink if he joined the office, and I know he likes you. No bull about it. He would be for you, and for you first. He is one of those birds who come from the country."

"I think he is well liked by the newspaper people, too," said Fickert.

"Sure, chief; he is one of the head ones in the Press Club. Everybody knows Al Joy."

"He is sort of a comedian type," said Fickert.

"All the better, chief," said Cunha. "You need a sort of comedian around here to liven things up a bit and kind of lead things."

Further intimation that the District Attorney might have profited if he had spent less time on the football field and more time in Stanford's library is contained in the following:

At 10:23 A.M. Fickert called up Park 2096 and had a talk with one W. H. Schulte whom he addressed as William. He asked Schulte to translate a couple of German words for him, the words being *kranken* and *kasse*. Schulte gave the meaning of the first as "sick" and of the second as "treasury."

"Sick treasury," said Fickert; "that doesn't make very good sense."

Schulte intimated that if the two words were written as one, the expression might mean a fund for the relief of sick persons. (The Arbeiter Kranken-Kasse was an old-established workmen's sick benefit society.)

"I'll tell you," said Fickert. "It's a dynamiting expression, used by a bunch of dynamiters, although the fellows using it are evidently not Germans. Probably it was a fund for getting them out on bail. Thank you, William."

V

Of more vital import, however, as far as the Mooney case is concerned, is the fact that the Densmore report also reveals that the men behind the prosecution, who were supplying the legal brain-work, were Frank C. Drew, attorney for the Chamber of Commerce, and F. W. Henshaw, an ex-justice of the California Supreme Court. It was this same Judge Henshaw who was forced to resign from the Supreme Bench by Fremont Older, who obtained documentary evidence that he had accepted a bribe to alter his decision in a famous will case. When he resigned, he also promised

Older that he would use his influence to aid Mooney. It was on this understanding that Older suppressed the documents. Henshaw announced that he was to undertake important war work. San Francisco's distinguished citizens gave a banquet in his honor. As soon as Older learned through the Densmore report that Henshaw had not kept his promise, he came out with a special edition of the *Call*, which he was now editing, exposing him. The net result of this disclosure was that the distinguished citizens again banquetted Henshaw and lauded him to the skies for his loyal and patriotic services to his city in her hour of need!

Mooney has petitioned three successive Governors for pardon without relief. Last August his latest petition was placed before Governor C. C. Young by Frank P. Walsh. An application was not made for the release of Billings at this time, because he had been previously convicted of a felony and, under the California code, was prevented from petitioning for pardon without the consent of a majority of the justices of the State Supreme Court. His case, therefore, waits upon favorable action on Mooney's application.

Appearing with Walsh at the hearing before the Governor were Judge Franklin A. Griffin, Fremont Older, W. N. Burkhardt, editor of the San Francisco *News;* Matthew Brady, the present district attorney of San Francisco; William MacNevin, foreman of the Mooney jury; Franklin K. Hichborn, a personal friend of the Governor; Paul Scharrenberg and Andrew Furuseth, California labor leaders; and other men prominent in California public life.

Previous to this letters expressing belief in the complete innocence of Mooney and urging a full pardon had been written to the Governor by the trial judge, nine of the ten living jurors, the prosecutor in the Billings' case, the present district attorney of San Francisco and the principal police officials connected with the investigation of the Preparedness Day explosion.

At various times the Governor has intimated that as Mooney is eligible for parole, he might grant it. Both Mooney and Billings, however, refuse to consider a parole, claiming that acceptance of it would be an admission of guilt; and that, as innocent men, the State has no right to submit them to the constant police surveillance to which all paroled prisoners are subject.

When Young took Mooney's pardon application under advisement, he promised to read the transcript of the record and all subsequent documents bearing upon the case. As yet he has apparently not done so. Recently, however, he stated: "While, like many other people, I have been dissatisfied with some of the aspects of the trial, I have never been able to bring myself to a belief in the innocence of the accused."

Theodore Dreiser countered with: "In view of the apparent conclusive character of the evidence of Mooney's innocence submitted to you, does it not seem proper for anyone to ask for a statement of what facts, known to you and not in the evidence given you, warrant such a declaration?"

The Governor had previously replied to the same question, put to him by Judge Griffin. He sent Dreiser a copy of his letter to Griffin. The reply was: "This question on your part is of course purely a rhetorical one."

And so the case rests, with Mooney beginning his thirteenth year in San Quentin. It is possible that before these lines are printed he will be liberated at last. But it seems highly improbable.

THE ETIQUETTE OF SLAVERY

BY SARA HAARDT

Yes, it is slander to say you oppressed them:
Does a man squander the prize of his pelf?
Was it not often that he who possessed them
Rather was owned by his servants himself?

THE South, long years before the Civil War or any possibility of war, was forced to idealize not only the issue of slavery but also its everyday burden. For the responsibilities of slavery, the cost of slavery, the very countenance of slavery inflicted such hardships upon every ante-bellum Southern family of condition that, without a liberal idealization, they would have been almost unbearable. Thus there arose certain rules governing the attitude toward and conduct of slavery—in essence, an etiquette of slavery. Unfortunately, these rules, though they thus had the purpose of making the institution tolerable, often only made master and mistress the slaves of their slaves.

The first of them was the unwritten law that no gentleman could ever sell his slaves, or otherwise dispose of them, except in the event of a final extremity. This meant, in practice, that when in the vicissitudes of fortune a slave-owner became reduced in circumstances he was obliged to retain all his black folk, at whatever sacrifice, a most serious drain upon his resources. The effect, apart from the economic disaster, was to make incompetent as well as competent slaves comfortably secure in their positions; incompetency, indeed, was not a ground for selling or exchanging even the most useless.

Further, if an incompetent or troublesome slave were given his freedom in an effort to get rid of him and he preferred to stay on, he must be permitted to do so. There is the story of a famous old termagant, Old Clara, who had married the gardener on the Burwell plantation, in Virginia. On some plantations it was customary to buy the wife when a Negro married on another estate. Old Clara quarreled her husband to death in a year and survived to quarrel forty years longer with the other Negroes. She had been offered her freedom, and several times she had been given away, once to her son, a free man, and then to others with whom she fancied she might live, but she invariably left them. She always returned grandly in a cart, seated on top of her wooden chest and surrounded by all her goods, dressed in a high hat with a long black plume standing straight up, a gay cloth spencer, and a short petticoat, the gala costume of the hundred years before. The frigid welcome she received in the quarter affected her not at all; reëstablishing herself in her cabin, she quickly resumed her turbulent career.

At last one morning came the glad news that Old Clara was dead. Two women went to sweep her cabin and perform the funeral offices. But they waited in vain for the body to get cold. While sitting over the fire in the evening, one of them glanced at a small mirror near the bed and saw a horrible grin spread over the face of the corpse. The next moment Old Clara sprang out of bed, calling,

"Git me some meat an' bread! I's mos' perished!"

"Ole 'oman," demanded one of her watchers, "whut yuh mean by foolin' us so?"

"I jes' want see whut you all gwine do wid my things when I *wus* dead!"

This prohibition of alienation, in truth, persisted long after the war: upon hearing that they were emancipated, many slaves presented themselves to the owners of plantations, saying they wished to sell themselves back into slavery in return for their keep, and though their former masters were scarcely able to clothe and feed themselves, the returned freedmen settled down in the old quarters and refused under any circumstances to leave. One old Negro on the Wheatly plantation, in Virginia, clung to his cabin in spite of the fact that his wife and family had moved off and continually nagged him to join them.

"No," he defied them, "I nuvver will leave dis plantation, an' go off to starve wid no free niggahs!"

Not even when his wife was dying could he be persuaded to leave. He had long been too old for work, but his former owners had to care for him, though their own poverty was scarcely less than his.

Another old man, Harrison Mitchell, very high-toned and reliable, whose pride was that he had "cum out de Patrick Henry estate an' use to run a freight boat down de Jeemes ruver fum Lynchbu'g to Richmon' long fo' dar was a sign o' town at Lynch's Ferry," used to hold forth with great eloquence upon the drawbacks of freedom:

"Why, Mistiss, dese niggah is no mo' calcalate to te'k kur o' deyselves dan a 'possum. An' I tells 'em so. Kase whut is a niggah bedout white man? Kase ev'body know niggah ain't got no hade. I nuvver want no niggah be takin' kur o' me. I looks to my white folks to te'k kur o' me. I 'longs to Mars' Robert an' ain't gwine lef his plantation tell I die. Whut right Yankees got settin' me free, an' den karn't te'k kur o' me? No! niggahs is niggahs, an' gwine be niggahs, an' white folks got to te'k kur on 'em tell end o' creation."

The slaves on every plantation, as every one knows, were of two classes, the field hands and the domestic servants. It was the latter who exercised the highest authority. The first among them, the mammy of romance, whose régime frequently extended through three generations, was virtually in command of all that pertained to the care and training of the children. She nursed them, policed them, and disciplined them, and had full power to administer correction. As was always the case with the higher house servants, she had numerous assistants, little Negro girls of varying ages, usually dressed in a uniform blue, who ran her errands and did her bidding; it was beneath her dignity to perform certain menial tasks.

Next to her in rank were the butler and the carriage-driver, both severe disciplinarians who held the children, and often the older members of the family, in uncompromising thraldom. Thomas Nelson Page relates the story of a butler, Uncle Tom, in his family, who was the terror of the whole connection. One of the children, after watching him furtively as he moved about with his grand air, crept over and asked her grandmother, his mistress, in an awed whisper, "Grandma, are you 'fraid of Unc' Tom?"

The older Negroes always expected the titles of Uncle and Aunt from the younger members of their white families as terms of respect. These titles were usually assumed about middle age, or at the time the women donned the kerchief, and were first exacted from the other Negroes as a recognition of superiority of manner or of high position in the white family. Other Negroes, less distinguished, were merely called by their names, as Dinah, Charity, Lily, and with an offishness that clearly put them in their place. Sometimes, among the Negroes themselves, Sister was used in formal exchanges, but always as a term of spiritual rather than of social equality.

The fiction fashioned and propagated during slavery times that the upper house-servants were always good-humored, kindly, smiling, willing, and devoted became a sort of fundamental assumption in the relations between the master and mistress and *all* of their slaves, and was so firmly established that it flourishes to this day.

As a matter of actual fact, anybody who has had the most superficial experience with Negro servants knows that they are moody, fractious, and peculiarly resentful of criticism; the best of them are subject to temperamental fits that cloud the whole atmosphere and serve as a perfect defense mechanism against corrections and orders. Southerners, with their great weakness for evading unpleasantness, have for generations resorted to a system of cajolery and flattery in the management of them the like of which has scarcely been seen the world over.

Under slavery the mistress herself instructed all the house-servants, and as all their faults and short-comings, as a matter of etiquette, were referred to her personally, it became burdensome and hazardous for her, and hence in bad taste, to notice them. For much the same reason it became the custom not to mention servants, whatever their faults, in company, and if some one inadvertently did so unfavorably, the mistress would be very apt to become as offended as if one of her own children were criticized. The Negro domestics, with that lightning intuition which is their racial gift, perceived this, and were in turn highly insulted by the slightest questioning of their professional abilities. The cooks of the plantation, especially, of whom there were usually five or six, loudly proclaimed their own excellence and independence.

I recall the picture of one of these terrors, Aunt Christian, by name, black as the ace of spades and as round as a barrel, who wore the whitest cotton cap with the broadest of ruffles, and typified the sentimental vision of the broad-bosomed, genial, generous cook; but who kept a good-sized stick of kindling behind the stove to heave at children and dogs, and whirled about in a threatening temper most of the time, muttering,

"An' I bin manage my own affa'rs, an' I gwine manage my own affa'rs long as I got breff! My gran'mammy 'member dem times when black folks lan' here stark naked, an' white folks hab to show 'em how to wa'r close. But we all done come fum dat now, an' I gwine manage my *own* affa'rs!"

Needless to say, she did manage her own affairs, as well as her master's and mistress's, and in consequence of an older tradition which made them as generous in their praise as she was in her blame, her fame for marvelous cooking spread abroad from the plantation to the remotest ends of the county.

II

Theoretically, responsibility for the slaves was divided equally between the master and mistress, the master providing food and shelter for them while the mistress took care of their spiritual needs; but actually the mistress bore most of the burden. She not only instructed them in all the branches of household employment—and this, with the rising generations, was an endless task; she also taught them to read and to cipher; she looked after the cure of their souls, dedicating an allotted time to reading to them from the Bible, and holding Sunday-school and other religious services; and she attended them personally whenever they were sick, dosing them with her own hands. In brief, with one hundred —or more—people continually upon her mind, who were constantly appealing to her in every strait, real or imaginary, her cares were such that she scarcely had a moment in which she could call her soul her own.

Such was the etiquette of these ties that it was not unusual for the ladies in a family to decline invitations for parties, and even weddings, when favorite servants were ill; or for a mistress, upon hearing at a party that one of her Negroes had been seized suddenly by a "misery," to excuse herself from the company and hurry to the cabin, where she might pass the night by the patient's bedside, reading reassuring verses from her prayer-book. In all spiritual crises, she was under obligation to sit in constant attendance, and as these crises

consisted very largely of the recitation and repetition of numerous physical miseries it became her habit to prescribe for them freely from her store of medicines. These were many and varied, from mere flour pills and poultices, sassafras tea and all-spice ointment (for earache) to strongly aromatic plasters, syrups, physics, salves, elixirs and balms of her own brewing. Ironically enough, the magical effect of her mixtures so increased rather than diminished the number of her patients that, on many plantations, she was compelled to make professional rounds at the cabins every day.

While all these duties devolved upon her, it often seemed that the master had nothing to do but ride over his estate on the most worthy horse, receive reports from his overseers, see that his pack of hounds was well fed, and order "repairs about the mill." In reality, this was often the state of affairs, and the Negroes, as usual, were keenly aware of it. A Georgia gentleman once discovered a Negro boy in some serious mischief about his house, and determined, as a marked example, to take him in hand. Leading him in the yard, he broke off a small switch and demanded sternly, "Do you know, sir, who is master of my place?"

"Yas, sah!" the boy replied, "Miss Fredericka, sah!"

The Southerner himself, because of his natural distaste for such irksome details, established the rule that it was improper —indeed, uncomplimentary to the mistress —for a gentleman to interfere in the affairs of the household. These he conceded, with his engaging gesture, to be her special province, so much so, indeed, that it distinctly imperiled his dignity to intrude upon them. The tradition is no less binding today: Southern men, as every one knows, steer clear of all household matters, with the result that Southern women enjoy an independence in the management of their homes unimaginable to most women of the North and West.

It is no wonder that the number of bachelors in ante-bellum times was comparatively small, for when there was no mistress to preside over a house and the place was left to the management of the Negroes it soon went to wrack and ruin. At such places the Negro quarters, instead of being neat rows of white cabins, were sorry shacks, with swarms of shabby blacks hanging around the big house, appearing not only to have nothing in the world to do but never to have done anything. Inside the house the halls and stairways were sometimes so full of them that it was almost impossible for guests to make their way up or down stairs. Everything had a shackling appearance; and yet, as if by a miracle, there was usually good light-bread, sound pork and mutton and the rest of the abundant Southern food on the tables.

The explanation was not far to seek. For these helpless masters told their slaves that if they would only furnish the master's table with the best bread, meats, cream and butter, they did not care what became of the rest. Upon this principle the bachelor plantations were conducted. The overflowing barn, the stores of bacon, lard, flour, everything, literally belonged to the Negroes, who simply provided their masters with a certain share. They all acted on the sentiment of a Negro boy who, on being admonished by his master for having stolen and eaten a turkey, replied, "Well, Massa, you got less turkey, but you got dat much more niggah!"

Of these unfortunate gentlemen, I like to recall an old bachelor of eighty years, a kinsman of Letitia Burwell, whom she describes as always accompanied by his Negro servant Louis, as old and of the same name as himself. When his master talked in the parlor Louis always planted his chair in the middle of the doorsill, every now and then interrupting him with: "Now, Marster, dat warn't Colonel Taylor's horse dat won dat race dat day. You an' me war dar." Or, "Now, Marster, you done forgot all 'bout dat. Dat war in de yeah 1779, an' *dis* is de way it happened.

. . ." All this was said respectfully, but in a manner that clearly showed the old Negro possessed his master as completely as he served him.

The case of widowers (and they were numerous in the Old South owing to the dangers of childbearing and the heavy burden of housekeeping under slavery) was no less distressing. One of these gentlemen, the owner of an extensive plantation in Mississippi, was practically forced to surrender the keys of his establishment to his Negroes before they would work. He retained only the key to a new dairy just completed, wherein he had ordered the fresh mutton always to be kept. Escorting some guests there with a view to pointing out his improvements, he exclaimed proudly, "Now see what a fine piece of mutton I have here!"

But on inspection there was no mutton to be seen. In its place stood a double row of buckets filled with custard, cream and blanc-mange. Greatly discomfited, the gentleman called to one of the servants: "Parthenia! Where is my mutton that I had put here this morning?"

"Susie took it out, sah, an' put it in de ole spring house. An' she gwine have a big pahty tonight, an' want her jelly an' custards to keep cool!"

Needless to say, such unfortunate gentlemen lost no time in marrying again, as soon as it could be done with propriety. When there was no older daughter to succeed her mother in running the place, a maiden aunt or cousin from her connections was sometimes invited to preside over the house, in which case a marriage was very apt to be promptly arranged. A typical romance of the period was for the bereaved widower to marry the governess to his children, often an efficient lady from the North, eminent for her sterling character and intellectual accomplishments.

But it was not only on the plantations of bachelors and widowers that the slaves identified themselves with their masters and their masters' possessions. They always spoke of "our horses," "our crop," "our mill," "our carriage," "our black folks," and so with all properties; and they assumed as a matter of course that whatever was left from the master's table in the way of provisions, or whatever they needed that he possessed, belonged to them.

"In dem days," explained an old slavery-time Negro, "ladies an' gentlemen nevah know whut twuz to sell noth'n. Ef dey had things to spar'—an' dey always did—dey give it free as air. 'Twuz all de marster's, but he had a plenty to 'vide with ev'ybody."

That this tradition is still venerated by Negro domestics of the present day I scarcely need say. Certainly I have never heard of a Negro cook who did not feel it her duty to carry off not only everything left from the table but anything from the supplies in the pantry she fancied. Her attitude is that *real* white folks never stoop to the belittling practice of economy; *quality* folks who have always been used to things never "study" about what goes to waste!

The most prevailing event of the afternoon in a Southern town is the procession of cooks marching ponderously toward the Negro section after the big midday meal. In the old days they carried their pans unashamedly, for their excuse was that, after preparing dinner in the sizzling noon heat, they had lost their appetites, and so were carrying their victuals home to eat when they had sufficiently recuperated. These victuals always consisted of an extra pan of biscuit, several pones of corn-bread—this seldom appeared on the mistress's table—, a good-sized lump of butter, "sweetening" of some description, either syrup or sugar, a hunk of bulk-meat, a handful of coffee, all that remained of the dessert, together with the "scraps,"—which is to say, whatever raw material was left in preparing the meats, the dough and the vegetables. "The pan," as the receptacle was called, might be a large flat pan that could be balanced on the head, but more frequently it was a large lard bucket with a tight-fitting lid. If the cook

aspired to a more tony class, she substituted a split-basket or a pasteboard box covered with wrapping paper and tied securely.

Among the later generations of Negro cooks, who proclaim themselves of the colored quality, there exists a prejudice against the pan, or any bundle recognizable as a pan. They carry, instead, raffia baskets, fashioned like knapsacks, which they swing lightly by the handles, or more often, a black oilcloth suitcase remotely resembling the week-end bags of their mistresses. But, whatever the style, there is always enough food inside to feed a growing family, along with a swain or two, or a prodigal husband.

III

The snobbery of slavery-time Negroes—a weapon which they had discovered to be invulnerable when trained upon a prosperous and pleasure-loving race—was nowhere so triumphant as in the matter of the division of labor. I remember the story of a lady's maid, Viney, who accompanied her mistress to Baltimore on a visit, and returned to the plantation to regale the servants with the scandalous news that in a fine three-story house there she found but two servants, and they had to do all the work.

"Bar' two servants! An' dey calls deyselves rich, too! You nevah see sich a way for peoples to live!"

Nor was Maid Viney putting on. On the plantations three women would sometimes clean up one room: one made the bed, another swept the floor, and a third put the chairs straight. In the kitchen there were always at least six assistants—a boy to chop wood and lift off pots and ovens, one woman to make the pastry, another to compound jellies and cakes, another to beat biscuit, a half-grown girl who assisted the butler in chopping salads, and an old woman whose sole duty it was to pick chickens. About the house, in addition to the higher servants, were numerous others with special places and privileges: gardeners and boys about the house, comrades of the boys, and "own maids," for each girl had her own maid. Labor was infinitely divided and sub-divided. A Virginia lady in her reminiscences describes an old woman whose sole employment was throwing open the blinds in the morning and rubbing the posts of her grandmother's high bedstead. And I have heard of many an old Negro, in the deep South, whose only duty was to stand behind Ole Mistiss at table and fan the flies away with a long spray of peacock feathers.

The polishing of furniture and silver was carried to excess, as the legitimate tasks gave out and fictitious tasks had to be created to meet the demands of this highly specialized labor. Every inch of mahogany was waxed and dry-rubbed to the highest state of polish. The silver was made to shine like mirrors, as were the floors, the brass fenders, irons, and candlesticks. This was a ruinous business, this waste of labor, or rather this triumph of labor, and in the end, even without the war, it would probably have bankrupted the South.

I know this to be true, but like every other Southerner, I have sentimentalized it and denied it. I like to call up that army of servants as they tiptoed down the halls in the early morning, waxing and rubbing the floor with long-handled brushes (weighted with oven lids) until it shone like a sea of glass, and pertinently enough, was as dangerous to walk upon. I like to call up all those lovely gleaming things, the product of their handiwork, the silver and the mirrors, the brasses and the shining old mahogany.

At such establishments, with a servant always in sight, it was easy to acquire the habit of being waited upon. A young lady, oppressed by the afternoon heat, would very naturally ask black Ruby or Alberta to fan her or to fetch her a cool drink, whereupon Ruby or Alberta would whisk up a large palmetto fan or pour the drink eagerly, though both were within easy

reach of her young mistress, and she could, by the lifting of her hand, have helped herself.

But it was just these trivial personal services that the slaves delighted to perform, knowing they would be specially rewarded with a coveted present or some pocket change in a measure far out of proportion to their trouble. It was a matter of etiquette for visitors to bestow some present upon them on arriving or departing, though almost invariably accompanied by their own servants. At night it was customary for a lady visitor to be escorted to her room by one of these implacable maids, who insisted so ingratiatingly on performing all offices—combing her hair, pulling off her slippers, folding away her clothes—that she had not the heart to refuse, however she might have preferred to be left alone.

It was equally binding for members of the family to remember their servants with presents on returning from a visit. The state occasion, however, was at Christmas, when all the slaves swarmed up to the house "to ketch Marster an' Mistiss an' de chillen Chris'mus gif'." At other times, particularly birthdays and weddings, the mistress was not only expected to send presents but also to furnish the wedding-dress and the provisions for the feasts. A neglect of these rights, or the failure of a member of the white family to look in at their holiday parties, they regarded as a breach of politeness.

In addition to the gifts they received for special services, the slaves had various other sources of pocket-money. Each cabin had a separate garden and chicken yard attached, attended largely by the women, who sold their vegetables, poultry and eggs—produced at the master's expense, of course—back to the mistress. She was constantly paying for fowls, eggs, melons, sweet potatoes, brooms, split baskets and shuck mats. The men made small crops of tobacco, cotton or potatoes on any piece of land they favored.

During the Summer many of the plantation cooks were hired at the watering-places, where they considerably extended their resources by selling their mistresses' recipes. I once heard of a lady of the Greenfield family who, after her marriage, tried unsuccessfully to make velvet rolls like those she had had in her own home in Virginia. Her mother and aunt, who had taught the cooks, had died many years before, so she had applied to the Negroes for help; but they would never show her the right way to make them. At last one day, while visiting at a home in Georgia, where she had removed, she was served velvet rolls exactly like those she had known at home.

"Where did you get the recipe?" she asked her hostess amazedly.

"I bought it from old Aunt Rose," that lady replied, "a colored cook at Virginia Springs, and paid her five dollars."

"One of our own cooks, and my mother's recipe—and I had to come all the way to Georgia to get it! Aunt Rose would never show me how to make them!"

Another famous cook, Aunt Fanny, a servant of the Mosbys, kept herself supplied with pocket-money by selling soap, which she made in large quantities, especially a kind which she called her butter soap, made from all the butter she did not consider fresh enough for the delicate appetites of her mistress and master. She appropriated one of the largest basement rooms, had it shelved, and kept a great wood fire going under her soap-pot day and night.

During the war, when fire-wood became expensive, Charles Mosby felt compelled to prevail upon her to discontinue her soap trade. He sent for her and said mildly,

"Fanny, I have a proposition to make to you."

"Whut is it, Mars' Charles?"

"Well, Fanny, my expenses are very heavy now, and if you will give up your soap-boiling this year, I will agree to pay you fifty dollars."

Her arms akimbo, Aunt Fanny looked him straight in the eyes. "Couldn't pos-

sibly do it, Mars' Charles, because *soap*, suh, soap's my *main-tain-ance!*"

With this she strode majestically from the room, and Mars' Charles continued paying high prices for fire-wood while she kept on with her soap-boiling.

IV

The attitude of the plantation Negro during the war has always been extolled by Southerners, but mainly as a mere convention, a matter of etiquette. The existence of runaway slaves, or of any other than faithful, zealous, heroic slaves, is very properly ignored as an unpleasantness too painful to discuss. Certainly I should be the last to doubt the many historical instances where slaves remained staunchly loyal to their former masters, but if there is one characteristic of the Negro that seems fairly obvious it is his disregard of the future and the past, and his consequent lack of both malice and gratitude. The distinguishing virtue of most of those old retainers, I venture to say, did not spring from a loyalty to the past, or even from a fear of the future, but from a happy faculty to achieve, with a minimum of effort and a maximum of grace, the thing that it was most convenient to do.

Beside the anecdotes of faithful old mammies, and of faithful old attendants who followed their masters to war, and of faithful old retainers who kept the home fires burning, that have crowded my memory since childhood, I place, in my less romantic moments, the vision of Governor Peyton Ambler, in Ellen Glasgow's "The Battle-Ground," as he stumbled through the dark of his Virginia wood, after hearing of the raid on Harper's Ferry:

> To quiet his nerves, he sought to bring before him a picture of the house at Uplands, of the calm white pillars and the lamplight shining from the door; but even as he looked the vision of a slave-war rushed between, and the old horrors of the Southampton uprising sprang suddenly to life and thronged about the image of his home. Yesterday those tales had been for him as colorless as history, as dry as dates; tonight, with this new fear at his heart, the past became as vivid as the present, and it seemed to him that beyond each lantern flash he saw a murdered woman, or an infant with its brains dashed out at its mother's breast. This was what he feared, for this was what the message meant to him: "The slaves are armed and rising . . ."

There is little doubt that many Southern masters did live in fear of a slave uprising, especially on the more remote plantations.

Charming as the image of the faithful retainer is to the traditional Southerner, it is logical to suppose that it would be somewhat dimmed in the passage of nearly seventy years since the Emancipation Proclamation. The truth is, however, that so many of the advantages that Negroes enjoy in freedom today descend to them from the etiquette of slavery that they themselves have preserved with all the fervor of an embattled ideal. They know, with a confirmed and yet unuttered certainty, that the slave-holding tradition of sentimental and affectionate tolerance toward the concrete Negro, once he has detached himself from the mass and become identified as an individual, is immensely more valuable to them for all practical purposes than any abstract love for the Negroes as an oppressed race.

The flattery and cajolery lavished upon him in slavery times as a matter of etiquette the black man insists upon enjoying today as a matter of right. If anything, he is even more sensitive to criticism than his forebears, and disavows it more completely. In reality, there is rarely an occasion when his toes are stepped on in the South: he enjoys, for the most negligible accomplishment in every field of his endeavor, a surfeit of praise that would seem utterly to belie the intents of intolerance. In the arts, particularly, the fact of his being a Negro not only gains him a hearing but unprecedented applause.

Among the old Negroes and the immediate descendants of slavery, there appeared to exist a compensatory gesture in their gorgeous bragging about their former masters and white folks. Unquestionably they did view them with a certain pride, but it was invariably their habit, and their

art, to praise one master at the expense of another. The Negro, of course, in whatever stratum of society he moves, is, of all Americans, the most inveterate snob. Even in slavery his dark laughter and mutterings covered his superiors with a strange bewilderment; in freedom his laughter, like his courtesies, is more restrained, but there is in his manner a belittling irony.

In slavery-time, the social caste of a Negro was reckoned high or low according to the relative standing of the white family to which he belonged. Within these classes more subtle distinctions were drawn. For instance, the domestic servants, or those who served inside the big house and were in closest contact with their white folks were looked upon as socially superior to all others, the scale descending from the mammy at the top to the remotest field hand at the bottom. The quality colored folks, so ordained, were almost vindictive in their snobbery. "Low niggers an' po' white trash," they muttered caustically, "sit oneasy in fine cheers." Consequently, it was impossible for a low Negro to improve, or even aspire to improve, his social status. The one rule of etiquette binding upon his conduct made all his efforts impotent: he was supposed to know, and to keep, his place.

These class distinctions still prevail and so condition the colored society of the present day that it is improbable that a concerted Negro movement will ever be effected, at all events in the South. In addition to the distinctions inherited or derived from the white families by whom they are employed, there are sharp cleavages between full-blooded Negroes and mulattoes, between the old powers of the ministerial fraternity and the new secular leaders, the labor element and the young but opulent business class, the emerging illuminati and the great mass of illiterates. Among all these classes, however, there is still the criterion, implicit in the etiquette of slavery, that the closer the black man can approach the white man—or rather, in recent years, the more adeptly he can imitate him—the higher he rises in the social scale. The situation has been seldom so clearly revealed as in Mr. Du Bose Heyward's "Mamba's Daughters," when Lissa, the socially aspiring young grand-daughter, returns to Old Mamba, full of misgivings, after an elevating evening at the Monday Night Music Club, Charleston's colored version of high society:

> "It's no use, Grandma," she said, and there was a new hard tone in the low-timbred voice. "I've just been wanting something like hell that I'm never going to get. There's no use breaking our hearts over it. . . ."
>
> "But all dem new frien' yo' got—ain't dey yo' kind? What's de matter wid dem?"
>
> "Oh, I don't know," Lissa said wearily. "They seem to spend all their time saying how glad they are to be Negroes and all the time they're trying their damnedest to be white."
>
> "Hush yo' mout', chile," Mamba chided. "Ain't yo' knows swearin' ain't fuh ladies?"

Such supreme snobs as Old Mamba and the spit-fires of her generation are fast dying, and it would seem that much of the etiquette of slavery would go with them. But the truth is that the snobbishness of the Negro, whatever his status or his generation, is inseparable from a utilitarian philosophy that will serve his practical purposes as long as there exists a white man to be enslaved.

"Honey, min' whut I tell you now," I heard an old Negro instructing his young granddaughter the other day; "always stick to yo' religion fust, ef'n it's de right kin', an' yo' own white folks nex', *ef'n dey got money*, an' don't nevah 'low nothin' to come 'twixt you an' dem two, 'cause one te'ks keer of you in de nex' worl' an' de tother do de same by you in de worl' whut's heah!"

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE celebrated *Alabama Baptist* lets something slip:

> The next session of the Southern Baptist Convention will open in Memphis, at 9 o'clock Thursday morning, May 9, instead of May 10, as announced in the minutes of the last convention. The change was necessary in order to avoid conflict with a convention of fire underwriters held in the same city.

CALIFORNIA

UNEASY news item in the Petaluma *Argus-Courier:*

> Several car loads of important appearing men arrived here on Tuesday morning and were seemingly making an inspection of the business section. They remained about an hour, giving out no information relative to the cause of the visit.

CULTURAL note from marvelous Hollywood in the celebrated Los Angeles *Evening Herald:*

> Sid Grauman started a rather cumbersome fad with his footprints of famous people in the forecourt of his Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. So distant a city as Melbourne, Australia, has taken up the fad, with the result that Paramount has just shipped four cubes of cement, weighing 450 pounds each and bearing the hand-prints, footprints and signatures of Clara Bow, Buddy Rogers, Adolphe Menjou and Esther Ralston. These perpetual reminders of our Hollywood favorites will be installed in the entrance court of a Melbourne theatre.

TOPICS discussed at the Los Angeles City Teachers' Institute:

> P. M.
> A. E. Wilson, Ph.D., Principal, Manual Arts High-school, Presiding
> 2:00—"Bowel Management in Educators." W. D. Sansum, M.D.
> 2:45—"Control of Stomach Ailments Among School Teachers." Walter Wessles, M.D.

A SUBSCRIBER to *Outdoor Life* reports a new champion in the incomparable town of San Diego:

> *Editor Outdoor Life:* These figures are authentic and on record by McCafferty of the Van Camp Sea Food Corp., ft. of Crosby St., San Diego, Calif. These fish are cleaned by hand and thrown from the butchering table to the floor from the end of a 7-inch knife. The result of 20 years' practice:
>
> 35 4-lb. fish per min.; 2100 4-lb. fish per hr.; 5 movements of hands per fish; walks sidewise 18 ft. per min.; 175 movements per min.; wt. lifted: 140 lbs. on knife per min. 16,800 4-lb. fish per 8 hours; 84,000 movements per 8 hrs.; 67,200 lbs. lifted on knife per 8 hrs.; 8,640 feet walked sidewise per 8 hrs.
>
> OTIS W. CHASE.

CONNECTICUT

SAD stuff from the New Bedford correspondent of the eminent Hartford *Times:*

> In an effort to determine why members of the New Britain Lions' Club stay away from meetings of the organization, and otherwise fail to support it, the members held communion with themselves at their weekly session yesterday, and endeavored to diagnose their ailments.
>
> An open forum was held in place of the regular session and excerpts from letters sent by various members who are carried on the membership rolls but are delinquent in their attendance, were read.
>
> One man wrote that a certain fellow whom he dislikes sits at the same table with him and that when this man had opportunity to throw business his way, he did not do so. "If you get him out of the club, I will return," he wrote. Here are some paragraphs from other letters read by the secretary.
>
> "As you know, my classification has changed and I have gone into the business of selling soda fountains. I have been in this business four months and not a single member of the Lions' Club has bought one. Why should I spend my time therefore, associating with men who do not help me in the slightest degree?"
>
> "There are a few men running this Lions' Club," said another member, "and they seem to do all the talking. I am tired of listening to these fellows talk at every opportunity."
>
> "I have been put on committees of all kinds for the past five years," said a third. "I have paid my dues and have gone to the club in the past to listen to speakers and to try and act like a Lion, but in all this time I have never been honored with a committee chairmanship nor any other office. As a matter of fact I have not been invited nor have I ever attended a committee meeting. If I can't do something for this club or better still, if I am not permitted to do something, then I think it is high time I withdrew. I will not do this immediately, but I am seriously considering doing so."

"I think the price of our dinners ($1), is too high for what we get," said a fourth. "This is one reason why I do not come to the meetings and another is, there is too much sameness. There is not enough diversification. We used to have good stunts, good singing and good fun, but now it is a case of going to a meeting, listening to some bird talk on the Eskimo, sing a song, with one foot towards the door and then back to work, regretting that I ever spent the time to go over to the meeting and always firmly resolving that I will never go again. However, I can be shown."

"I am a busy man," said a fifth, "and it is really a hardship for me to attend Lions' meetings; in fact, I lose money and customers when I go there. I am willing to pay my dues and be considered a Lion, but I can't possibly go to the meetings."

"I pay in my good money for dues," said a sixth, "and would like to know where my money goes. I think a financial statement of the Lions' finances should be read at least every three months, giving the names of those who do not pay their dues and who do not attend, and also what we pay our money for."

The club took no action on any of the letters.

GEORGIA

PROUD boasts of a Fort Valley worthy in the celebrated Macon *Daily Telegraph:*

My brother holds the record for having preached more sermons than any other living preacher. He holds the record for having taken more people into the churches than any other living man. Some records!

My mother, I think, held the record for drinking less water than anybody during her life of eighty-three years. I have known her to go for six weeks without taking a drink of water. When she got thirsty it always meant that she was sick. That was some record!

I hold the castor oil record of the world! For over four years I have taken two tablespoonfuls of castor oil every forty-eight hours! I can prove this if any one doubts it. During that time I have had calomel twice. I have had sour stomach twice. I have vomited once. I have had headache some half dozen times.

Talk about heroes! If I am not a hero, then there are no heroes; for castor oil tastes and smells just like it did when I was a boy!

Lindy holds a record, Bobby Jones holds a record, Babe Ruth holds a record, Henry Ford holds a record—and I hold a record! I guess no one will envy me my record. But if the world knew what my record has done for me during these four years I would be swamped with mail. I will tell for one dollar why I have taken this castor oil and what it has done for me; but it will cost any one just that much for me to elucidate.

If anybody wants me to swear to my record I'll do it.

I've won no Nobel Prize, I've gained no Rhodes scholarship, I've won no flying medals, I've had no Distinguished Service Medals awarded me; I've won no trip around the world, I've not been elected President of the United States of America, nor am I likely to be included in Hoover's official family, but since January, 1905, I have taken 1460 tablespoonfuls of plain straight castor oil! Can you beat it?

Fort Valley, Ga. GEO. B. CULPEPPER.

ILLINOIS

FROM the Arcola *Record-Herald:*

A number of Arcola people are planning to go to Champaign next Monday evening to hear the violin recital given by Fritz Chrysler.

INDIANA

THE UNITED PRESS discovers a new champion in the grand old town of Warsaw:

Clarence Tillman, 17, local high school student, put 40 sticks of chewing gum in his mouth at one time, sang "Home, Sweet Home," and between verses of the song, drank a gallon of milk.

IOWA

SOBER judgment of the distinguished Wapello *Republican:*

The Lord was persecuted and discredited, yet He is loved more today than at any time since His birth. The same may be truthfully said of Aimée McPherson.

KANSAS

AMELIORATION of the Methodist Terror by a Christian jurist of Kansas City, Kansas, as reported by the eminent Kansas City *Journal-Post:*

Judge Fred R. White's last official act in the Kansas City, Kans., police court today was to give a bench parole to Thomas Petock, forty years old, carpenter, 533 Tenny avenue, whom he had fined $100 and sentenced to thirty days in jail for violation of the Prohibition laws.

Petock, the father of nine children, their ages ranging from two to sixteen years, was arrested yesterday when E. J. Wilson and Edward Hays, patrolmen, raided his home and confiscated one and one-half pints of whisky.

Leniency was requested by the arresting officers, who told Judge White they had investigated Petock's case and found he had worked for the same firm eleven years and never before had been arrested. Petock denied having sold any of the whisky, asserting that he purchased it the day before for medicinal purposes.

MARYLAND

FROM the instructive letter column of the Baltimore *Post:*

Editor, the Post: Recently I lost one of my grandchildren. The sad departure of this child was

shared by Harry Witsky, the undertaker. His kind words of sympathy and offers of assistance to the bereaved family were outstanding features of the funeral which will never be forgotten.

Kindness and courtesy are the best advertisement one in business can use.

HARRY MORRISSETT,
310 S. Parrish st.

THE workings of the Noble Experiment in Baltimore, as reported by the celebrated *Sunpaper* thereof:

Just because their merchandise is alcohol—instead of turnips or bicycles—is no reason why bootleggers have a right to carry on business without a trader's license, in the opinion of Charles D. Gaither, Police Commissioner.

Commissioner Gaither has ordered a police census for the purpose of making all of them obtain licenses or pay a fine.

Saloons in the old days didn't have to have the trader's license. They had to have the much more expensive liquor license. But in 1919 something happened and they couldn't get liquor licenses so they just didn't get any.

And when the police started visiting around and looking between the pictures of prize-fighters and other celebrities for the licenses the proprietors got all bewildered and wrought up.

They pictured a clean-up by the local forces and the prospect looked pretty dark. But Commissioner Gaither explained yesterday:

"It is only a matter of routine for the department to make an annual inspection of places selling something. As is well known it is none of the Police Department's business whether liquor is being sold, but it is its business to see that city licenses are secured if the place pretends to be a store or something else of an innocent nature."

In classifying the speakeasies the police are to be guided by the proverb, "By their fronts ye shall know them." If it is supposed to be a confectionery, then a confectionery it is, although nothing sweeter than whisky sours is sold therein. Has it a tobacco advertisement out front? Then it is a tobacco store and must have a tobacco license as well as a trader's license. Does it pose as a soda fountain? Well, where is its milk license?

MORE from the same great journal:

The next conductor of the United Railways who yells "All off for the speakeasy!" when his car approaches the Eastern High-School, at North avenue and Broadway, will be fired. This ukase was posted today on all the car-barn bulletin boards of the trolley company. Students and teachers at the high-school, where three students recently were suspended for appearing in class tipsy, object to such humor. Two conductors already have been reported to the company for indulging in it, and as a result have been temporarily laid off, according to officials of the company.

THE editor of the Catonsville *Argus* corrects an error in detail:

Last week's issue of the *Argus* announced that Mr. and Mrs. John P. Collier of Wyndcrest avenue were receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. This was an error which the *Argus* regrets. Mr. and Mrs. John Collins of Beaumont avenue were the parents of the child.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE process of canonization begins in the celebrated Boston *Herald:*

COOLIDGE AND LINCOLN

To the Editor of the Herald:

I wish to thank you for your excellent editorial of recent date, "The Pact Plus," in which you pay a just tribute to the real Calvin Coolidge. It is my opinion that he is the most human and best loved President since President Lincoln.

REV. J. EMERY COULTER.
Universalist Memorial Church,
Winchester, N. H.

MINNESOTA

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the great city of Minneapolis:

A dream that she was destined to "lead the people" today had given Minneapolis its first woman candidate for mayor. Mrs. Florenze Fredeen Gravdahl, mother of four children, filed yesterday as a candidate at the municipal primary. "I dreamed I was leading a big army of people," she said in explaining her filing. Mrs. Gravdahl has been active in local politics for several years, but never has before been a candidate for public office.

MISSOURI

FROM a full-page advertisement of the Mid-Central Fish Company in the celebrated Kansas City *Star*, organ of sweetness and light:

The miracle that Jesus Christ performed when He was on earth, of feeding the multitude with five loaves of bread and two fish, may have its influence on causing many people to believe that Nordic haddock is the chosen fish because it is said that Christ used haddock in performing His miracle. Even to this day haddock has very peculiar marks near the head, which we are told are the imprints of Christ's thumb and finger.

NEBRASKA

THREE hymns awarded prizes for artistic excellence by the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Lincoln:

LINCOLN
By Josephine Campbell

L-I-N-C-O-L-N
Is more than a name to me.

It means fine schools, and parks and homes,
and true prosperity.

It means improvements built to last,
And a State House fair to see,
Churches, colleges, and Art,
True Friends, and loyalty.

It means a city growing fast,
With real stability,
And L-I-N-C-O-L-N
Is Home, Sweet Home to me!

LINCOLN, MY HOME TOWN
By Beatrice Hein

In all this big United States
There is one town for me,
It's L-I-N-C-O-L-N
With reasons plain to see:
It is Nebraska's capital,
Its beauty brings it fame;
And in every line of business
Does Justice to Abe's name.

Chorus:
L-I-N-C-O-L-N, Oh!
That's the town for me!
It's father, mother, sister, brother,
All my family.
How I love it—skies above it
Echo back my song,
Give me Lincoln every day
The whole year long.

Its homes, its parks, its buildings tall,
Are just one reason why
I choose to spend my life on earth
In Lincoln till I die.
So come what may, I stand or fall
Till Judgment Day comes down,
Clasped hand in hand and arm in arm
With Lincoln, My Home Town.

LINCOLN
By Grace A. Morris

In Lincoln, Nebraska, the youth are the best,
In Lincoln, Nebraska, the people are blest,
In Lincoln, Nebraska, they're brimful of zest:
That's why we like Lincoln, Nebraska.

Chorus:
Hurrah, Hooray, we're here to stay,
In Lincoln, lovely Lincoln.
The folks are blest and full of zest,
In Lincoln, better Lincoln.
Men's ardor high, spires reach the sky,
In Lincoln, bigger Lincoln.
Youth full of health, the future wealth,
Of Lincoln, greater Lincoln.

In Lincoln, Nebraska, is culture and art,
In Lincoln, Nebraska, you'll find brawn and heart,
In Lincoln, Nebraska, folks all get a start;
Oh, come, live in Lincoln, Nebraska!

NEW YORK

NOTICE posted on the bulletin board of International House, refuge for the *intelligentsia* of all nations, thrown up in Manhattan:

> There are definite hours for classes, for dining, for the theatre, for practically all our activities. It is difficult to set apart a definite time for meditation for the elevation of our minds, spirits and bodies, to transcendent sources.
>
> Beginning Friday morning, a bell will be rung for a second each morning at 7:30 o'clock, (on Sunday at 9)—not long enough to be disturbing, but only as a call to meditation to our "village." No matter where we are, or what we may be doing, is it not as important to begin our days with spiritual energy, as with bodily and mental energy?

THE progress of refinement in Marvelous Manhattan, as reported by the eminent *World:*

> Trinity Churchyard, in the heart of the financial district, has gone modernistic. Late workers in Wall Street, accustomed to the quiet gloom of the cemetery, have been startled since New Year's by powerful floodlights which illuminate the yard, throwing into bright relief the graves that have been there so long. The lights, it was learned yesterday, have been placed as a memorial at the bottom of the thirty-nine-foot crucifix of white marble which was erected to the memory of Mrs. William Astor by her daughter, Mrs. H. Orme Wilson. The glare from the four electric fixtures has brightened the old cemetery until it has assumed quite a cheerful air.

BUSINESS advertisement in the *Knickerbocker Press* of Albany:

> WILL ANYONE who knows the pangs of rheumatism, lend on mortgage enough to start small business to one who has suffered for years? Box 66-K, Knickerbocker Press.

OHIO

FROM the Union City *Times:*

> NOTICE DOG OWNERS
>
> All owners of dogs in Union City, Ohio, who allow their dogs to run at large without a muzzle, regardless of the fact that they bear a tag, will be immediately shot.
>
> OFFICER FRED KELTNER.

THE eminent *Register-Leader* tells the world about a Marietta worthy:

> Frederick Bender, 69, retired, drove a fourpenny nail into his head in an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide Tuesday. The nail has been removed, and barring infection it is believed the aged man will live. Members of the family heard unusual sounds coming from

Mr. Bender's room and when they investigated found him suffering intense pain from the self-inflicted wound. They summoned Dr. S. E. Edwards to attend him. Standing in front of a mirror, and armed with a hammer, the victim had deliberately driven the nail into the top of his head. It pierced the skull at a point near the median line of the top of the head. The doctor tried with his regular instruments to remove the nail, but was unsuccessful, and it was necessary to get a pair of heavy steel pliers from the tool box of his automobile. With these the nail finally was withdrawn.

ADVERTISEMENT in the Mansfield *News:*

$50 REWARD—For information about person who turpentined my dog. I would prosecute this person for cruelty to animals and then turn him over to Federal authorities for bootlegging. Any one who would torture a dog would of course bootleg. Call at Rural Route No. 5, Lexington, O. Ralph W. Stoddard.

DRAMATIC criticism in the Cincinnati *Times-Star:*

I hate to be a knocker, but to my mind Richard Gleason is more "the leading American dramatist" than is Eugene O'Neill, whose plays are smutty and morbid and at a vast distance from realities.

OREGON

WANT advertisement in the *Morning Oregonian*, of Portland:

ABLE, cheerful woman wants position in doctor's clinic. Can remember wife's birthday, overshoes, etc. Likes work and needs it. V 13, *Oregonian.*

PENNSYLVANIA

PUBLIC notice in the Uniontown *Herald:*

As the late John H. Antrim, by his will probated Dec. 11, 1928, completely ignored his namesake, I hereby publish, for all to read, that my name henceforth is Fitzgerald A. Antrim, of Phila., Pa., instead of John H. Antrim, Jr.—*Adv.*

TEXAS

PASTOR J. N. CAMPBELL, of De Leon, makes a contribution to dramatic criticism in the celebrated *Baptist Standard* of Dallas:

There are many just criticisms of the theatre, but the chief trouble is that it is founded on a false principle, namely: the person who puts on the show must learn to act like someone else. The more perfectly he represents what he is not, the greater his success. The greater the hypocrite he is the more famous he will become.

THE progress of moral science at the University of Texas:

In answer to various inquiries as to the policy of the Discipline Committee in regard to students charged with giving worthless checks the following procedure has been agreed upon:

A record is made of the first offense; the student concerned is required to make good his check and warned to avoid the practice. A second offense causes the student to be put on disciplinary probation. Additional offenses render him liable to immediate suspension.

V. I. MOORE,
Dean of Student Life.

WASHINGTON

CHRISTIAN sentiment of the Rev. Dr. Mark Matthews, veteran instrument of the Lord in Seattle, as reported by the *Post-Intelligencer:*

May every tongue be paralyzed and every hand become palsied that utters a word or raises a finger from this pulpit in advocacy of Modernism.

WISCONSIN

THE HON. WALTER GABRYSZEK, as reported by the Stevens Point *Daily Journal:*

Birth control brings the curse of God on the people, catastrophes of every description, tornadoes, hurricanes, large hail, tidal waves, drought, famine, pestilence and sickness in all forms.

GENERAL

UNITED PRESS dispatch from Dwight, Ill., seat of the Keeley Institute's Mother Church:

Martin Nelson, superintendent of the Keeley Institute here, today said he believed alcoholism was on the increase in the United States and that he looked forward to a new era of prosperity for his institution.

"We are growing all the time," Nelson said. "We are operating between twelve and fifteen institutions in the country now and have just opened a new one in Jacksonville, Fla. At the parent institution here we treat from sixty to seventy-five patients a month."

THE HON. CLINTON N. HOWARD, chairman of the National United Committee for Law Enforcement, as reported by the celebrated Washington *Star:*

God called Herbert Hoover to be President of the United States as though in response to America's need today for another Abraham Lincoln in the White House.

EMOTION IN THE COURT-ROOM

BY ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

When we used to experiment upon the emotions in the psychological laboratory, we had all the equipment for it except the emotions. The shining kymograph stood ready with its smoked drum, the marker was adjusted, and the stage was seductively set for any passion to emerge, appropriately labelled, and be measured. But it usually declined to appear. How often have I stood poised to record the disturbance wrought by hate or deadly fear, only to find that my subject, far from being hateful or afraid, was slipping into a comfortable nap! It was like Alice ready to play croquet, only to see the wickets and balls stretch their legs and saunter away.

At present my problem is reversed, for I work in a court-room. A court-room is a whirlpool of emotional life. Its occupants did not want to come. They have grievances. They hope. They fear. They hate. They are in a turmoil of conflict between alternatives which they have vainly tried to harmonize. They must choose one and give up the other. They cannot decide, so they try to gain time by sobs and tantrums. The problem here is not to evoke one emotion strong enough to record upon a kymograph, but to keep several emotions at once from wrecking a desk and stout oak chairs. Something more sturdy and quicker to adjust than the instruments of my laboratory days must be devised, if I am to measure court-room temperaments. Moreover, I must understand in a dozen languages what the patient is excited about if my readings are to signify anything when I get them. In default of such apparatus, I am driven back to desultory observations —unmeasured, unprovable, and at random.

One fact is obvious. The court-room habitués have a deep respect for their own emotions. They are proud of them, especially their more uncomfortable and disagreeable ones. It is not by accident that their outbursts occur, for they nurse them like tender plants. Take vicious temper, for instance. On the face of it, it is not an admirable quality, but how its owners revel in it! They do not admit it, openly, of course, but slow moving pictures of their faces under accusation would show their egos basking in content. Let a man's rages be such that his children one by one leave home, and his wife's face is like a mask. Charge him with it. He simpers like a girl being asked for her first dance. "I'm a bear, all right," he grins. Or try to patch up the quarrel between a couple married but six months and determined on a divorce. If you accuse the bride of so ungovernable a temper that it approaches positive mania, she flushes charmingly and admits, "I *do* see red. And when I do, Look Out!"

It is no accident when people cherish bad temper into old age or the asylum. They like it. They admire it. It is their strangle clutch on a world that otherwise eludes them. When Annie expresses an opinion in a normal voice, it makes only the stir of the usual opinion, so expressed. When she gives vent to the same idea accompanied by a scream, a table-leg, a pail of lye, or the bread knife, she feels like Jove hurling his thunder-bolts, and that feeling is so agreeable that confinement behind the bars is a small price to pay for it. She can still hurl bolts wherever she is. And she knows that wholesale executions cannot take place after every family jar.

The only feeling which rivals red rage in popularity is that of being "nervous" or "sensitive." This weakness may not give quite the same voluptuous satisfaction, but it is not far behind. Mrs. Zepys was as quiet and restrained a woman as one would hope to meet. She sat unmoved while her daughter's behavior was being discussed. In fact, her attitude of decorous unconcern, her glittering spectacles, her neat muffler, her folded hands, were so misleading that I asked if she realized the seriousness of her daughter's predicament. Alas, she was "sensitive" all the while! Any addition to her daughter's disgrace she could bear with resignation, but the imputation that she was not of "sensitive" temperament, that perchance she was not even recognized as "nervous," was too much. Without hesitation she set herself to reëstablish her character.

With one wild scream her hat was torn from her gray head and flung at me. Her spectacles were hurled under the desk and her handbag into the waste-basket. She dived unerringly for her hair-pins and sowed them broadcast. Then, with streaming hair, and looking like a witch astride a broom-stick, she tore open her black dress, stamped, and swung her arms, finally throwing herself violently backward into the laps of a visiting committee of the League of Women Voters.

A few glares from Tiny, our massive guardian of the law, and she retired, only to reappear in a few moments in her original character of the impeccable Mrs. Zepys, her glasses securely where they belonged, her hair neatly smoothed beneath the small black hat. Not a vestige of disorder. Not a button out of place. "That is how a mother feels," she explained. "But I never let go like that before." Such was the utterance of her conscious voice. But the sharp glint of her eyes made the louder comment, "Perhaps I taught you a thing or two, sister. Perhaps you will recognize a sensitive woman when you see her next."

When our Negro emotionalists are "sensitive" they are jollier about it. They too glory in their ticklish tempers, their nervousness, and their inability to bear too much, especially in reference to their parentage. One may say to them directly about what one chooses. But an indirect insult so obscure that none but the truly thin-skinned would recognize it as such cannot be borne. Above all, do not utter the fateful word *dozens!*

"Why did you fight? Did she call you names?"

"Not me, she didn't. It was my grandmother."

"Why does she hate your grandmother?"

"I don't. I never see her grandmother," grumbles the assailant.

"Then why did you call her names?"

"I never did."

"You did so. You put her in the Dozens!"

A murmur of horrified amazement circulates through the group. The eyes of the culprit waver and droop. She has nothing to say. The Dozens, indeed! No wonder there was a fight! Whether this powerful invective means that the family felons (*à la* Gilbert and Sullivan) can be reckoned by the dozens, or that because of grandma's flightiness there may be a dozen grandfathers, or something more deadly still, it seems impossible to drag from those who use it. Very likely they do not know. But never utter the word among sensitive colored people unless you want a fight.

However grandmother may feel about it, her descendants have a wonderful time vindicating her character.

"I didn't start it. She nudged me first—kindda nudged, you know—just nudged-like."

"How do you know she meant it?"

"I know she did. Why would she be talking about my grandmother, and she daid?"

"I never knew she was *daid*," protests the opponent, appalled.

"You did so, but I pulled out your hair."

"My hair? What about your tooth? Guess my hair's all here, aint it? I don't guess any's missing. Where's that bald spot?"

Exhibit No. 1. There is no bald spot. The girl with the grandmother may be more "sensitive," but her assailant evidently has the hotter temper. The gallery finds it hard to choose between them. Every eye is dancing with delighted memories. Pay a fine? Lock them up? Scold them? What short of drowning would quench those fires? Pity us poor mortals without a temper, without the finer feelings, and without the gusto that apparently goes with both. We miss a lot.

II

The only emotion which rivals anger and the yearning to be "nervous" is pity. Pity not of anyone or anything, but of self alone. Granted that this is a common weakness, its omnipresence can be appreciated only in a court-room. It seems to take a feat of imaginative power denied to most to weep for any sorrows but one's own. I say this, not as a moralist, but as a mere observer. So rarely is a tear shed in my court-room for the grief of others and so automatically does it flow for one's own that on the rare occasions when stimulus and response are reversed there emerges a personality not to be forgotten. This is the pattern interview:

"So you ran away? Why?"

Shrug.

"You left your mother without warning? Can't you imagine the anxiety you caused?"

No response.

"Is that the way you do everything, on impulse?"

A gratified smile, for of course she, too, is "nervous." She admits these weaknesses with the pride they call for.

"Your father lost three days' wages while he looked for you."

A shrug signifying, "I should worry about *him*."

"Were you unhappy at home?"

Her face begins to twitch, her eyes to water. "I had to scrub the cement," she sobs, and at this point we get the story. She is sorry for herself and glad to cry about it.

At rare intervals we encounter a variation. One day two girls appeared, the older of whom had taken the younger under her roof, and together they had consorted with bad company. It turned out that the younger girl was motherless, and that in running away she had left small brothers and sisters without care. When questioned as to this she simply looked blank. But the older girl was horror-struck. At once she began to cry, not because she herself was under arrest, but because through her influence some little children had been deserted! "That wasn't right. Put me where you please. I'll take what's coming," she urged, as if the workhouse would relieve the remorse she felt. Such vicarious grief was startling in a room that sees so little of it. So certain was she of the righteousness of punishment that when her sentence was suspended she could not believe her ears. "Not lock *me* up?" she faltered, then threw her arms around my neck—another response unusual from a prisoner who has been well scolded. I hope she gets a husband who is worthy of her. But she won't.

Sometimes the case before the court apparently defies analysis. In vain one probes for the reasons behind the emotions on display. Why are they all here? Who is enraged against which one, and why? How did it start? And all being settled, why does it not finish? When, as often happens, the steps, the in-laws, and the exes are all present, and speaking a variety of tongues, the confusion becomes worse confounded. Two years of this, however, has taught me the key to every riddle: money. The ostensible charge that brought them to court may have nothing to do with money. It may be anything from truancy to a fight or an elopement. But when the issue is not clear, and its outlines persistently veil themselves in a fog of words, somewhere in the offing lurks a demand for cash.

Uncle Andy dragged in his niece on the usual charge of staying out at night. It developed that she did not live with him. How did he know how late she stayed out? He didn't. It was the kind of work she

did. Housework. What could be more appropriate for her than that? Nothing. I had not yet got the point. It was the fact that she did not come home for Christmas. But she was helping her employer get the dinner—certainly a good excuse. Certainly. Certainly. That was not it. It was the boy friend. But how could she have misbehaved with him when she was here, and he was in Bulgaria and had never left it? What, for Heaven's sake, I implored him, really *was* the matter? The fact was, it appeared finally, that she did not love her good uncle as she should.

At last I got the point I should have got long before. "How much does she owe you?"

Andy smiled and rubbed his hands. "One hundred for her passage over."

"Will five dollars weekly from her wages satisfy you?"

It would. And Uncle Andy and his niece marched out in great good humor. Why could he not have said this at the start, and saved his breath?

To anyone who succeeds me in office I offer this advice. Prepare for your labors by learning to ask, in Polish, Russian, Lithuanian, Czech, Slovenian, Hungarian, Croatian, Italian, and Yiddish, "Which one owes the other money, and how much?"

In general, the quarrels of colored combatants are more direct. They seldom fight over anything so abstract as a debt. And when they do fight, the odds are more even, for the women suffer no handicap. Sex equality exists with them as with no national group that visits our court. At the idea that she may be deserted by her husband, even though he beats her weekly, Mrs. Kronzschewski cowers and turns pale. Colored Carrie meets her Willie, who has already deserted her three times, with a poise and good manners equalled only by his own. She never quails before him or before anyone else. Why should she? Let Willie follow his own fancy, and she will follow hers. Economic and social independence is the breath of her nostrils. She needs Willie no more than Willie needs her. Together they confer with dignity about the children. He hands over money, if he has it, for Lily's shoes, and promises the boy a sweater. It never occurs to him to play the despot. In our court, at least, it seldom occurs to any other husband to play anything else.

For appreciation of each other's viewpoints, for endeavor to be just, and for complete absence of either superiority or inferiority complexes, my colored cases are models. The colored folks are loose in habit, it is true. But so are all the rest. If they have nothing to give their children but these habits, the children fare ill indeed. But if they have anything more substantial, the children get it, share and share alike, just as the wives and husbands share it if they happen not to be at odds. Beside them, the devastating greed of a foreign peasantry that demands all and gives little shows in bitter contrast. I have known a woman decline to buy milk for her tubercular girl, and refuse to call a doctor for her boy's gangrened foot. Why? Because she wanted the money to buy another lot. I have known fathers to lock up the foodstuffs at night so that growing children could not eat an extra crust. I have known a mother to refuse stubbornly to consent to a marriage license for a minor girl already in disgrace, until the girl and her lover had between them paid a heavy bill for food, not a crumb of which had either of them eaten. It is not the exception but the rule, for such parents to demand every cent their children earn to pay for projects that profit the children little. Often the father extorts the tax only to drink it up and beat the girl who gave it to him. How else can he prove his masculine superiority when he can't find a job, and she can?

Such customs are as abhorrent to colored parents as they are to you and me. I have no memory of any colored father extracting blood money from his children. If there is a killing among the Negroes, the odds are at least more or less even. Wives and children are not left at home while father carouses in his lodge. If there is carousal,

the family is all there. Disastrous as may be the results of this comradery in many cases, at least it harks back to no oriental harem. It fits in with our own traditions. If the European woman who strays into our court apparently steps from the Middle Ages, the colored woman, so far as equality among her own people is concerned, lives in the Golden Age.

III

An odd little emotional defense among lovers haled to court is to act as if they had never met. The only way to determine which eloped with which is to look for the two who do not appear to know each other by sight. So customary is this convention, that when a prisoner with a three days' growth of beard in jail shook off his bailiff, strode across the room, and kissed his anemic sweetheart before us all, he caused a flutter in our feelings. He was a veritable Romeo among our timid lovers.

But grimy as are court romances, it is pleasant to find that girls do not suffer from them quite so much as sentimentalists suppose. We need not shudder that when lovely woman stoops to folly, she has nothing left but to die. She has much more resilience than that. As a matter of fact, she will marry, and marry about the same sort of a husband that she would have married anyhow. There is a larger margin in these matters than we of the more decorous classes suppose.

In illustration, I offer Angie and her boy friends. In defense of Angie be it said that she was now only on the eve of her eighteenth birthday (a date which would automatically take her from our jurisdiction), and that her daughter was nearly three. She had therefore begun her giddiness when she was so young that she knew of no other life. The question before us was, Who was to pay little Gloria's board bill, now about $300? Angie thought that the father ought to pay, and we had ranged before us eight possible candidates for the debt. Angie was demure and gracious in her bearing. The young fellows were of the white collar class, and as good humored as herself.

"Why pick on us?" demanded Jimmy. "There's just as many others. We call ourselves the 85th regiment."

All, including Angie, giggled sedately at this jest.

"In that case, Gloria seems to be the daughter of the regiment," I remarked somewhat acidly, but Jimmy took me up in earnest. "That's just it," he explained. "The kid can have only one mother but it might have a hundred fathers."

The others nodded agreement. Angie gave a slight shrug, but smiled archly at the tribute to her popularity. She was to be eighteen next day. They all knew it, and they all knew, too, that we had no legal hold on any of them.

"The fact is," went on Jimmy the spokesman, "she's just picked on Jigger here for the dad, because she don't like him as well as she does us." Not like him? This seemed an odd motive for selection, but Jimmy explained further. "Yeah. You see she is sore on Jigger, and wants to shake him down for the whole bill just for spite."

Angie murmured, "Damn liar," but so gently that it hardly sounded like an oath.

There was nothing to do but to throw ourselves on their mercy. "Since you are a regiment, and since someone must pay for Gloria, why not pledge $50 each, collect what you can from the rest, and pay the balance yourselves? Just to be good sports." The boys conferred in whispers. Finally Jigger announced, "Angie can't *make* me give a cent. But just on a sporting basis, I'll subscribe $50 if the other guys will." They would, and together they marched to the justice of the peace to sign the contract. "I'm getting married next week," grumbled Jigger as he left, "and I don't want Angie butting in on the wedding."

Now comes the point of the story. Angie was still on our hands, and I asked her what she expected to do, now that Gloria was free from debt. She blushed and admitted, "I'm thinking of getting married."

"Married? To which?"

"To Freddy."

No Freddy had appeared on the regimental roll-call, and she saw that I was puzzled. "Oh, none of those guys. I wouldn't marry one of them on a bet."

"Where is he then?"

"He is waiting in the other room. He thought you might like to see him," and in a moment he appeared.

He was quite ready to assume the support of Gloria and of her mother, and Angie's mother, who had been sitting all this time in the background, seemed much pleased. Unfortunately, Freddy looked familiar. He had been in court on several occasions and for such varied offenses that he did not look like good husband material. This fact was explained to both in each other's hearing, and they admitted the justice of our hesitation in holding up the license. Freddy, Angie and her mother whispered together, and presently the young man picked up his hat. Perhaps he hid a broken heart. I do not know.

I only know that Angie hid nothing of the kind. She still hesitated, and then ventured that Gus had also mentioned marriage. Would I like to interview Gus? Angie by this time was rapidly passing from the category of a delinquent into that of queen of hearts. No other girl of my acquaintance boasted so many beaux. And who was Gus? Gus, it appeared, was easily reached by telephone, and he soon came in. He too was a pleasant fellow. A more good natured crowd than Angie and her cohorts I never hope to meet. No "sensitiveness" here, and not a hint of temperament. Gus said he thought that he would be glad to take both Angie and Gloria, but would like a few days to think it over, as he had not heard of Gloria before.

"It's up to you, Gus," smiled Angie. "Take your time. I met him at a dance once," she explained in an aside. "He sure is a swell dancer."

The next week she telephoned us that she thought she might wait awhile. Now that Gloria's bills were paid, she had been able to take her home, and it was so pleasant to be there again that she too needed time to think it over before she married Gus. She may marry him, and she may not. If not, it will be some other Gus or Freddy. Who says her life is ruined?

She comes of stouter stock than Marguerite. She has more than one Faust to choose from. She is not writhing in remorse, nor repenting in agony. You may see her any time on the street, behind the counter, at the show, smiling sweetly at her latest escort.

She desires to wring no bosoms, and she usually declines to die. Moreover, Gloria is as sturdy as her mother. If we must meddle further, we must concentrate on her, and leave Angie to her own devices. As her mother (who doubtless has outlived the same sort of girlhood) confesses with uplifted palms, "How can I keep track of Angie's guys?"

What facts or near-facts can we fish from this turbid stream? I suggest a few:

1. It is hard to deal justice to emotionalists all shouting lies in the wide latitude afforded by twenty tongues and dialects.

2. It is easier to understand a different race, bred to a kindred ethics, language, and sense of humor, than to understand one's own race, with different standards inbred.

3. All races express their feelings by the same shrugs, twitches of the mouth, fixations of the eyes, and droops of the eyelid. The truth is easier got at through these muscular responses which they do not know they make, than through vocal responses which they do.

4. We retain our most disagreeable traits because we admire them.

5. The primal instincts never sleep.

6. The ego commands the tear ducts.

7. Public disgrace is nothing to a private grudge.

8. The love of money is dressed in innumerable disguises.

9. Sex equality exists only among American Negroes.

10. It takes a good deal to discourage a lively girl.

MEAT

BY LOGAN CLENDENING

Advice about diet has become so impassioned and so involved in the United States of late that in some quarters it even acquires a plot and takes on the aspect of a ritual drama. In this drama meat is cast for the rôle of villain. The details vary according to locale. In certain sections meat is accompanied by a familiar, a co-fiend—salt. But as it is enacted on the shores of the Pacific the great climax of the piece finds meat alone in the center of the stage, surrounded and neutralized by a chorus of virgins—"Nature's foods"—clothed in white samite and bearing on their bosoms the banner of California and the insignia of the fruit dealers' organizations.

It is not easy for the historian to determine when or where the doctrine that meat is dangerous originated. Possibly religious prohibitions—meatless days—had something to do with its beginnings. It appeared full-fledged in the maxims of George Cheyne in the Eighteenth Century and has cropped up at intervals ever since, as fads will, with intervening periods of desuetude. Few people nowadays who eat Graham bread realize that it is the eponym of Sylvester Graham, who advocated his system so long ago as 1829. That system excluded meat, sauces, salads, tea, coffee, alcohol, pepper and mustard, and stressed the use of vegetables, bread made from unbolted flour, fruits, nuts, salt and pure water.

In our own day we can say with considerable accuracy, if not where the idea began, at least where and how it was popularized. I have before me the first edition, dated 1892, of a book by Alexander Haig, M.D., entitled "Uric Acid As a Factor In the Causation of Disease." The title page announces that it is a contribution to "the pathology of high blood pressure, headache, epilepsy, mental depression, paroxysmal haemoglobinuria, anemia, Bright's disease, diabetes, gout, rheumatism and other disorders." Uric acid, it appears, arises from eating meat; the volume states the doctrine clearly.

It had an enormous vogue. It passed through at least four editions, and was going strong at the dawn of the Twentieth Century. It has been called "the most superficial and unreliable [work] ever recorded on the subject," but that defect was easily forgiven, for it was written in a very readable and convincing manner. As a doctrine for the practicing physicians of the 80's and 90's Haig's argument was almost perfect. In the first place, it was easy to understand: high blood pressure, rheumatism, Bright's disease, etc., were caused by an excess of uric acid in the blood, and uric acid in the blood came from eating too much meat; *ergo*, if you stopped eating meat your high blood pressure, rheumatism and Bright's disease would disappear. Even patients could understand the doctrine and so coöperate in its application. Skeptics expressed doubt about so simple an explanation of the origin of such complicated diseases, but when they were asked what really did cause high blood pressure and Bright's disease, it developed that they did not know, so nobody paid any attention to them. Furthermore, not only was Haig's book interesting and plausible and easy to understand; it was in itself a complete system of

medicine. A man who had familiarized himself with its contents was, *ipso facto*, a specialist; he could set up in business as a consultant and get rich. No wonder it was popular!

That its influence still prevails requires no especial effort to demonstrate. How often lately have you heard somebody say in effect, "I'm getting stiff in my joints. Guess I'll have to leave off meat a while"? How many clinical lecture-rooms still echo with variations of that plain blunt doctrine of Haig's: "In a word, Bright's disease is a result of our meat eating"?

That the doctrine was entirely hollow can be demonstrated. But the discussion leads into rather technical fields in organic and physical chemistry. Those who are curious cannot do better, as an introduction to the subject, than to read a series of articles called "Truth and Poetry Concerning Uric Acid" in Volume XLIV (1905) of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Here is set out a critical review of what is actually known about the formation and elimination of uric acid in the body. It is enough for the present discussion to note that while it is plainly evident that uric acid is increased in the blood and urine when there is abundant meat in the diet, it is present even when no meat at all is eaten. Nor can it be proved that uric acid actually causes any diseased conditions, even gout, though urates may be found deposited in the inflamed tissues.

II

The dogma of the danger of meat eating, in our day, splits into two parts. One is that the continuous eating of meat from the time of infancy onward, in an otherwise healthy body, induces certain diseases to occur. The other is that when certain diseases have actually begun the eating of meat should be interdicted as a measure of treatment—that this procedure will have a beneficial effect. We will examine them in order, but it is worth while pointing out that, though often and persistently confused, they are not at all the same.

The first question—whether the continuous or excessive eating, or even as it is sometimes put, the mere eating of meat at all—will cause certain diseases to occur, or will shorten life, or is not natural for man—has several avenues of approach. The simple creed of the vegetarian shows one. Meat, he argues, is not man's natural food. We were designed to eat vegetables and fruits, and vegetables and fruits were placed on earth to be our food. Prehistoric man was vigorous and lived to a ripe old age and was never constipated because he consumed a natural diet consisting of vegetables and fruits. This, in brief, is the vegetarian creed.

Now, it needs only a superficial glance at animal nature to see that there is really no such single Divine Plan for the animal dietary. To the ruling force of the universe it would appear that a plant is just as important as an animal, and that, so far as any evidence we have to the contrary goes, it is just as little and just as much designed to suffer destruction in another animal's digestive tract.

Owing to the operation of natural laws which, since this magazine is distributed in Arkansas and Tennessee, cannot be here divulged, certain animals, such as the cow, the elephant and the giraffe, long ago adapted themselves to an exclusively vegetable diet. The digestive tract of such animals has become strikingly elongated in order to absorb every bit of nutriment contained in their necessarily bulky diet. Various devices, such as four-pouched stomachs and cud chewing, help them to prepare and digest their not very economical form of nutriment. Their digestive juices are designed for reducing carbohydrates (and vegetable proteins and fats) rather than animal tissue. Bacteria which convert vegetable cellulose to a nourishing form are implanted in their intestines. Inasmuch as their food contains a minimal quantity of nourishing substance per cubic mile of bulk, they are under the necessity

of eating during the larger portion of their waking time. These animals are the herbivores or true vegetarians.

Another group of animals, of which the dog, the cat, the eagle and the flea constitute good examples, are designed to consume an exclusively animal diet. Their digestive tract is short, and plentifully supplied with proteolytic enzymes. They avoid vegetable food and are able to extract proteins, fats, carbohydrates, vitamins and mineral salts from animal flesh. In short, it supplies them with a complete and balanced diet. These are the carnivores, or true meat eaters.

Now, if we examine the structure of the human digestive tract, it at once becomes evident that if man is better adapted to one kind of life than another he is immensely more capable of leading a carnivorous than an herbivorous existence. The human stomach is simple. Digestive juices in the form of pepsin and trypsin, ideally capable of reducing animal flesh to chemical compounds utilizable by the body, are abundantly poured into the digestive tract. The enormous pouch of the large intestine found in vegetarian animals has shrunk to the size of the vermiform appendix. Cellulose, which constitutes so large a part of vegetable food, passes through the human digestive canal unchanged from its original state: the bacteria which convert it to useful forms in the herbivorous intestine cannot be made to grow in man's intestine. The design of his teeth is carnivorous rather than ruminant. But he also has digestive juices which are efficient in reducing vegetable carbohydrates, so that we may perhaps best class him with the robin, the goldfish and the amœba as an omnivore.

Thus the argument from design, far from indicating that man is not naturally a meat eater, would incline, if it is at all partial, in exactly the opposite direction.

As to prehistoric man, I speak as the most amateurish of dilettanti, but it is my understanding that there are a great many things about him that we do not know. According to my advices, for instance, we are entirely ignorant of whether or not he was constipated. There is simply no evidence one way or another, and this is a pity, for many worthy people will never be able to make up their minds as to whether they are his blood brothers until the question is settled. We know nothing certainly as to what his dietary was. But some of the evidence which we have would indicate that he was a hunter of animals, and it is a fair presumption that he used them for food. If this be true, man, as far back as we have any record of him, has been a meat eater.

His digestive machinery is splendidly adapted for converting meat into all the necessary food elements. He converts, or potentially can convert, half the meat he ingests into sugar, and all meat contains some fat; thus we have the three main food elements—protein, fat and carbohydrate—represented in an all-meat diet. This, of course, should not be interpreted to mean that anyone advises his fellow men to subsist exclusively on a meat diet. The ideal human dietary is mixed, and fresh fruits and vegetables and butter and cream and cakes and ale should all abound.

III

An entirely different approach to the problem consists in comparing the health of man when on an exclusively animal diet with the health of man when on an exclusively vegetable diet. The vegetarians are very eager to help us here by giving testimony as to the improvement in their health on a vegetable diet, but we must rule them out. Vegetarians, in general, have a little too much of the crusading spirit to be good observers or even good reporters. We must take a more objective example, and such an example we have. The Eskimos constitute a race which, from necessity, has always eaten an exclusively meat diet. If meat eating causes high blood pressure and kidney disease we should find an extremely large incidence of such maladies among the Eskimos.

We have several reports on the subject. All agree. Dr. William A. Thomas accompanied the MacMillan Arctic Expedition of 1926 and with their diet in mind examined a group of Eskimos. I abstract his conclusions from his extremely interesting paper in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (Volume LXXXVIII, No. 20, page 1559, May 14, 1927). All Eskimos live entirely on a meat diet from the time they are weaned. Babies are nursed by their mothers for four or even six years, until their teeth are strong enough to eat meat. Dr. Thomas examined 142 adults between the ages of forty and sixty years. Of these only three had blood pressures so high that they would not be accepted by an American life insurance company. In a group of nine persons over sixty years old, none had a blood pressure over 140 (160 being the limit beyond which most insurance companies refuse to accept risks). Kidney disease could be suspected in only thirteen of a group of 202 people over sixty, with positive proof of it in only one case. Dr. Thomas' conclusion is: "The Greenland Eskimo on a carnivorous diet exhibits no increased tendency to vascular and renal disease."

Other experiments deliberately undertaken in order to make observations along these lines confirm this view. Dr. Vilhjalmar Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, convinced that man can subsist on a meat diet alone, undertook himself to live for a long period exclusively on meat and found no change in his general bodily status. His blood pressure remained normal and functional tests indicated no kidney involvement.

Many special researches indicate the possibility of a contrary opinion. A typical report is that of Newburgh and Clarkson on "The Production of Athero-Sclerosis in Rabbits by Feeding Diets Rich in Protein" (*Archives of Internal Medicine;* Volume XXXI, No. 5, 1923). Athero-sclerosis may be loosely translated as hardening of the arteries. Newburgh and Clarkson found that rabbits fed on a high protein diet developed plaques in the aorta and other blood-vessels. It is well known, however, that rabbits under normal circumstances are very subject to this change. Newburgh and Clarkson met this objection by saying the changes they found in their rabbits were of a different sort and more numerous than those found under ordinary circumstances.

On the kidney question white rats were selected as experimental animals and we have a number of reports as to the effect of feeding them high protein diets. (For instance, Jackson and Riggs in the *Journal of Biological Chemistry*, Volume LXVII, page 101, 1926; and Newburgh and Curtis in *Archives of Internal Medicine*, Volume XLII, No. 6, 1928.) The reported results are conflicting, some indicating that the diets did injure the kidneys, others that they did not. It is obvious, however, that the use of a strictly herbivorous animal like the rabbit does not furnish a fair comparison with man, while the period of time necessary to produce kidney lesions in the carnivorous rat by protein feeding represents comparatively in the life-span forty years of a man's life, and in that time the degenerative changes of age might well show effects in the kidneys. I have given an unbiased account of these experiments because I wish to present the evidence on both sides, but I think the conclusion is justifiable that the animal experiments thus far recorded throw no light on the action of meat diets in man.

IV

So much for the results of the main lines of evidence regarding the effect upon the normal organism of the continuous eating of meat and meatlike foodstuffs. We are strongly urged to the conclusion that no proof exists of the harmful results of such a dietary.

When certain diseases have actually occurred, is the interdiction of meat eating justified? Into this aspect of the question I have no intention of penetrating. There is certainly much justification for such a line

of management, in my opinion, and anyone who has been urged into a diet of this kind by his physician should certainly continue it with the assurance that it is so justified. But I wish to emphasize that the question is in no way related to the first part of the problem. The kidney excretes almost entirely the end-products of the cleavage of meats and other protein foodstuffs; therefore, if through disease its functions become impaired the reduction of meat eating is entirely rational, as otherwise the deleterious end productions of protein metabolism will not be excreted but wil circulate in the blood. But this does not at all mean that meat eating caused the kidney disease in the first instance. The point is worth stressing because considerable confusion has arisen over it.

Another source of misunderstanding consists in interpreting nutrition experiments, undertaken to demonstrate the minimum amount of protein upon which a man can live, as offering a clue to the dangerous level of protein intake. The best known of these nutrition experiments are Chittenden's: he showed that Yale athletes remained healthy and able to do vigorous muscular work on an intake of about sixty grams (two ounces) of protein a day. This is about half of the lowest amount other physiologists found sufficient; Voit put it at 118 grams of protein a day, and Atwater at 125. The average dietary contains well over 200 grams a day.

The misunderstanding arose when Dr. Chittenden himself lost his academic balance and announced not only that a low protein diet was possible but that it was positively advantageous—that under its influence his rheumatism, melancholy, sick headaches and bilious attacks left him and his bodily vigor was greatly increased. All this has since been discounted as the natural enthusiasm of a specialist who had just concluded an arduous research. It impressed no one except professors of political economy. Chittenden's experiments showed only that a man *can* subsist on a low protein intake for short periods. There is certainly no justification in forcing them to mean that it is unhealthy to increase the protein in the food above the lowest possible point.

A final inquiry remains: Does the omission of meat from the dietary result in any disease? There is certainly more evidence that the lack of meat harms than that its presence does. Definite bodily changes due to dietary inadequacies are well known—the food deficiency diseases. Their manifestations have been found to be due largely to the lack of certain substances not yet separated chemically which are found in fresh food and are called vitamins. Most of these vitamins are found in fruit and vegetable juices; some in fats such as cod-liver oil and cream. But there are well-defined diseases, such as pellagra and a host of less certainly proved disorders, which seem to arise when meat or animal products are withheld from the diet. Thus, in addition to the hygienically necessary vitamins found in vegetables, it is likely that similar kinds of ingredients, found in meat, probably the amino-acids, are indispensable to perfect health.

Adult scurvy responds to fresh meat as well as to fresh vegetables. Stefansson found in the Arctic that victims improved promptly when fed raw or slightly cooked meat: fruit juices were not available. Adult scurvy develops not infrequently in the midst of civilization. The patients are mainly recluses who live alone and get into the habit of eating canned or prepared foods because it is too much trouble to cook a meal, and thus go for long periods without eating fresh food.

Pellagra, according to the foremost American authority, the late Dr. Joseph Goldberger, is entirely due to a deficiency of certain amino-acids found in protein foods. "It depends," says Vanderhoof, "on some undetermined lack in a diet consisting of disproportionately small quantities of animal or leguminous protein and disproportionately large quantities of vegetables." Goldberger and Wheeler produced pellagra

experimentally in eleven volunteer inmates of the Mississippi State Penitentiary by the exclusion of fresh meat, milk and eggs from the dietary. The disease is due entirely to dietary deficiency, according to Goldberger, and depends primarily on "a specific quality of the amino-acid make-up of the protein supply."

Finally, there is the hypothesis that pernicious anemia is a meat-deficiency disease. The remarkable cures which have been effected in this disease by feeding the patients liver support it. A colleague, Dr. P. T. Bohan, long before liver therapy was announced, became convinced that his pernicious anemia patients had been omitting meat from their dietary for years, and he collected a remarkable series of patients whose stories, taken for what they were worth, indicated that they had eaten only 20% of the normal dietary's meat allowance for ten to twenty years before their anemia developed.

V

For all these reasons, I am convinced that "health" warnings against the eating of meat are not only absurd but positively harmful.

Vegetarians escape danger by eating animal products in the form of eggs and milk; they also obtain protein in such leguminous vegetables as peas and beans, although this is an uneconomic method of supplying it. There are no conclusive experiments which show that human life can be supported efficiently on vegetable protein alone. No one has ever carried a human being from birth to old age on an exclusively vegetable diet. Vegetarians usually become converted after they have reached adult life; hence they have their growth, and their nutritive processes are initiated before they adopt their ill-balanced dietary.

Of course, it is possible to construct a diet out of vegetable food alone which is theoretically adequate, obtaining the protein from peas, beans, rice, wheat and nuts. "Vegetarianism is not a physiologic impossibility," says a dietetic authority. "Thousands of devotees stand ready to refute such an assertion by the example of their own experiences. The real problem from a nutritional standpoint centers in the alleged superiorities of the vegetable régime." But some Chinese physiologists recently have attempted to maintain rats, which, like man, are natural omnivores, on an exclusively vegetable diet, and conclude that no vegetarian diet is known which affords optimal nutrition for an omnivorous animal.

Of course, when vegetarianism becomes obsessive and is linked with the idea of auto-intoxication the victim is compelled to give up all other mundane affairs and devote himself exclusively to his diet. I am informed on reliable authority that in a certain famed health institution the director now requires his patients to eat such a quantity of vegetables that in each case the dejecta will amount to three stools a day. It is said his patients develop other cow-like propensities and moo pathetically when internes or nurses pass the dining-room.

A too-impassioned championship of a meatless dietary may not only be unhealthful; it may also be expensive. The plight of Mr. Childs, the restauranteur, is a sad example. Mr. Childs apparently became converted within recent years to the danger of eating meat, and having a large cliéntèle of eaters under his care, undertook to convert them in turn, through the agency of his many restaurants, to the faith of becoming "vegetable wise." The restaurants advocated vegetable and "health" menus. Meats were banished from the bill of fare, and could be obtained only if the customer asked for them. The consequence was that at a stockholders' meeting it was announced that the earnings as of January, 1928, were only half those of January, 1927. "Stockholder Mathey said the loss was due to the restaurants' failure to serve meat, their pushing of vegetables and health foods."

Mr. Childs' statement was: "It is generally known that dietetic authorities minimize the use of meat and a great many exclude it from the diet altogether. . . . Man is made of what he eats. Eat for efficiency: go vegetable wise."

Mr. Childs has a real grievance against his "dietetic authorities," for as a result of this advice he was thrown out of his company. Of course, it is apparent he did not consult any real authorities: no real authority advises that meat be excluded from the human dietary. He must have consulted the writings of some of the half-baked food faddists, and having no technical background to counteract the extravagant statements he found, he launched into a crusade which, in the end, cost him control of his business and a good deal of money.

No experience comes to mind which illustrates, better than this revulsion of his customers against a vegetable cuisine, the fact that man instinctively is a meat-eating animal. His ideal diet, of course, is not one-sided in any direction. It is a mixture of all kinds of foods—meat, fruits, vegetables, fats, sweets, nuts, salts, bread and water—fresh and preserved, cooked and raw.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Pedagogy

PEGASUS IN HIGH-SCHOOL

By Louis Untermeyer

This—since I am dealing with the three R's—is a résumé, rebuttal and recantation. Since the last shall be first, let me start with confession. For years I had heard that the American high-school was the arch-foe of everything modern—especially modern poetry. I was informed, and I believed, that the tenth grade teacher constituted himself a defender of the Union League of American bards, beginning with Bryant and ending with Whittier, that he had sworn opposition to all new names or new ideas, and that his one aim as a patriotic pedagogue was to preserve the literary *flatus quo*.

The tradition still persists, but two cross-country tours of investigation have shaken my belief in it. A questionnaire, tricky and technical, riddled it completely. The moribund graybeards I expected to trap turned out to be extremely alert young fellows; the legendary schoolma'ms were perky ladies who quoted Romains, Spengler and Croce with ease and impartiality. But let me explain the questionnaire. . . . There seemed to be a need in the high-schools of these United States for a "comparative" anthology of poetry, and I seemed, somehow, the person to undertake it. This "comparative" anthology would do various things: 1. Arranged in two contrasting sections ("Yesterday" and "Today"), it would place the poetry of the Nineteenth Century against the poetry of the Twentieth. 2. By breaking down the strict limitations of the text-book, it would help solve the question whether poetry was something to "study" (using it as a problem in syntax, vocabulary-building, verbal mathematics, etc.) or something to be vulgarly enjoyed. 3. By consulting the authorities in advance, it could be determined whether or not the spirit of poetry died when Queen Victoria gave up the ghost.

Accordingly a questionnaire was sent out to one hundred and fifty teachers of English and Literature in the high-schools throughout America. The places selected made the range as broad as possible—from the fashionable Horace Mann High-school in sophisticated up-town New York to the East High-school in Erie, Pa., and as far west as the Bonita High-school in La Verne, Calif. There was no "specializing"; the teachers to whom the questionnaire was submitted were in every case personally unknown to the compiler. The paper started off with six leading questions:

1. Should the volume contain chiefly poems inserted because (*a*) of their popularity, (*b*) the appeal of their authors' reputations, (*c*) their individual value?

2. Should only such poems be emphasized as (*a*) tell a story, or (*b*) teach a simple lesson, or (*c*) is it advisable to include some for the sake of mere music, association, color?

3. Should the level of the work approximate (*a*) the general average, or (*b*) the more intelligent?

4. Is poetry made more interesting to the reader by (*a*) a knowledge of its technique, (*b*) a familiarity with metrical terms, (*c*) a set of questions and suggestions for study?

5. In the following space write the names of those you consider (*a*) the six representative poets—English and American—of the Nineteenth Century, (*b*) the six leading poets—English and American—of the Twentieth Century.

6. Name three poems from each group that seem most likely to survive.

Here, it is obvious, the trap was wickedly baited. But, to make sure of the quarry, an extra set of teeth was added in the form of a long list of poets of both periods. The roster began with Aldrich and ended with Yeats; it included the names of poets as esoteric as Edith Sitwell, as juvenile as Nathalia Crane, as homespun as Edgar A.

Guest. The teachers were requested to check all those poets they wished included, put a cross against those who should be omitted, and leave a blank wherever they were ignorant of the author.

The result was a cross-section of the high-school teacher's mind that was complete and surprising. It was quickly seen that those household gods, the New England poets, were no longer the Lares and Penates of the class-room. Strange and insidious forces, it appeared, had been at work in the last two decades. The rebellious pupil of 1906 was now in his mid-thirties and his point of view was not that of a generation ago. The word "modern" was no longer a synonym for indecent exposure, subversive ideas, sound and fury signifying Bolshevism. The statistical résumé of the replies established a series of amazing conclusions and a few curious paradoxes.

Of the 150 questionnaires sent out, 116 were returned fully answered. On the six leading questions the vote was as follows:

1. Thirty teachers favored poems chiefly because "of their popularity," twelve because of "the appeal of the authors' names," and seventy-four because of their intrinsic or "individual" value. Some of the teachers in the last division went so far as to add exhortations of their own, one of them (Charles L. Sanders of the High-school in Greenwich, Conn.) insisting that "a sufficiency of poems—especially modern poems—appears in print only because a particular author produced them. The measure of poetry is not the name of an author, but the nobility inherent in the work."

2. The vote on the second question was more evenly divided. Sixty-four came out for poems which "tell a story or teach a simple lesson," while (surprisingly enough) fifty-two maintained that the essence of poetry was the lyric spirit and that, in stressing the sensuous quality of verse, an editor could do no better than "take care of the sounds and the sense will take care of itself." A radical pronunciamento that would have pleased the author of "Alice in Wonderland!"

3. Replies to this query showed the high-school teacher throwing tradition and the I. Q. to the winds. Only twenty-seven declared that the level of the work should "approximate the general average," whereas eighty-nine believed that the only hope lay in the education of the more alert. Speaking for these, William B. Elwell (Crosby High-school, Waterbury, Conn.) wrote: "One can only expose oneself to a poem; one can never 'teach' it. The teacher can do no more than impart some of his enthusiasm, and hope that if the pupil is saturated something may filter into the marrow of his being. . . . For this reason, I hope you will include some poems that are a bit *above* the heads of the average—a number to which they can grow, with meat enough for a second helping." And Bertha Evans Ward (Hughes High-school, Cincinnati, O.) concluded with the sound observation: "A collection containing only the obvious, no matter how well esteemed, would fail in the very purpose for which it was made."

4. The fourth question found the teachers on the fence. Torn between their own convictions and their duties as pedagogues, they could not decide without reservations. Naturally enough most of them (64) believed that interest in poetry is enhanced by a knowledge of its technique. Less (23) believed that a familiarity with such terms as amphibrach, spondee, and hendecasyllabic could be stimulating. But it was on the matter of "Suggestions for Study" that they were hopelessly divided. About half replied that the poems should elicit their own questions and answers, that anything "added to a poem" in the end subtracted from it. The other half declared frankly that it was the teacher as well as the pupil who needed the "supplementary suggestions,"—that, to quote A. Francis Trams (Joliet Township High-school, Joliet, Ill.), "the setting of good questions is almost the most important part of the editing."

5. By this time the teachers had determined their position. There was no hesitation as they set about choosing the

half dozen representative poets of the two centuries. The tabulated results showed this order:

Nineteenth Century	*Twentieth Century*
Alfred Lord Tennyson	Robert Frost
Walt Whitman	Rudyard Kipling
Robert Browning	John Masefield
Henry W. Longfellow	Edna St. Vincent Millay
Robert Louis Stevenson	Walter de la Mare
Emily Dickinson	Lizette Woodworth Reese.

I leave analysis of these selections until later. Meanwhile, it is significant to note that the New England group has disappeared, leaving Longfellow as its sole representative; that the pedagogues' vote might be that of most critics; and that the two lists show no chauvinism but are beautifully balanced, each one containing three English and three American authors.

6. The vote on the "three poems from each group that seem most likely to survive" revealed mixtures of taste and opinion. There was, however, no doubt about the first choice. The great majority registered in favor of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," which has become the "Rosary" of American letters. For second place there was a neck-and-neck race; it was disputed by a most incongruous trio: Kipling's "Mandalay," Tennyson's "Ulysses," and Noyes's "The Highwayman." This established the fact that, though the teachers were "modern" as far as contemporary poets were concerned, their familiarity with the traditional notes, the smooth-flowing narrative, the thumping ballad, still conditioned their rhythmic responses.

But analysis of the returns disclosed a more radical *Weltanschauung* when the vote on the individual poets was tabulated. The final figures were a crescendo of surprises, the most astonishing of which was that, of the 116 replies, only one poet received a unanimous vote, and he was neither Tennyson nor Longfellow, but a living American, unknown twenty years ago, viz. Robert Frost. Altogether, 152 poets of the present and the immediate past were named, the order of the first twenty being as follows:

116	Robert Frost
114	Alfred Tennyson
113	Walt Whitman
112	Robert Browning
112	H. W. Longfellow
110	Rudyard Kipling
105	John Masefield
102	R. L. Stevenson
98	Edna St. Vincent Millay
96	Emily Dickinson
91	Walter de la Mare
89	Lizette W. Reese
86	Carl Sandburg
82	Ralph W. Emerson
82	Edgar Allan Poe
79	W. E. Henley
76	Rupert Brooke
74	Sara Teasdale
74	Christina Rossetti
68	Richard Hovey

Close on the heels of these came G. K. Chesterton, Edwin Markham, James Stephens, Nathalia Crane, Vachel Lindsay and Bliss Carman. Vitality, affirmation, definiteness, forthright optimism were evidently the notes on which emphasis was placed. The dark doubts of Hardy, the mystical overtones of Yeats, the cryptic skepticism of E. A. Robinson were denied a place—at least in the high-school.

A closer study of the finals is even more illuminating. One is struck, first of all, by the absence of the names of Alfred Noyes and Joyce Kilmer among the representative leaders, though their single poems are among the favorites. One remembers Mascagni and his multitudinous operas, of which only "Cavalleria Rusticana" survives. One remembers Leoncavallo and his "Pagliacci," Masters and his "Spoon River Anthology," Douglas and his "South Wind," and passes on. The couplings are queer. Browning and Longfellow are tied for fourth place; Emerson and Poe, who would have resented it violently, are paired in thirteenth; Sara Teasdale and Christina Rossetti are united by something more than a love-song. The order is still queerer and not at all what we would expect from schoolma'ms. Here is Whitman taking precedence over Longfellow, Sandburg over Emerson, the realistic Masefield over the so-romantic Rupert Brooke. Queerest of all are the omissions. Whittier does not appear in the first score; Bryant is twenty-

seventh on the list; Aldrich is forty-third. Service, the god of the Rotarians, rallies forty-six adherents, but more votes were accorded the less resounding and more recondite Ralph Hodgson, Amy Lowell, Siegfried Sassoon, Humbert Wolfe, and Elinor Wylie.

But perhaps the greatest surprise was the negative vote on Edgar A. Guest. Instead of leading all the rest, Our Eddie did not receive a single vote from those whose sacred duty it is to uplift American youth. Evidently (judging from their sharp, unsolicited comments in the place of a check or cross) they are training the young idea to hoot—at America's uncrowned poet laureate.

The net result of the investigation is yet to be ascertained. It remains a question how much the teachers were guided by their own judgment and how much they were intimidated by the questionnaire. However, allowing for a certain playing up, it is indisputable (1) that the educational background is changing, (2) that literature is beginning to be taught as a living thing rather than as a problem in parsing, (3) that an approach to poetry is being made through the use of contemporary reflections of life rather than through the forbidding thrust of "classics." The Golden Day in American education may not yet have dawned, but the teachers of Hannibal (Mo.) and Bloomington (Ill.) are no longer living in the Dark Ages. Such conclusions may seem heterodox to the lay reader, but they are founded on figures and facts.

Theology

THE NEW BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

By Nelson Antrim Crawford

At the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, held in Washington last year, a new Book of Common Prayer for America was put into its final form, and the Hon. J. Pierpont Morgan, LL.D., D.C.S., following the illustrious example of his sainted father at the time of the revision of 1892, offered to defray the cost of the Standard Book, the elaborate and beautifully printed volume from which all authorized copies must be made according to canon law. Thus a fifteen-year job of revision was finished. In 1913 a commission of seven bishops, seven priests, and seven laymen had been appointed to consider "the revision and enrichment of the Book of Common Prayer." Lest some Low Churchmen see the menace of the Vatican in this business, the same resolution provided that no doctrinal change should be made.

Whether this provision was observed will probably be argued to the time when the revisers, and their successors, are ushered into Paradise, but to a neutral observer it seems clear that the atmosphere of the book has been altered in a Catholic direction. Many of the changes made were challenged in the General Conventions by Low Church spokesmen, who insisted that alterations of doctrine were involved. The objectors were invariably met, however, with the bland reply that the implicit doctrine of the Church was simply made explicit.

A notable novelty is the introduction, repeatedly, of prayers for the souls of the departed, one of them, in the Holy Communion office, made compulsory. Special prefaces to the Sanctus for All Saints' Day and for two festivals—the Purification and the Annunciation—in honor of the Blessed Virgin are introduced, and are likewise compulsory. The use of "Praise be to thee, O Christ!", a translation of the Laus Tibi of the Roman missal, is made permissive. The Episcopal Church in the United States is the only member of the Anglican Communion to adopt this usage. The Our Father, with a preface based on the ancient service books, is placed immediately after the Canon, and following it is the Prayer of Humble Access, so that these prayers are said before the consecrated elements on the

altar. A number of additional Collects, Epistles, and Gospels are introduced—in order to encourage frequent weekday celebrations of the Holy Communion—, including one for a Requiem and one for a Nuptial Eucharist.

Unction of the sick is provided, as are also a litany and a number of prayers, translated from Latin originals, for the dying. Antiphons based on the medieval breviaries are offered for permissive use before the Venite in Morning Prayer. The terms Palm Sunday, Maundy Thursday, ordinal, octave, already in common use in many dioceses, are specifically inserted. The book is also to be prepared with special title pages "showing clearly," as the Bishop of Massachusetts says, "the four great medieval service books from which the English Prayer Book is derived."

At the same time, it would not be correct to say that the militant Low Churchmen did not win some victories. The Corpus Christi Collect was voted down, largely through the unwisdom of an Anglo-Catholic who was forgetful enough to refer to it publicly in the convention by its common name instead of calling it euphemistically, as had apparently been agreed upon, "the Collect in honor of the Holy Communion." Nevertheless, the Low Churchmen had previously been caught napping when the Hymnal was accepted in 1915 containing St. Thomas Aquinas' Corpus Christi hymn, Tantum Ergo Sacramentum, which is used regularly at Benediction according to the Roman rite, and several other hymns much more explicit as to the Objective Presence than any Collect ever proposed. But the Low Churchmen barred from the Prayer Book the Benedictus Qui Venit just before the Canon of the Consecration, and they snowed under a proposal to number the Sundays of Summer and Fall from Pentecost, the Roman practice, instead of from Trinity Sunday, as is the Anglican custom. They were successful in other details.

But the most discussed victory of the Low Church group, that of keeping the Thirty-nine Articles within the covers of the Prayer Book (though legally they are not a part of it), is likely, High Churchmen insist, to prove a Pyrrhic one. After the Rev. Dr. Carl E. Grammer and a number of laymen had succeeded in getting a mile or more of signatures to a petition for retaining the articles, what was their astonishment to encounter a unanimous vote in favor of their proposal, which they expected to be fought by all High Churchmen! The Catholic leaders point out privately that they are perfectly willing to let the laughter of the general run of communicants of the church take care of the matter, once they examine the articles and find such statements as these:

> Works done before the grace of Christ and the inspiration of His Spirit are not pleasant to God. . . . We doubt not but they have the nature of sin.
>
> Christ . . . took again his body, with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of Man's nature; wherewith He ascended into Heaven, and there sitteth.

No doubt the alteration of the Book of Common Prayer in a decidedly Catholic direction is due in part to a general change in Episcopalian sentiment. Notwithstanding the strictures of the Hon. Charles C. Marshall, illustrious Protestant Episcopal layman, during the campaign of Governor Smith, the majority of Episcopalians have no anti-Roman feeling and many of them are quite sympathetic. A large proportion of parishes, especially in the big cities, follow in the main the type of service set forth in McGarvey and Burnett's "Ceremonies of the Mass," a frank adaptation of Roman ceremonial to the language of the Book of Common Prayer. Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament is common; for example, all but one of the dozen parishes in Trenton, N. J., in a not notably High Church diocese, practice it, and in other dioceses, such as Milwaukee and Fond du Lac, it is practically universal. Altar lights and eucharistic vestments have become commonplaces, and even the most conservative vestrymen survive the odor of incense. An increasing proportion of the

clergy teach Catholic rather than Protestant doctrines and practices, and the younger laity, instructed for Confirmation by them, know no other ecclesiastical point of view.

These facts, however, do not wholly explain the situation as regards the new Prayer Book. Certain of the Low Churchmen weakened their case by bad strategy. They asserted that any change in wording, however slight, necessarily meant a change of doctrine, which was not improbably true, but after deciding to revise the Prayer Book the majority of clergy and laity were not disposed to be turned back by technicalities. The Hon. L. Bradford Prince, LL.D., of New Mexico, a Republican statesman now gone to his rest, pleaded long for the retention of a typographical error in the Gloria in Excelsis, which he said had been hallowed by sacred usage. The deputies were engaged in a serious work and could not laugh, but he was gently smiled down.

A further hindrance, from the Low Church standpoint, was the attack of the *Chronicle*, the organ of the Low Church association, the Protestant Episcopal Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge, on the so-called social service gospel preached by many of the clergy. Its editor, the Rev. A. G. Cummins, Litt.D., of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., suspected these clergy of the crime of Socialism as strongly as he suspected the Holy Cross Fathers of the crime of Romanism. But the revisers of the Prayer Book introduced a decided note of social service, and were determined not to abandon it. Finally, the advocates of a Catholic book and the supporters of a social service book got together in the voting.

The Catholic group, led by the adroit and skilful Frederic Cook Morehouse, Litt.D., L.H.D., editor of the *Living Church*, was better organized than the Low Churchmen; it knew precisely what it wanted. Dr. Morehouse always asserts diplomatically that there is no Catholic party, only a Catholic movement—but a movement can operate as successfully as a party.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the theological merits of the revision, there is little room for doubt on the literary side. The revisers offer plenty of proof that piety and the taste for *belles lettres* are not invariable companions. Notwithstanding the fact that the Episcopal Church boasts a somewhat extended list of literary lights (including, for example, the Right Rev. Charles Fiske, D.D., D.C.L., the Rev. Bernard Iddings Bell, D.D., the Rev. Herbert Parrish, D.D., Mr. James Branch Cabell, Mr. Du Bose Heyward, Mr. Ring Lardner, Mrs. Maristan Chapman, Mr. Richardson Wright, and Miss Edwina Stanton Babcock), the only persons on the actual Prayer Book Commission who might even dubiously be called literary were Prof. Dr. Charles Sears Baldwin of Columbia University and Dr. John Stewart Bryan, the millionaire newspaper owner of Richmond. Even the late Dr. Thomas Nelson Page was left out, and when the recommendations from the Commission began to come before the General Convention he rose from his seat and made an impassioned and eloquent address in favor of turning them all down flat.

The absence of literary training and appreciation is manifest in the new prayers introduced, of which there is a large number, most of them presumably very useful and some of them, such as those for State Legislatures and courts of justice, urgently needed. The ancient prayers, as translated by Archbishop Cranmer and his associates, possess a steady, majestic rhythm, lending itself either to intoning or to dignified reading. The new prayers change rhythm constantly, in the manner of the least successful types of *vers libre*, as will be observed by any one who attempts to read this Collect aloud:

> Almighty God, who sittest in the throne judging right; We humbly beseech Thee to bless the courts of justice and the magistrates in all this land; that they may discern the truth and impartially administer the law in the fear of Thee alone; through Him who shall come to be our Judge, Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

From another prayer: "Save us from violence, discord, and confusion; from pride and arrogancy; and from every evil way." So far, so good. But in the next sentence the rhythm changes completely, and for no apparent cause save the ineptitude of the author: "Defend our liberties, and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues."

Likewise dubious is the use of certain words. So little familiar was the Commission with common usage that it would have referred to university students as "pupils" had it not been for the vigorous protest of Prof. Dr. William J. Battle, who insisted that this would make the book seem ridiculous to all college folk.

The remaining alterations are of minor importance—save perhaps the omission of "obey" in the Marriage Office. But the majority of Episcopalian wives and husbands had been well aware, for at least a generation, that the presence of the word in the service was as innocuous as the Bill of Rights in the Constitution of the United States.

The Catechism was somewhat simplified in the revision, and some changes in the Psalter were made in the interest of accuracy and clarity, though here one may venture the prediction that many ears will sadly miss the vivid, albeit inaccurate, picturesqueness of such verses as: "And in the evening they will return, grin like a dog, and go about the city." For that matter, dogs do grin—in modernist paintings. But modern liturgical scholarship has no more in common with modern painting than it has with *belles lettres*.

Public Hygiene

THE PREVENTION OF GOITER

By Edith L. Weart

When, in 1910, Dr. David Marine discovered that feeding iodine to the trout in the Pennsylvania fish hatcheries prevented them from developing goiter, an important step was taken in the control of a deformity which affects a very large number of the inhabitants of the Great Lakes region and the Pacific Northwest, not to mention Switzerland and other mountainous regions. In some parts of Switzerland it has been reported that as many as 100% of the children are goitrous. In certain sections of this country it would be very conservative to say that one out of every four women seen on the streets has a goiter.

That enlargement of the thyroid gland which exhibits itself as a swelling or lump on each side of the windpipe is not only an unsightly deformity, but one which is potentially dangerous. From such innocent small enlargements may develop the toxic goiters which, through the over-activity of the gland, so speed up the body metabolism as to result in loss of weight, extreme nervousness, and heart damage—a condition which may require prolonged *x*-ray treatment or surgical intervention to control. There is additional danger in the fact that cancers of the thyroid gland very often arise in goiters. Further, the people of a district which is goitrous over a number of generations tend to produce children with a thyroid deficiency, which, when marked, results in cretinism, a form of idiocy.

It was not until 1916 that Dr. Marine's work bore any fruit. In that year he and his associate, Dr. O. P. Kimball, gained the consent of the Board of Education of Akron, O., to put small quantities of sodium iodide into the drinking water used by the girls in the public schools. Girls were chosen because more girls than boys have goiter, which is especially likely to develop at puberty. Although not all the parents consented to the experiment, sufficient girls took the iodine to make a satisfactory comparison with those who did not. A preliminary survey showed that 56% of the 3872 examined had goiter.

All of those who took the treatment were given three grains of sodium iodide

daily in their drinking water for two weeks, Spring and Fall. The work was started in April, 1917. The following November a resurvey was made of 1080 girls who had taken the iodine. About two-thirds of them had made a marked improvement. The study showed more than this, for while none of the girls who took iodine, and had not previously had a goiter, developed one, 26% of the healthy girls who had taken no prophylactic treatment became goitrous. The work was closely watched for the next two and a half years. At the end of that time Marine and Kimball reported that

> of 2190 pupils taking sodium iodide twice yearly, only five have developed enlargement of the thyroid; while of 2305 pupils not taking it, 495 have developed thyroid enlargement. Of 1182 pupils with thyroid enlargement at the first examination who took the prophylactic, 773 thyroids have decreased in size; while of 1048 pupils with thyroid enlargement at the first examination who did not take the prophylactic, 145 thyroids decreased in size. The figures demonstrate in a striking manner both the preventive and the curative effects.

Together with the discovery that small quantities of iodine would prevent and cure goiter, other investigators had learned that a natural insufficiency of iodine in the food and water of the goiter regions was what caused the disease there. Following these reports the question arose as to the best method of supplying the deficiency. Some investigators advocated that iodine be placed in the drinking water. This procedure was carried out by a few cities, among them Rochester, N. Y. This method, besides being unsafe, proved to be rather expensive, for only 1% of a city's water supply is used for cooking or drinking purposes. Other cities now supply their adolescent school children with iodine in the form of an organic iodide put up in chocolate tablets. This is a very palatable way of taking iodine, far better than putting it into drinking water as was first done in Akron. It has been tried extensively in West Virginia, Ohio, Utah, and Washington, and has been very effective there.

One of the newest methods of supplying iodine is through iodized milk. Like most food products of the goiter districts, the milk produced there is free from iodine, though milk from cows raised in other regions shows an appreciable amount of it. However, experiments have shown that feeding cattle iodine along with their grain will result in milk containing it. Recently a woman running for public office turned over her herds for such experimentation and received in return some very useful publicity. So far iodized milk is not generally used.

Probably no State has attacked the problem of endemic goiter with more determination and enthusiasm than Michigan. It had long been known that goiter was very prevalent in the State, but its extent was not realized until the reports from the draft were made known. From them it was learned that in some instances as many as 30% of the men were incapacitated for active service because of toxic goiters.

Initial surveys were made to determine the extent of the disease in the State. Along with them, analyses of the drinking water were made. The relation of goiter to a lack of iodine in the water was strikingly demonstrated.

The State first considered carrying out preventive measures by the use of the chocolate iodine tablets, but this method was discarded as too expensive. It was also open to the objection that it did not reach all the people. It did not, for instance, reach the very young children, nor those in the rural districts. Nor did it reach most pregnant mothers, and this was important, for goiter is especially likely to develop during pregnancy and a goitrous mother is almost certain to have a goitrous child.

Looking around for a more effective way of providing iodine the authorities hit upon the idea of incorporating it in table salt. This gave a stable mixture which was cheap, and salt was a substance used by everybody. It was decided that one part of iodine to five thousand of salt

would be sufficient to supply all the needs of the body. This is approximately the amount that a person living in a goiter-free region gets in his normal diet. The State Department of Health enlisted the aid of the salt manufacturers, and iodized salt was put on the market in May, 1924. The Department of Health then stopped all other methods of prophylaxis and urged the use of iodized salt.

The results of its use for four years in Michigan have been recently reported by Dr. Kimball, under whose supervision the goiter surveys in the State were carried out. They seem to be better than any of the authorities in charge dared hope. One county, which in 1924 had 55.6% of goitrous children, in 1928 only had 17.2%. In another county the incidence of goiter among the school children dropped from 32.7% to 8.8%. That no other factor of the environment entered into this reduction was shown by a comparison of these figures with those of the parochial schools, where iodized salt was not used, and where the percentage of goiter remained unchanged.

In all this, of course, certain dangers lurk, for it is well known that the ingestion of iodine may be harmful to adults with goiter. Iodine, which appears to be necessary to health in small amounts, may have ill effects if a susceptible individual takes large amounts of it, either during prolonged medical treatment for goiter or other diseases, or as a result of over-dosing with iodine preparations in home attempts to cure or prevent goiter. The bad results which are sometimes seen under these conditions form the basis for the objection which some medical men have to the use of the iodized salt. They feel that it may tend to cause the development of toxic goiters in adults; a number of such cases, in fact, have been reported. The question at the present time is still unsettled, but Dr. Kimball reports from the Michigan surveys that he finds the salt prophylaxis "very efficient and entirely safe," and Dr. Plummer of the Mayo Clinic, at the last meeting of the American Medical Association, said that in his opinion the "small doses of iodine contained in salt are not materially increasing the incidence of hyperthyroidism in adults."

It seems to be generally agreed that iodine is of benefit in preventing goiter during adolescence and that it plays an important part in pre-natal care. The chief point of controversy at the present time concerns its method of administration—whether it should be given under the care of the personal physician, or whether endemic goiter should be considered the result of a food deficiency and treated as such. That it is possible to control endemic goiter seems evident. A few generations of intelligent coöperation between physicians and the public should eliminate the so-called Goiter Belt of the St. Lawrence river valley, the Great Lakes region, and the Pacific Northwest.

THE COUNTY BOSS

BY HAMILTON OWENS

The city boss, arch-villain of American politics, has been studied and written about until almost every one of his tricks is known. He works in the full glare of newspaper publicity. His power is challenged nearly every day and he loses elections as often as he wins them. He is a legend rather than a fact.

The county boss, on the other hand, has a power that the city boss has never dared aspire to. The city boss is lucky if he has half a dozen reliable workers in a precinct. If he knows by sight 10% of the affiliated voters he is something of a genius. If he can manage to come into personal contact with 5% of them he considers himself lucky. He must depend on his lieutenants, they on their sergeants, and so on down the line.

But the county boss knows almost every man in his bailiwick. He not only knows them, but he comes into contact with them several times in the course of the year. And he doesn't have to seek them out. They come to the court-house to pay their tax bills, or because they have been called for jury duty, or merely because, being in town for shopping, they drop in for a visit with official friends. Personal contact is the basis of every boss's power. The county boss has it handed to him by the conditions under which he and his neighbors live.

No city organization, in consequence, has anything like the unity and simplicity of a county gang. The closer people live, the more they tend to build shells about themselves and their concerns. Half the men living in big cities would heave through the door any politician who dared to show his face in their offices or in their flats. The county man has no such feeling. He likes human contact because he doesn't get enough of it. His gregarious instinct is not satisfied by the conditions under which he lives. This may account for the proverbial hospitality of the countryman. It certainly accounts for the power of his political master. It accounts further for the fact that even when his county seat fails to give him a majority, the boss can usually depend on the outlying districts to pull him through.

The county boss may be a lawyer, a banker, or an elected official, even a judge. But perhaps the ideal position for a county boss is that of county treasurer, which is to say, tax collector. Then his occasional meeting with all his followers is inevitable. Farmers rarely mail in their taxes. Almost always they have a kick about the amount. Frequently the treasurer can make adjustments for them. Always he can give them extensions or fail to press them for payment when they are broke, as they usually are.

City bosses usually get into positions of power by cutting under existing bosses who lose their power through advancing years or through some ineptitude. County bosses almost always inherit theirs. That is to say, they take over an existing organization and develop it or let it run to seed, according to their abilities. The boss I know best was the son of the leading merchant of the county seat. He was a personable young fellow and got a job in the bank, where he met everyone of importance. A bank teller gets many opportunities for doing favors and this young man,

being of a kindly disposition, never let any of them slip. Moreover, he knew when to talk and when to keep his mouth shut.

In time he learned the financial status of everyone in town and something about most of the family skeletons. This knowledge made him valuable to the existing boss, who was a lawyer. He became the lawyer's right-hand man. The county treasurer died and he was elected to the job. After a few years the boss himself died of apoplexy at least ten years before his time. No one expected it and no fight for the succession had been organized. My friend stepped in because he was Johnny on the spot. He now has an organization that is the envy of politicians for miles around.

His county lies in the hills in the central part of the State. It grows much wheat and corn and some of the farmers do a little trucking on the side. But great areas are being given over to orchards and especially to the growing of cider apples, of which more anon. There are approximately 1,500 farms, most of which are cultivated by their owners. In several instances in recent years corporations have been organized to buy up tracts of land. Half the farms so owned are run by ordinary tenant farmers. Others are run like factories, with managers and day laborers. Of the whole population of the county about 10% or 15% are Negroes.

The whites are fairly well stratified into gentry, ordinary farmers, and tenant farmers or poor whites. Of recent years, because of the mildness of the Winters and the excellent hunting afforded, a number of rich men from the North and Middle West have moved in. Only a handful of these have really been assimilated into the county life. The majority of them vote from their New York or Chicago addresses. They do not count directly in the political life of the county. My friend is not one of the gentry, but his family is of good standing and has been connected with the region for so many generations that only insiders remember that he is what is called euphemistically a self-made man.

II

In the days before woman suffrage, the county vote was approximately 4,000. Now, on normal occasions it amounts to about 7,200. At the recent presidential election more than 8,000 voters marched to the polls. In ordinary elections, the county goes Democratic—my friend is a Democrat—by about a thousand votes. In primary elections he can get 2,500 of his people to the polls without difficulty. These figures may mean little or nothing to the ordinary non-political reader. But the professional politician will know that they indicate a high degree of efficiency.

What are called issues by the newspapers mean little or nothing in such an organization. Politics is a game played by a group of men for power, for gain, or merely for the love of it. I should say that the last is the ruling motive among the leaders. The gains that come, while not insignificant, are secondary. When three or four of them gather in the boss's house for a gabble, they almost always talk of getting out of politics. But none of them ever gets out. It is like giving up cigars.

They work like Trojans. The inside group consists of my friend, the treasurer, who is undisputed boss; a lawyer upon whom he depends for a certain sort of advice, but whom he regards in his heart of hearts with contempt not unmixed with amusement; a banker who always votes Republican in national elections; a newspaper editor, who writes the boss's important letters and even his speeches when more than the usual pussyfooting is required; and, occasionally, the judge. The latter is a very high-toned gentleman, who is honestly a Prohibitionist. It is considered bad form to drink in his presence and consequently he is not often welcome at informal parties.

For all practical purposes, this small group of men is the government of the county. They make the local law and enforce it according to their needs or their whims. The State law runs only in so far

as it suits their purposes to let it run. A few years ago, the cashier of the bank of which the boss was formerly teller spent in ill-advised speculation part of the money of an estate of which he was trustee. He "borrowed" from the bank in order to make good. But the bank was not in the best of shape—it was during the worst of the post-war depression—and he couldn't quite make the grade. For a while it looked as if either the bank or the estate would have to take a big loss and also as if the cashier himself would have to go to jail. Everyone in the county knew the whole story and everyone was on the *qui vive* for the first open break.

But the break never came. The men I have mentioned took over the management of the affair. The heirs were somehow silenced, the directors of the bank were made to fork up enough to meet imperative needs, and in a year or two the losses were made up. Moreover, during the whole procedure, which lasted for months, the cashier remained on the job. Whether he was called upon to make any restitution or not, I could not learn. But though everyone in the county knows the story, apparently he did not lose standing or prestige. The general knowledge that he had the support of the boss and his cronies was enough to hold the situation. Perhaps, also, the knowledge that there is a skeleton in nearly every closet has resulted in a gentleman's agreement not to open any doors that can be kept closed.

Minor criminal causes are controlled with much less effort. The amount of first-page crime is, of course, comparatively small. Now and then some farmer goes wild and murders his wife. Occasionally a doctor isn't as careful as he might be, a girl dies, and there is a general exodus of young men. These cases get into the State courts, as, of course, do the occasional instances of rape or murder by darkies gone mad on corn liquor. Except possibly in the matter of the erring doctor, the boss keeps his hands off such cases. The passionate farmer is convicted of manslaughter and sometimes of murder and gets a long term. Darkies are almost invariably hanged. In the abortionist cases, what happens usually depends upon the status of the girl. In any event, substantial justice is done and the judge sees to it that it is all in strict accordance with the law as well.

It is in minor matters that the real influence of the boss is felt. The moonshine cases are typical. This county invariably votes dry. It had local option long before national Prohibition, but there was some sort of importation clause in the law under which a man was allowed to import liquor by the full gallon. When national Prohibition came, that recourse became impracticable and so moonshining began. By common consent moonshining is not a crime. Until a few weeks ago no man had ever been arrested for running a still, though it is generally agreed that there are as many stills in the county as there are farms. Moreover, selling moonshine by the gallon or by the barrel is respectable. But it is not respectable to sell by the pint or half pint.

This rule is not as arbitrary as it sounds. The man who buys by the gallon or the barrel takes the stuff home and drinks it in the quiet of his living-room with his friends. Generally speaking, he disturbs no one. The man who buys pints and half pints buys for immediate and perhaps public tippling. A farm-hand comes to town Saturday afternoon and seeks out the retailer. About nightfall, he comes back for another dose. At nine o'clock, when he ought to be going home, he is more than likely half seas over. He goes to the retailer's house and finds him in bed, as are all his law-abiding neighbors. But the farm-hand wants his liquor. He bangs on the door and demands it, in loud and profane terms. He creates a disturbance. Obviously, according to the reasoning of the neighbors, the retailer is at fault and should be put down. The constable is called in and an arrest follows.

Right here the boss begins to operate. If the culprit is a member of the opposite

party, it doesn't make much difference one way or the other. But if he is a good Democrat he rates, if not protection, at least mercy. A careful balancing of the neighborhood sentiment and the worth of the man as a political ally must take place. The magistrate is usually under complete control and can be depended upon to follow the promptings of his political superior.

If the neighborhood is indifferent, a small fine and a large warning from the magistrate is often the best way out. If, on the other hand, the neighborhood is really out for blood, the fine is made heavier. But this doesn't mean that the culprit necessarily pays. Fifty dollars is a heavy fine. But the district leader, the boss himself and several of his cronies can make up the amount, if necessary, without any great sacrifice. Thus the neighbors are appeased and the political organization kept intact.

In some districts there is an occasional Republican magistrate. Here is another complication. If a Democrat is arrested he is usually told to take his case to a higher court. This brings him into the friendlier atmosphere of the county seat and jury lists are easy to supervise. But a further difficulty has recently arisen in that the judge has announced publicly that all retailers brought before him are to be given jail terms if they are found guilty. At the same time he has shown an undue interest in the make-up of the panels. I am sorry to say I do not know how this problem is to be met.

Though my friend the treasurer is regarded as not too friendly to the Prohibitionist cause, he boasts proudly that he has never dealt with a bootlegger or moonshiner since the Volstead Act went into effect. Knowing from experience that his cellar contains a particularly virulent and not exactly mature kind of apple brandy, I was moved to make some investigation on my own. The processes involved are somewhat obscure and I cannot be sure that I have all the details right. But in essence they probably explain the situation.

He and his lawyer crony, together with several others, own a few hundred acres of apple orchard. By a curious coincidence, the youngest and most productive of their thousands of trees produce apples suitable for cider making. Hundreds of barrels of them are sold every October to local interests at a price slightly below the market. Along about December 1 the new crop of apple-jack comes on the market. Apple-jack is the favorite tipple of the local cognoscenti. It is dearer than either corn or rye, chiefly because of the superstition that it matures more quickly and contains no fusel oil. Every year my friend is the happy recipient of a gift of several ten-gallon kegs of this enchanted fluid. If you are permitted to go into his cellar you will see them arranged in long rows, according to the year of their receipt.

III

Until last Fall, my friend's power had never been challenged. As I have said, national and State issues played little or no part in the election campaigns. The only issue was whether the county voted with the party or not. If it voted right, it meant that the boss kept his control of the court-house and the rights and privileges which go with that seat of power. Winning a victory was therefore not important only to the boss but to every one of his lieutenants and to every one of their dependents, down to the lowest farmer with an unpaid tax bill. A defeat would amount to a revolution: it would disarrange the whole established political order.

But last Fall my friend came a-cropper. His organization, built up by the careful efforts of so many years, was a purely masculine organization. There were, to be sure, a few jobs in the court-house for girls—stenographers, charwomen and such—but these women were always the wives, widows or daughters of deserving male voters. All the boss's contacts were with men. In his view, the man was the head of the household; the woman did as she was told.

Unfortunately for him, he reckoned without a full knowledge of the United States in the year 1928. What he didn't realize was that while he was keeping his fences in order and corraling the stallions and geldings, the mares and fillies were wandering around loose, ready to be driven off by any competent rustler that might happen along. In our county the competent rustler happened to be a particularly handsome and vigorous Methodist parson who showed up in the county seat four or five years ago. He came from somewhere in the West, I think. He was just another parson and the men didn't pay much attention to him. But the women detected something different about him. They were accustomed to a rather dreary sort of sky-pilot, pale, cadaverous and humble. This fellow looks much more like a Congressman—from Iowa, say. He is tall, has a deep chest and a bass voice. His eyebrows are bushy and the eyes beneath them are baleful and glaring. When he thunders from the pulpit, it is thundering indeed.

Church-going, in this community, had been rather a formal affair. The Episcopal church was dominant, in that the leading citizens attended it. The Methodist and Baptist churches suffered under a sense of social inferiority, and their members, achieving some prosperity, tended to slip away into the more gracious fold. But with the coming of the new preacher, matters changed. The Episcopal church ceased to draw away the Methodist trade. The church outgrew its old wooden quarters, sold them to a darky congregation, and built a more pretentious edifice with a stone front and an electric sign. The old preacher had preached salvation of the individual. The new one preached the salvation of the community. His services were—and are—dramatic affairs. He calls down the curse of God upon the corruption of the town and once or twice he has gone so far as to name names in the pulpit. Wednesday prayer-meetings, once attended by half a dozen devout old women, are now public forums where "civic problems," which is to say bootlegging, are regularly discussed.

It is curious to think that all this development went on almost without the knowledge of my friend the boss, but it is true. And it is further remarkable, but equally true, that along about midnight on the sixth of last November, the boss and his lieutenants suddenly awoke to the fact that there was a rival political organization in the county and that that organization had polled 5,000 of the 8,000 votes cast. By noon the next day, they had figured out that though they had polled the full organization vote—2,500 men, plus a little more than five hundred women and irregulars, the preacher and his cohorts had got the Republican regulars plus nearly 2,000 women, most of whom were the wives and daughters of the organization forces.

Since making this discovery my friend has been a different man. He is worried and I am afraid he is drinking a little more apple-jack than is good for him. Had he any inkling that the county would play him such a dirty trick, he would have deserted Al Smith without a qualm. The national issues meant nothing in his life. What is worrying him is the primary election which comes next September and the State election which follows. He is morally certain that the preacher will not come to him with any offer of a deal. Should he then, hat in hand, go to the preacher? And if he does, will he be boss, or will he be merely a political appendage of the new leader?

These are difficult questions and they are not made any easier by the knowledge that at a recent preachers' meeting the Methodist brother was elected president of the Ministerial Union, as he had already been elected president of the Law Enforcement League. The boss lately asked me for advice, but the only comfort I had to offer seemed to cheer him little. I told him there were more than four hundred county bosses south of Mason and Dixon's line who were wrestling with the same problem.

COCK FIGHTING TODAY

BY WILLIAM HENRY NUGENT

ORGANIZED combats between trained game cocks for side bets and gate money, although against the law, are fought almost daily throughout the United States. The sport that has, among other things, contributed to the convivial world the cocktail (once a training tonic for roosters), lent the ten-second count to pugilism, enriched the language with many locutions used in everyday speech, and given biologists valuable hints about heredity, has sufficient followers in the Republic to support three periodicals devoted exclusively to its activities. The fraternity estimate that 1000 mains were fought last year, involving in wagers, purses and admission fees more than $5,000,000. This did not include the profits made in raising and selling game cocks.

Cock fighting survives best in the Southern States, which furnish the arenas for more than half the mains fought yearly. True, in certain pious communities down there, the peace officers, not to mention the local members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, have so harassed the fancy that the pastime is almost obsolete. But elsewhere in Dixie the constables and sheriffs close their eyes, and cock fights are no more molested than Klan meetings. Where such conditions exist, promoters build permanent pits and operate more openly than a New York night club ever dared. They even advertise their matches in the professional periodicals. From these publications one may learn that Augusta lately fought a gory stag main against Balesburg, S. C., and that the Deer Island Game Club of Orlando, Fla., promoted the Derby of the Cocking World, a slaughter that lasted three days and paid $4,000 to the winner, $2,500 second money, $1,600 third, and $1,000 fourth. Florida has no law prohibiting the sport but the local wowsers stop it sometimes by invoking a statute against gambling.

The scenes of other tournaments fought of late in the South were:

Alabama: At Stevenson; at Uniontown; at the pit of the Alabama Game Breeders Club in Birmingham, where the North Alabama tournament is held; at the pit of the Alabama Breeders Club, near Montgomery.

Mississippi: Near Biloxi.

Arkansas: Near Little Rock; at Smackover.

Louisiana: At New Orleans; at Gretna.

Oklahoma: At Bartlettsville; at Tulsa; at the Shell Creek pit near Sandspring, to which men and women went from Oklahoma City and Tulsa to see forty-five contests.

Texas: Near Dallas; at El Paso; at the Oleander Game Club, Galveston.

Virginia: Near Bassett.

The Carolinas: At Aiken, the scene of a North Carolina vs. South Carolina main for birds between 4 pounds 8 ounces and 6 pounds that cost the owners $250 to enter and paid $1,000 to the winner. (This inter-Commonwealth rivalry, three or four times as old as the Yale-Princeton football series, dates back to colonial days); at Raleigh, where Sandford fought an inter-city main with the home fanciers.

Maryland: At Highlandtown, a suburb of Baltimore; at various places near Washington.

Tennessee: "Not a great way from Memphis."

Kentucky: Near Lexington.

"There are," writes "Tan Bark," in "Game Chickens," "at least 200 mains fought [annually] in the Middle Atlantic States and New England for sums of from one to ten thousand dollars a side, which are never mentioned in print." The canny promoters shun all local newspaper ballyhoo. By changing sites like a floating dice game and travelling in motor cars to small towns, they find it comparatively easy to

outmanœuvre an indifferent police. West Virginia fanciers at the last minute switched a recent main from Wheeling to East Palestine, Ohio, more than 100 miles away. A New York gaffer told me that the fraternity arranges clandestine mains in and around New York City today as easily as he arranged one a quarter of a century ago to enable Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, to sketch game cocks in action for use in a political cartoon. My friend says he once pulled an uninterrupted set-to on the roof of a downtown skyscraper.

The intelligence department and shock troops of the S. P. C. A. are harder to outsmart than the police, probably because a raid enriches the society's treasury. In New York, for instance, Section 8 of the Act of April 10, 1866 reads: "One half of the fines collected through the instrumentality of the society, or its agents for violation of such laws, shall accrue to the benefit of the said society." In 1867 the law was amended to read all fines.

Aided by State troopers, the society's agents made a lush haul at two o'clock one recent morning at the Bayville Casino, at Oyster Bay, rounding up forty-six spectators and confiscating thirty-three fighting birds, two sets of scales and weights, five shipping coops, and many gaffs, etc. "At the conclusion of the trial," the society's report read, "the court declared the property forfeited to the society and the cocks were mercifully dispatched and the paraphernalia destroyed." The forty-six onlookers pleaded guilty and paid fines that went into the S. P. C. A. till. The captured roosters provided chicken dinners for the inmates of the county jail.

Cock fighting also waxes in other sections of the United States. Here are a few random mains:

California: At the Sierra Game Club, Grass Valley.
Michigan: At Grand Rapids; at Jackson, and near Detroit.
Missouri: At Bismarck.
Ohio: At Cleveland.
Illinois: At Chicago.

Americans living along the international borders drop over to Mexico or Canada to see tournaments. American breeders supply Mexico with many of its pit replacements because the casualties south of the Rio Grande exceed the home supply. The sport of course, booms in the insular possessions.

The three monthlies devoted exclusively to game-fowl are:

Grit and Steel: E. H. DeCamp, editor; $1.50 a year; circulation 6,914; published at Gaffney, Cherokee county, S. C.

The *Game Fowl News:* R. S. Meroney, editor; $1 a year; circulation 5,000; published at Ashville, Buncombe county, N. C.

The *Feathered Warrior:* E. W. Roberts, editor; $1 a year; circulation 3,000; published at Goshen, Orange county, N. Y.

II

These papers are written, save for occasional technical language, in plain, lucid English. Their readers, even though they sometimes dispute over the superiority of their stocks, are knitted together into one family, with the sport as their common interest. Without pay, they report cock fights they have seen, and, like country folk donating the materials for a church supper, offer premiums—eggs, chicks, gaffs and prize stock—for new subscribers. What other publications have readers interested sufficiently to provide circulation premiums out of their own pockets?

The editors defend the sport with great ardor. A subscriber would like to know if there aren't laws against cock fighting. He is advised to forget them, for there are too many laws anyway. Is it cruel? No. Editor Meroney adds tartly that some fishermen "think there is no greater sport than hanging a hook in the mouth of a black bass or rainbow trout and watching them struggle themselves to death in an effort to get away. When a cock gets enough and decides to go, nobody holds him." The opponents of the chicken game are "cranks and weak-kneed, half-baked men, and a few well-intentioned but misguided women." The S. P. C. A. is "a nice bunch of rheumatised old ladies and a lot of henpecked old husbands banded together to

stop anything that does not suit their worn-out taste." The society, says the *Game Fowl News*, "must have large membership in Herrin, Ill. They have quit cock fighting there and gone to shooting up one another."

Let us examine a typical issue of *Game Fowl News*, a paper of sixteen pages. From the photograph on the cover stares a White Mule cock owned by a fancier in California. Page 2 is given over to a full page advertisement of F. R. Glover, of Cortland, N. Y., who sells colored pictures of game cocks, a breeders' and cockers' guide, a pedigree and record book, a rule book, and a training book. Mr. Glover also deals in condition powders, saws, kits, spurs, heels, and gloves.

Under "At The Shows" on Page 3, a breeder reports that the Eastern Michigan Poultry Association show at Pontiac exhibited ninety-three perfectly feathered pit game fowls. Visitors were surprised to learn that so many existed in America and that so many bred them. Page 3 and part of Page 4 bear an article by Larry O'Gaff from the *Feathered Warrior*, unfolding the family history of the noted Mahoney gulls, named for Dennis Mahoney of Rochester, N. Y., who bred and fought them in pits ranging from Louisville to Buffalo. One of them once slaughtered twenty-one opponents.

On Page 3 is also a note on the embargo that the Washington State Department of Agriculture has placed on shipping fowl there. On Page 6 the editor has an editorial in praise of cock fighting. He finds it about the only honest sport left. It inspires and spurs a man on to "higher ideals and gives him a true and noble courage afterwards that should be carried by all men that feel that they are free men and lords of the universe." Those seeking information about the proposed tournament at Juarez are advised to write to gentlemen in El Paso. The remainder of the page has reading notices of things offered for sale elsewhere and a column of hints headed "A Few Shuffles."

Page 7 carries an article by one Professor Cale on the value of occasionally introducing game cock breeds into domestic strains. An old-timer, under "Years Ago," tells about the pits at Texarkana and Little Rock, to which the fraternity used to journey from Atlanta, Memphis and Nashville. "Georgia," he says, "is full of crowing stags [i.e., young game cocks] this year, and, boys, it certainly gives me a thrill to look them over. They remind me of young boys just putting on their first pair of long trousers. Shy and cunning, but beginning to like the fair sex." He comments on the big stag main between South Carolina and Georgia. "Was looking over some of my old game papers the other night and could not help but notice the amount of saloons' and brewers' ads these old game journals used to carry."

Page 8 is given over to questions and answers, notes on the Memphis tournament, a dialect story by Bill Gaffer on his "mixed bloodits," a recipe for feeding young chicks, and "What They Say," a series of extracts from the letters of subscribers, praising the paper. Under the heading of "In the Pit, Where Good Blood Shows," on Page 9, a correspondent describes eleven hack fights at Smackover, Ark. The subscribers from seventeen States offer premiums for new subscribers. The remaining six pages are filled solidly with advertisements of those who sell eggs, chicks, stags, pullets, gaffs, condition powders, jiggers, all the accoutrements of battle. One breeder has this:

> *For Sale.* Some nice brood cocks and my entire brood pens. I can't teach school and breed chickens; school boards do not like it. A real bird dog bitch guaranteed. Also two puppies: $10 each.
> A. B. VERNON, *Bryant, Okl.*

George B. Means, of Concord, N. C., successor to his father, George W. Means, for fifty years before his death in 1926 the foremost dealer in the South, offers Red Cubans for sale. H. P. Clarke, A. M., M. D. of Indianapolis, will sell a set of pit game boxing gloves for a dollar. He has toted American birds to Mexico, England and

France, and has petitioned Dr. M. A. Jull, of the United States Department of Agriculture, who is preparing a book on "The Poultry of the World," a companion to "The Horse and Dog," to add a section on game fowl.

III

It is remarkable how the sport of cock fighting has lived. It originated thousands of years ago in the jungles of India. From there it spread throughout the world, and every civilized nation or race, ancient or modern, has fought cocks or is fighting them today. Five hundred years ago in England the sport was condemned as "idle and unlawful," but later it became "the sport of kings," and by the early Eighteenth Century was the most popular recreation in the Three Kingdoms. Queen Elizabeth saw mains at the royal pit, and Van Dyck painted Charles I at a tournament. The rise of horseracing sent cock fighting into decline in the early Nineteenth Century, and in 1849 Parliament passed a law prohibiting it, as it had been prohibited in 1365 and 1654. The sport still lingers like a weak flame in England, where promoters now find it difficult to stage the ancient Three Counties Main.

The American colonists brought their game cocks, training methods, rules and vocabulary from England. Lord Fairfax walked hundreds of game cocks on his Virginia domains. Washington and Jefferson owned and bet on them. Jackson, as a young law student at Salisbury, N. C., copied a recipe to feed cocks that is now preserved among his papers in the Library of Congress.

The pit game cocks in use in the United States have a long genealogy. Naturalists agree that they sprang from one or more native species in the jungles of Asia or the Malay islands. Some believe the progenitor of all of them to be *Gallus giganticus*, a native of Java and Sumatra. Darwin in his "Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication" says that all the domestic fowl in the world, game or otherwise, descend from a member of the pheasant family, still existing in the wild state: *Gallus bankiva*, or the black-breasted red junglefowl. By artificial selection extending over centuries man has bred the offspring of this species into fowl weighing from twenty ounces to seventeen pounds, and with color variations running from black to white.

The first game cocks in the colonies were not brought directly from India, but came from England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, where breeders had developed black-reds, reds, ginger-reds, duckwings, brassy-wings, blue-reds, spangles, duns, pyles, greys, cuckoos, black-and-whites, milk-whites, blacks, blues, birchens, creels, muffs, and derby reds. Delaware cock fighters before the Revolution boasted so valiantly in the Philadelphia pits over the fighting qualities of the offspring thrown by a blue hen that the Quakers nicknamed the inhabitants of the State the Blue Hen's Chickens. George Washington imported a flock of yellow pyles or piles from New Orleans and, in a letter that is still preserved in the Virginia Historical Society archives at Richmond, invited Thomas Jefferson to come to Mt. Vernon and have some sport. This innocent letter is the source of familiar whispers against Washington's virtue. Certain investigators, unfamiliar with the language of the cockpit, have mistaken yellow pile, as written in Washington's handwriting, for yellow pine, a local name for a high yellow girl.

American breeders today raise pure Old English pit game fowl. A second group came here from Spain, France, other European countries, Mexico, South America and Cuba, and differs in color from the British game cocks. A third group, brought here from brood pens in Great Britain, is a cross between the older strains and Asiatics. This mixture was produced in England after Clive had conquered India. His soldiers saw the aseel or kulang, a high-born descendant of the junglefowl, matched against the English game, promptly slash

and cut them to pieces. Before each pitting the Hindoo handlers, who were in a state of ceremonial purity, whispered into both ears of the aseel, "Allah is immutable."

These surprising victories led British officers to introduce into England not only aseels from India, but also strains from China, Japan and Malaysia. They bred some pure, and crossed others with the European strains, as in the experiment of General Gilbert, who crossed a red aseel with an English black-breasted red, which produced the Cornish strain, a muscular-chested type that sometimes scales at twelve pounds. By 1870, breeders in England had, by mixing orientals and the home strains, evolved a type known as the Modern English, with long stilty legs, short hard feathers, a snakelike neck, a small skull above the eyes, a lizard head, a well-curved beak, and a broad chest. All three types, Modern English, Old English, and Orientals or Aseels, fight today in the United States.

Americans imported a fourth group direct from the Orient. This traffic began after the Revolution, when Yankee seamen, touching at oriental ports, brought junglefowl aboard their ships to provide fresh eggs and chicken dinners, and to fight on deck. Arriving in port, the sailors turned the live ones loose in New England barnyards to mingle with the domestic fowl, often with most gratifying and surprising results.

One red malay game cock, brought home to Salem by Capt. Richard Wheatland about 1846, treaded a hen of English forbears and their offspring were the first Rhode Island Reds. The father is stuffed and on show today at the Peabody Academy of Sciences at Salem. A shanghai, later called a cochin, brought home from China in 1840, crossed with a malay, and one of their throw, bred with a hen out of England, gave issue that was introduced at the first Boston poultry show in 1849, by Dr. John C. Bennett of Plymouth, Mass., as the Plymouth Rock.

American breeders have imported pure junglefowl, orientals, aseels, japs, shamos and malays. They have crossed them with older American stocks to evolve types with new combinations of qualities. Some show the red and blue peacomb instead of the straight rose comb, and sport the brilliant junglefowl pheasant colors of red, grey and green. This neo-oriental blood has raised the average weight of game cocks here at least two pounds. Some who favor the lighter English strain disdainfully call them turkey weights.

The breeders often give their strains fancy names. An interested student, I. N. Dismore of Miami, Okla., in a list published in the *Game Fowl News*, notes 253 such names. Here are a few: Arkansas Travellers, Atkinson Aseels, Baltimore Topknots, Blue Gladiators, Crazy Snakes, Dal Johnson's Warhorses, English Hennies, Eagle Heads, Frymire Smoke Balls, Georgia Shawlnecks, Gleezen's Irishmen, Henrys High Combs, Irish Shamrocks, Irish Reds, Stone Fences, Jungles, Jim Sanford's Claibornes, James Boys, Kansas Sluggers, Legislators, Meal Tickets, Mortgage Lifters, McCoy's Jungles, Oklahoma Shufflers, Pit Pills, Roughhouse Blues, Spanish Cubans, Strychnine Greys, White Mule, and Yellow Jackets.

A trainer or feeder conditions a game cock for battle by exercises, by diet, by boxing, by a daily training programme. American cock fighters have inherited their systems from the English, who received them from the Orient, where the Hindoos used to guard their secrets as magic lore. Those who could effectively train a game cock to win in the pit have been extravagantly rewarded and sought after in all ages and nations. Even today a favorite book on conditioning by Sol. P. McCall, of Gretna, La., sells for $20.

A game cock is put through a training at which a prize-fighter, unless he were of tremendous fortitude, would balk. The trainer starts to weed out his material shortly after hatching by tossing from the flock all the scrubby chicks, and all the

precocious ones that mature too early. The selected heroes are prepared to fight in the pit as stags at one year and as cocks at two. The six weeks before a match are the busiest ones. By placing leather rolls, muffs or boxing gloves over its natural spurs, a trainer lets his candidate spur or spar—the origin of the verb *to spar* with gloves—, so that it may learn the tricks and wiles of fighting without suffering serious injury. From these leather rolls, Broughton, a champion pugilist, borrowed the idea, in 1745, of making boxing gloves for his pupils.

To arouse the bird's fighting instinct, the trainer allows it to chase a barnyard rooster. To accustom it to the weapons of the arena, he sets it against a rival armed with steel gaffles, corked except for a small bit of uncovered metal. He is careful not to overmatch it with a heavier, pitwise champion that might break its *morale* by trouncing it before it gains its full growth. He strengthens its leg muscles by running it on a board or treadmill and by tossing it on a tossing table. He sweats off its fat by placing it in a straw box. He rubs it down and shampoos its head. He turns its fat into muscle and sinew.

Feeding is an important thing in the conditioning process. The old-time English and the Irish trainers relied upon a specially prepared bread. They made it with flour and any stale beer or ale they happened to have left over at mealtime. They also added white wine or sack, gin, whiskey or other spirits, and a whole *materia medica* of seeds, plants, roots, barks, and leaves. This bread reeked with vitamines and calories. Certain trainers later simplified the process by first making a liquid of the sour juices of plants, and then adding wine, whiskey or other spirits to it. In sampling this concoction before pouring it into the dough, they found it an appetizing tonic, not only for pit fowl, but also for man. They named it, regardless of what it contained, cock bread ale or cock ale, and in the spelling of the time it became cock ail. Americans knew a variant of this beverage, as early as 1800, as the cocktail. Somehow a *t* had got into the mixture.

Today Webster's Dictionary defines a cocktail as "any of various beverages of spirit, iced and flavored with bitters." The *sine qua non* is the bitters. Since drinkers usually buy them ready-made, they rarely stop to consider that Hostetter's, for instance, has, according to Henley's "Twentieth Century Book of Recipes, Formulas and Processes," (New York, 1927), these ingredients: calamus, 1 pound; orange peel, 1 pound; calumba root, 1 pound; rhubarb root, 4 oz.; cinnamon bark, 2 oz.; cloves, 1 oz.; alcohol, 2 gallons; water, 1 gallon; sugar, 1 pound. A Manhattan cocktail, as set forth in the "Scientific American Cyclopedia of Formulas," 1925, contains, besides whiskey, syrup, maraschino, ice and lemon peel, bits of herbs, roots, leaves and barks of thirty-eight varieties. Angostura bitters, one of its ingredients, has mixed in with its honey and proof spirit no less than twenty-four herbs; and Italian vermouth, a flavored white wine, contributes fourteen.

IV

A cocking main is a series of seven, eleven, twenty-one or any odd number of matches arranged by two betting groups who supply game roosters between specified weights and bet on each battle and on which side will win a majority of victories. The weights in the past usually ranged from three pounds six ounces to four pounds eight ounces. Today they run from four pounds six ounces to six pounds four ounces or seven pounds, or any agreed heft. Fanciers have wagered as much as $5,000 on a single match and from $500 to $10,000 on the general result. In a Welsh main the winners are paired until only one remains. In a battle royal, five or more birds are set into the pit at once, to cut and slash one another until only one survives. Bye-battles or hacks are extra or preliminary fights.

Four days before a properly conducted

main, a trainer places his bird in fighting trim by cutting its comb, wattles and gills, clipping the excess feathers from its neck and hackles, trimming its flowing tail to a fan shape, and if the rules permit, cutting its wings to sharp quills, so that if they are flirted open in a mill they may blind an antagonist.

Three days before the main, a matchmaker weighs the birds, and pairs those on each side against others of equal weight, give and take an ounce if under five pounds, and give and take two ounces if over five pounds. Those paired for bye-battles or hacks, if blinkers—that is, if blinded in one eye—are given an added weight pull. If a bird is slightly overweight by a few grams, its trainer pulls out three or four tail feathers and runs it up and down to make it check. Game cocks often eat enough before going to the pitside to gain as much as a pound. Officials at the scales note down a minute description of every bird, to prevent one side from ringing in heavy ones.

The day of the main a heeler, a valued craftsman, points the game cock for battle by adjusting over its natural spurs gaffs from one and a quarter inches to two and a half inches long, pointed like surgical needles. Sometimes the contestants agree to slashers sharpened on one side like a razor. The Mexicans heel a bird only on what they consider the most effective side, the left. They tie on a slasher from two to six inches long, sometimes as straight as a pocket-knife blade and sometimes curved like a sickle—a deadly weapon. Americans who desire quick one-round knockouts sometimes vote for two slashers instead of two gaffles. An unfair heeler who seeks certain victory by surreptitiously sharpening both sides of a slasher or gaff sometimes ruefully sees his entry, in striking at an opponent, cut its own throat.

On the day of the main the trainer and the heeler are expected to have their roosters trained to the pink of condition, so-called from the hue of the healthy posterior flesh, and properly heeled before they carry them in white linen bags to the pitside and deliver them to the seconds or handlers. A handler examines each bird to see if it is ready. Then he scrutinizes the rival bird to see that no pepper has been placed underneath its wings to blind his entry in a battle clinch. Everything else being equal, the bird with the best second or handler will win.

The ideal arena is a platform the size of an immense dinner table, twenty feet in diameter and covered with matting or carpet. A chalk ring a yard in diameter is in the center, and therein the birds are set-to beak to beak or breast to breast. A rail around the edge keeps them from falling out.

Cock fighters today have twenty-four sets of rules to choose from in regulating a main. As set down in "The American Pit Rules" they bear such names as New York, Virginia, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Baltimore, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco, Albany, McCall's and Gleezen's. All are based on the old Royal pit rules from England.

During a main, the handlers stand on the platform. Outside, if the original rules are used, sit two masters of the match, a judge, and a teller of the law or counter. The masters turn the cocks into the pit, after which, under the rules, the handlers cannot touch them again unless ordered to do so when they drive and hang their spurs into each other or into the mat, or fight dangerously near the pit edge.

Game cocks sometimes run together and meet in an even break with a smashing, slapping sound that has been likened to the snapping open of a wet umbrella. A spectator frequently has difficulty in following the humming action. Sometimes they appear as two rolling balls of brilliant-hued feathers out of which a few feathers fly into the air.

Sometimes one kills the other on the first fly or in the first break-away. Sometimes a fight lasts an hour. They have different styles of attacking. A hard-hitter aids the power of its leg drive by the sweep

of its wings—a deliberate and coordinated thrust which makes it appear to be kicking its opponent around the pit. This type, even when dying on its back, has been known to kill a crowing rival standing nearby with a last kick. A slasher strikes quickly, without power from the wing sweep to aid its legs.

Some fight for the body and some for the head. Some go in with lowered beak and some walk in with head up. Armed with steel gaffs, they do terrible execution, breaking legs, cutting muscles and ligaments, uncoupling wings, twisting necks awry, making throat wounds, slashing their opponents to ribbons.

They use their curved eagle-like beak to grip the other fellow, whether fighting in the air or on the ground, and kick fast. Even when blinded, some will try for this bill hold. This instinct to strike out for a hold is known as showing pluck. So long as it pecks, even though wounded and sightless on the mat, a bird is dangerous, and the officials consider it still able to fight. Sometimes it will gain a grip and, working its gaffs, cut a rival down. This effort is its last futile gesture of defiance to the world before it dies, plucky to the last.

Game cocks known as high-flyers will rise three or four feet into the air in an effort to strike down upon or sidewise at an antagonist with one or both spurs. The two flying together as though in a drill, they link beaks in the air to shuffle and cut. Another will feint his opponent into flying high, allow him to leap overhead, and before he alights, turn and ruck (or wreck) him before he comes back to earth.

They sidestep and dodge. A wheeler or sidewheeler, when short of wind, will lower one wing like an airplane banking, turn, describe a circle, and then return to the attack. When both are pitwise hitters and cutters who are out to win or die trying, a tragedy usually results, and one is carried out in a black bag.

Some cannot stand the gaff. A sulker, when cut, will stop attacking, but will not run or squawk. A runner will gallop out of the pit and show the white feather. A squawker, fearful of its life, crows out in terror and flies the pit. The disappointed betters at the pitside shout: "Throw him into the soup! He's a stew!" This suggestion some owners willingly follow by wringing its neck to prevent it from transmitting its craven traits to progeny.

Pit battles are not always decided by a game cock dying in its tracks or running away. They are sometimes counted out. When one or both stop fighting from fatigue or indifference, the officials count one or both out of the pit by either the long count—roughly, by tolling ten ten times over, or a hundred in all—or by the short count—two twenties, or forty. If one fights, that is, shows pluck, it breaks the count.

Officials commonly call the short count on a cock that appears hopelessly beaten and the long count on one that still has a chance to win. McCall's rules allow a handler, under certain circumstances, to give in without the formality of a count.

Boxers borrowed the ten-second rule from the cockpit. Pugilists in the Sullivan era spoke of any number up to nine as the short count and the deciding ten as the long one. The ring has borrowed many other locutions from the cockpit. Boxers are *matched*, work into the *pink of condition*, try to get into *fighting trim*, are *weighed in*, are *pitted* and *set-to* against an opponent, have *backers* and *handlers*, sometimes *squawk* often are *dead game*, *take the count* and are *counted out*.

All of us use expressions in daily discourse that come from the cockpit, as, for example, when we speak of a man as *sulky*, *plucky*, as *gritty*, or as having a *clean-cut appearance*, or as being *rattled*, or as one who, in seeking an unfair advantage, *cuts his own throat*.

WHY MEN WORK FOR NEWSPAPERS

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

MY FATHER has been in newspaper work for a little more than forty years. Always an affectionate parent, he did his level best for me. He got me a job in the office of a manufacturer, and then one in a bank, and then one in a grocery store, and then one as a telephone lineman's assistant, and then one in a chair factory. Nor did he give up hope, even then. He talked to me seriously about the advisability of teaching school. However, when he found that I was obdurate against that he surrendered. Since I could not add figures, nor write a neat hand, nor calculate prices, nor climb a telephone pole, nor employ my hands to control a machine, he ruefully decided that I was a born newspaper man and got me a job on the weekly published at the county-seat. That was eighteen years ago, and I have been able to eat three times a day ever since; so it seems that he was right.

Yet I understand now what was in his mind when he ranged all the way from the *haute noblesse* of business down to manual labor, seeking frantically some trade to which I would stick, leaving his own as the last desperate defense against starvation. A few months ago a kinsman wrote to me asking advice with regard to his sophomore son who is beginning to attract attention in the college newspaper, and is suspected of hankering after a career in journalism. I advised the father to use a shotgun rather than an ax, as being more humane and less messy.

But that reply didn't seem so smart when the exasperated parent reported that one of our cousins, who is a physician, and a good one with a fat city practice, had advised chloroform in case the boy seemed to be swinging toward medicine; and another cousin, who is a lawyer, and regarded with respect by rich corporations, suggested a strait-jacket and lunacy proceedings, if he turned toward the law. As for the boy's father, he is a clergyman of a sect which holds that clergymen are, or of a right ought to be, called of God; so to train up the boy to follow his own profession would be, as you might say, unconstitutional, and not to be thought of.

All of which demonstrates the truism that every man who has worked at his trade long enough to become a journeyman, hates it. He may love it, too, and be unwilling to exchange it for any other; but he is slow to recommend it to youngsters, because the years have shattered his illusions about this one, leaving relatively undamaged his illusions about trades which he has not tried. Therefore the fact that many old newspaper men hate journalism doubtless proves nothing except that they are old newspaper men. They have rubbed all the shininess off their toy and it no longer attracts them.

Nevertheless, there are certain objective tests which journalism does not stand well. In the first place, its scope is sharply restricted. In medicine, or in law, the young practitioner who possesses genius rises and rises throughout a lifetime and dies at the top of his profession, indeed, but still definitely within it. But what happens to the genius who blunders into journalism? Within a year or two, or at most, five, he rises not merely to the top, but far above it. He shoots right out of the trade and describes a trajectory into some

other business. He goes into the advertising department. He becomes a glorified press-agent. He sails into politics, or some other form of salesmanship. If his genius happens to be literary, he develops into an author. Even if he clings to the newspaper environment, he becomes a publisher, which is to say, not an active journalist, but an impresario of journalists.

On the other hand, the trade has no minimum standards of efficiency which its craftsmen must meet in order to retain professional standing. A medical student may turn out to be so bad a doctor that his license is revoked, and thereafter it is a crime for him to practice medicine. Even a lawyer is occasionally disbarred for sheer incompetence. I have never heard of a cleric who was unfrocked merely for being illiterate and half-witted, but if he contrives to land in the penitentiary his church usually gets rid of him. A journalist in jail, however, is debarred from practice only so long as he is actually under lock and key; even while in durance he is no more out of his trade than a journalist in hospital. And as for being expelled for sheer incompetence, the thing is impossible. I do not think that there ever was a newspaper man so bad, as a newspaper man, that he couldn't hold a job on some paper in the United States.

Furthermore, except as regards certain executive positions, journalism, like pugilism, is properly the pastime of youth. Perhaps the Lord taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man, but the city editor doth. Even as relatively mild an assignment as swinging across the country with a Presidential candidate subjects a man to loss of sleep night after night, irregular meals, inclement weather, and all the fatigues of travel, which do no good to one with a paunch and a bald head, the father of a family and a grave citizen. Of course such men are clean out of the running when it comes to the really athletic assignments—meeting an incoming ship at the mouth of the harbor and scaling her side with the pilot on an ice-covered ladder; snooping around among the firemen at a real blaze, nimbly sidestepping walls and red-hot steel girders as they come down; following the rescue crews practically without sleep for days at mine disasters, and through flooded and tornado-swept country; getting swiftly to the scene of an accident that happened fourteen miles from nowhere.

A man with a leaky heart may hold a job on a copy-desk indefinitely, but even there, as his physical vigor abates, his efficiency decreases materially. An editorial writer, a dramatic, music, or literary critic may conceivably grow more valuable to his paper as age ripens his judgment and increases his wisdom. Unfortunately, age doesn't always do anything of the kind; but the thing is possible, and in one of those positions the newspaper man may grow old gracefully.

However, the young reporter has only to look around him in any big newspaper office to find visual evidence of the rarity of such an end. For every old man in a position of dignity and responsibility attached to an impressive salary, he will observe at least half a dozen derelicts, once good reporters, but now slowed down and pottering at trifling routine jobs—clipping exchanges, looking after files, bossing copy boys—and full of windy and pointless stories of the triumphs of earlier decades. In covering his beat the young reporter is certain to run across many worse derelicts, whom liquor, or drugs, or women have thrust so far down the ladder that not the most humane newspaper management can afford to keep them on its payroll.

The complete wrecks, however, are not as terrible in the eyes of the imaginative youngster as the virtual pensioners in the office. Bums are not peculiarly the product of newspapers; they come from all professions and all walks of life. On the other hand, the old fellows now hanging on to picayune jobs are, and have always been, straight and decent; but they are in a business in which speed, physical as well as mental, is a requisite qualification, and

they are already slow and steadily growing slower. All their clean living, and all their conscientious service, cannot put them on the right side of fifty again, and the road before them is inevitably, steadily down-grade.

Thus journalism cannot hold its geniuses and it cannot provide ease and dignity for men of moderate ability when they grow old. To this extent, therefore, it bears all the outward appearance of a bad trade.

II

There is another consideration which points to the same conclusion. This is the fact that journalism tends, as I believe, to corrode the domestic virtues in its practitioners. Perhaps corrode is not the word; I might have done better to write neutralize. Certainly I know a vast number of newspaper men who reek of domestic virtues, and who perform Herculean labors in their efforts to be good husbands and fathers. The virtue of these men is evidently not corroded; but I am somewhat dubious of the success of their efforts. Their virtue is defeated and neutralized.

Consider the position of the newspaper man's wife, especially that of the luckless gal whose husband is on a morning paper. The brute sleeps until the middle of the day, demands breakfast at an hour when all well-conducted cooks prefer to be preparing lunch, goes to work in the afternoon, and comes back at the ghostly hour when all normal persons' vitality is at its lowest ebb, somewhere around three o'clock in the morning. Among the unsung heroines of the race count the woman who, when her husband comes blundering in and switches on the light at 3:15 can sit up in bed with a smile every morning.

But the worst of her job is that she must paddle her own canoe, socially. The peak of her husband's labor comes just at the hour when all the rest of the world is at play. The movies, the theaters, the concerts are not for him, except on his night off. Sometimes he may be able to manage a matinée, but what woman wants a male escort at a matinée? As for dinners, dances and evening bridge parties, who wants to be forever furnishing hostesses with the problem of supplying an extra man? And if the newspaper man's wife attends many such functions, how is she to avoid running hopelessly into debt socially, seeing that she cannot possibly entertain more than one night a week, and in justice to her husband ought not to entertain every night he is off duty?

In any case, she is in an indefinable position, socially. Obviously she does not fit into the group of wives of honest tradesmen. Just as obviously she cannot join the group of the idle rich. Her husband, regardless of the frantic efforts of organizations of journalists to make him one, is not a professional man, nor is he unmistakably an intellectual. The Bohemian group will accept no woman solely on her husband's record, and Bohemia is essentially masculine, anyhow. There is no group to which the newspaper man's wife unmistakably belongs. She must make her own friends, for her marriage has given her no sort of status.

More than that, she must raise the children single-handed for the same reason that she cannot attend dinner dances, namely, that her husband is never on hand to assist her at the critical moment. He is asleep when she gets the children off to school, and at the office when they come home. He is never in the house at that appalling hour just before dinner when fatigue and hunger combine to bring out all the latent hellishness in the brood; nor is he around to assist in the complicated and trying process of filing them away for the night. Colic always hits before he gets home; in the early morning, when the children are fresh and chipper and most charming, he never sees them. As a father, he is a washout. It came home to me when my own small daughter once remarked, in her flattering way, on how nice it would be if Daddy lived in our house.

Much has been made of the economic

submergence of the newspaper man. His is not a lucrative trade. A study of Yale graduates made some years ago placed him, I believe, just below school-teachers and just above musicians in the economic scale. Musicians were at the foot of the list. A similar study today perhaps would raise newspaper men a notch, at least if it were confined, like the one mentioned, to college graduates in the business. But it would not raise him many notches.

But if newspaper men are paid little, what would you have? Are they worth any more? You pay a plasterer $20 a day, not because you think the plasterer is a noble fellow, but because you can't get one for less. If the high-schools were full of boys able to do the work, you might be able to hire a plasterer for $25 a week. The fact is, newspaper work in its lower grades is unskilled labor, and its pay scale is based on the fact. Any high-school boy of normal intelligence is capable of doing leg-work acceptably. In the higher reaches a certain amount of technical skill is essential; but not even a managing editor is required to assimilate the vast fund of information a surgeon must possess before he is permitted to cut off a wart, or even the professional information a lawyer must have before he is allowed to defend a crap-shooter. And when you get into the higher reaches the economic objection collapses. There are, or there have been, journalists whose salaries topped that of the President of the United States.

Newspaper proprietors must possess a fair degree of commercial shrewdness in order to survive; but I have yet to encounter one of such unheard-of ability that he was able to employ labor for less than it would command elsewhere. And I have known several who were paying certain men a good deal more than they were worth.

Nor does it seem to me likely that the application of the chain-store idea to newspapers is necessarily bound to result in the further oppression of the wage-slaves. My observation does not indicate that it works in this fashion elsewhere. The late Mr. Woolworth's employés have not been flinging themselves into the harbor in showers. The Oil Trust's hired hands wax fat. So do those of the Tobacco Trust, and of late even the serfs of the Steel Trust have been howling but softly. And talk about Hearst newspaper men all you will, you can't laugh off the fact that Arthur Brisbane built an apartment house in New York as big as a small mountain. Chain newspapers are, of course, going to pay the current rate, and no more, for ordinary labor; but when they do discover a man capable of doing the sort of work they need, they can afford to pay him a salary that would bankrupt the proprietor of a single sheet. Therefore the principal difference that the chain-store idea applied to newspapers has made to journalists is the opportunity it offers men of exceptional ability to earn the income of a second-rate lawyer, or a fourth-rate bootlegger.

The difference that the newspaper chain is making in journalism is another matter; but if it reduces the liveliness and individuality of newspapers, the loss falls upon the readers, and is something for the public, not for the newspaper hired hands, to worry about.

III

Few occupations in which men engage are surrounded with a haze of sentimental bunk thicker than the fog which veils the realities of newspaper work from the eyes of the public. Young boys are commonly impressed with the idea that the newspaper man is a gay, care-free and charmingly wicked fellow. He goes into theaters, prize-fights and football games on passes. He knows the cops and the fire chiefs by name. He interviews actresses in the intimacy of the dressing-room. He bats around town all night. He knows professional gamblers and dive-keepers, and even more famous figures in the hierarchy of crime. He has been everywhere that the properly brought up high-school boy is

forbidden to go, and he seems to be intimate with everybody with whom the boy is forbidden to associate. So to youth he is inevitably a glamorous figure.

But he also impresses people old enough to know better. Men of mature years, and reputed to be of sound mind, have frequently congratulated me on the magnificent opportunity I have, as a newspaper man, to do a great work in the world by molding public opinion. I have usually accepted their congratulations with a deprecatory smile, suppressing my knowledge of the fact that I have about as much chance to alter the policy of my paper as a buck private in the rear rank has of altering the major strategy of the campaign; and suppressing also my growing suspicion that the men who do direct the policies of most American newspapers have not the least desire to mold public opinion. Their loftiest aspiration is to guess, twenty-four hours in advance, which way public opinion is going to swing, so as to be able to jump to that side.

What evidence is there that the newspaper press has any effect whatever on American public opinion save, perhaps, in the sense that it occasionally exasperates the masses beyond all endurance, and brings down their wrath on the causes it supports? When have the people ever done anything which the newspapers, with practical unanimity, have advised them to do? Big Bill Thompson, enjoying the solid and furious opposition of the Chicago press, was elected all but unanimously. Hylan, of New York, as long as all the newspapers hated him with sufficient intensity, was impregnable. It was Al Smith who finally put him down, not the press. The great majority of reputable American newspapers were against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti; but the wops are buried just as deep as if all journalists had favored knocking them off. It is no wonder, then, that large numbers of newspaper proprietors have given up the molding of public opinion as a bad job and now devote their efforts to keeping just far enough ahead of it to avoid being trampled in the rush.

Here, then, according to my own showing, is a trade which cannot hold its men of first-rate ability, and has great difficulty in getting rid of those who are no good; which is practiced with real success only by men at the high tide of their physical, as well as their mental, vigor, and which offers but a dismal prospect to the man who is growing old; which handicaps its practitioners in their normal social and domestic relations and extends the handicaps to their families; which is not lucrative; and which contributes little to a man's self-esteem because it does not confer the consciousness of power, or dignity, or weight in the world. How do I account for the fact that sane men stay in it?

Probably the answer is that the sanest do not; but at that there are plenty left who are indubitably of testamentary capacity, and who might easily find other jobs that would support them. Their adhesion to journalism I am inclined to regard as striking evidence in support of the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination. They are simply not of the elect, and if some omnipotence projected them into a Rotarian heaven, it would be hell to them.

There are men destined from their mother's womb to regard this world as a garish, outlandish and somewhat bawdy, but infinitely amusing and thrilling show, yet without ever being stage-struck. They delight in portraying it, but feel no urge to participate in the action. The greatest of these become artists, of one sort or another; the lesser fill the ranks of journalism.

Some of them are cynical, viewing the show as an uproarious farce, thoroughly enjoyable, but not to be taken seriously. Some are pessimistic, viewing the whole thing with a mounting disgust which frequently leads them to choose the suicide exit, and walk out in the middle of the second act. But vast numbers of them are thoroughly ingenuous, squealing with schoolgirl delight at each melodramatic climax, hissing the villains heartily, and

rapturously applauding each successive hero, real or bogus, not with mere hand-clapping, but also with flowers and kisses thrown from the balcony.

These are the born journalists, the ones who will never quit as long as they can drag themselves to their desks. Suppose they are not rewarded with much money, or dignity, or fame; suppose they are debarred from living the life of a normal man; suppose they wield no power while they last, and cannot last long. What of it? They each yell more, sweat more, hiss more, start more tears and goose-flesh in the course of their lives than a dozen normal and ordinary men. They have a hell of a good time.

And if gray days come upon them when they grow more than a little sick of the whole performance, who is immune from that disaster? My doctor cousin, regardless of the fascination that a pill has for him, falls into moods when it seems to him that attending belly-aches is one of the dreariest destinies with which man may be afflicted. My lawyer cousin, I know, sometimes ponders darkly on the question of whether springing malefactors who ought to be hanged is an occupation altogether worthy of a Christian man. Sometimes, indeed, I go the length of suspecting that my clerical cousin, father of the ghoul-haunted sophomore, has made the mistake of praying the prayer of Cromwell's Scotch Presbyterians, that God may tell him whether it is possible that he may be mistaken—and found that the answer is in the affirmative.

So if by whatever road we travel we all come to the same dark goal, if we are all destined to arrive at the sombre conclusion that we are not such grand and noble fellows, after all, if, in other words, there is absolutely no way, short of death, to prevent a man from getting to be forty years old, is it worth while to cry out against any particular route? Some of us are so constituted that we get more fun out of journalism than we could out of anything else; and that's that.

I think I shall write the sophomore and tell him to come on in; the water's fine and he'll not be damned in journalism much sooner than he would be anywhere else.

THE GALLANT DOMINICANS

BY JUAN GÓMEZ

One hears, in the United States, a great deal about Haiti and its woes. The Black Republic has received an amount of excited sympathy from Americans which is amazing to the citizens of Cuba, Honduras, Porto Rico, and until recently, Nicaragua, all of which, during a short lifetime, have been the subject of Yankee intervention, usually bloodless but sometimes stiffly opposed. For some unexplained reason Haiti has taken on an heroic, martyred aspect, despite the fact that of its three million people all but a few thousand welcomed intervention and consider the opponents of intervention their bitterest oppressors. This discussion, however, is not going to be about Haiti. It will cross the mountains to the other end of the island and visit another Republic inhabited, tilled and managed by colored men. Americans know academically that the eastern end of the island properly called Hispaniola (not Haiti) contains the Dominican Republic, but since Mr. Bryan's deserving Democrat joke they seldom hear of it. I think the reason is that the Dominicans do not whine. They laugh, shrug, and go about their business, and in a short time the intervention is withdrawn.

The great majority of Haitians would feel no sorrow if Uncle Sam never left the seats of authority in Port au Prince, for they have come to believe that his withdrawal would mean a return to the old days of corruption and banditry. The Dominicans, with hardly a dissenting voice, assert blithely and openly that they prospered while the Marines were on their soil and that they would undoubtedly have become rich had they remained, but they are against intervention all the same, and to a man. "Money," they say, "isn't everything. We'd rather be the head of a rat than the tail of a lion."

It has been stated recently that the one irreparable harm the United States has done to Haiti is "to make them realize that they are Negroes." The fact is, however, that long before the Occupation the Haitians knew they were Negroes. They were far from considering themselves on a par with Spaniards or Frenchmen, Yankees or Scots. They considered themselves far better: in their own eyes they were the aristocrats of the earth. A white man could not become a Haitian citizen. He could hold property only in the name of a black Haitian wife. He was frequently requested to get off the sidewalk to make room for a black Haitian's donkey. He was insulted, patronized, and, when the Haitian dared, bullied. It is not the knowledge that a color-line exists that hurts, for Haiti has always drawn the color-line. If the term *macaque* stings now, it is only because *ti blanc* can no longer be made to feel his disabilities. That epithet, *macaque* (monkey), was not given to the Haitians by whites. It was the mildest and least insulting of the names applied to them by their nearest neighbors, the colored Dominicans. It is still applied by Haitians to their own children in affectionate raillery.

The Dominicans also were quite aware of their color. There were never any massacres of yellows and browns in Santo Domingo, as there were in the Haiti of Christophe and Dessalines, so the average color of the people today is *café au lait* rather than black and the percentage of apparent and real

whites is much greater in the smaller country. It has never, I believe, occurred to any Yankee Marine or bluejacket to call the Dominicans apes. Together with the Central and South Americans, the Portuguese, and even the Spaniards, they share the descriptive name of Spig. This is not in itself a term of even mild contempt. It is merely a contraction of "No spik-a de English." There was no visible evidence that any Dominican claimed superiority on account of his race before the Occupation, and there is none that he feels inferior on account of it since. His patriotism is for his country and is free from racial sentimentality. The one way in which he may be insulted through his color is to be mistaken for a Haitian, whom he considers as on a par with the insects that disturb his rest.

II

The events leading up to the brief American occupation of the Dominican Republic were a tangled skein of petty causes, in themselves almost insignificant, but fraught with worldwide importance. Their roots stretch back to the Grant era, when talk of annexation was first heard. At that time there was implanted in the Dominicans a distrust of the United States which was not removed until the actual presence of Admiral Knapp at the head of the temporary military government convinced them that annexation was no longer an American ambition. As a result they turned to Europe for loans and advice and got themselves in very, very deep.

The laboring class in Santo Domingo has never been enslaved to its rulers as were the Haitian peasants from the time of Dessalines down to the assassination of Guillaume Sam and the coming of the Marines. Political perquisites were only perquisites, and not licenses to plunder the people. The revenues were mainly drawn from customs. The small farmer was much less concerned about the occasional revolutions than was the shopkeeper in the capital city, who mourned the uncollectable debts left behind by the fleeing members of the ousted government. The struggle for supremacy between the Jimenistas and the followers of Horacio Vasquez, called Horacistas, affected the little man only slightly. His taxes were not increased, he was seldom conscripted, and if he did go to war he had a pleasant holiday while away. The leaders of the defeated party fled to New York to join the Latin-American colony in Sixth avenue, while their subordinates went back to their cattle ranches and banana or coffee plantations.

But despite all this, the national debt kept on mounting, and nearly all of it was owed to Europe. Revolutions became more frequent; exports decreased and revenues were falling. Interest payments began to be in arrears. So far the story was that of most tropical Republics. But just at this point the Emperor of Germany discovered that his country's future was on the sea. The German navy and merchant marine began to swell; year after year saw new ships laid down. Thus started on a maritime career, Germany found to her consternation that she had no overseas bases. Great Britain's coaling-stations sat astride of the great trade routes. Germany's ships had to fuel for the entire round trip or else pay differential rates for British coal and British docking abroad.

The Spanish-American war was a disappointment to the Germans. Manila would have been a fair counter to Hong Kong, and a very few more years of the Philippine insurrection would have induced Spain to sell at a reasonable price. Dewey's guns blew away that hope. Germany had to content herself with the northern Marianas and the Pelews, both practically worthless, and with a slice of wildest Borneo and one of the Samoan Islands.

There was nothing unoccupied in the Caribbean which might offset Kingston. Difficulties in meeting interest payments made Venezuela, with its harbor of La Guayra, accessible, but the Monroe Doctrine barred that path, apparently effec-

tively. There remained the Dominican Republic, with its huge Samana Bay, shallow, stormy and by no means the best imaginable base, but still commanding the Mona Passage and with interior lines to the Windward and Leeward Channels.

The Jimenistas were temporarily in power at the time and Horacio Vasquez was leading his army in rebellion against them. Horacio's war chest was low. The German cruiser *Panther* visited the Dominican shore and her commander had a conference with Horacio at which a bulky, clinking canvas bag changed hands. It was agreed that when Horacio came into power he was to grant a ninety-nine year lease of Samana Bay to Germany. As the title would remain with the Dominicans the Monroe Doctrine was to be technically observed.

Horacio found that heavy bag of gold a great burden as the head of an army on the march. He did not care to entrust it to one of his officers: the demand, "Where did you get it?" would have been inevitable. And he dared not face his own party with an admission of his promise to barter away Dominican soil. There was attached to his army a naïve American war-correspondent, a good fellow who seemed honest though slightly foolish, who rode awkwardly on a bony white horse and spent most of his time twisting long mustachios and buying drinks for generals. He spoke practically no Spanish—in fact, he seldom spoke at all. He was Horacio's port in a storm, and to him was entrusted the bag of gold and the tale of its history. Poor Horacio! How could he have guessed that this mild-mannered reporter was Lieutenant Walter Crosley of the American Navy?

The matter was very quietly settled. The American policy at the time contained but one invariable principle: as long as the fighters kept away from towns and from ranches owned or operated by Americans or Europeans, the United States would make no effort to stop or dictate the fighting. Sometimes it even umpired it, the noteworthy case being that of the famous Dillingham Line. Puerta Plata, on that historic occasion, was the object of an attack by Jimenista troops under command of the youthful General Rodriguez. Puerta Plata is a closely built, wooden city with inadequate fire protection. Practically all business, including the railroad, was then in the hands of foreigners, and fighting in the town itself would have entailed much loss to them. Admiral Dillingham surveyed a line seven miles from the city, and informed the rival generals that they could commence firing any time after sunrise next day, the attackers outside the line, the defenders inside. At sunset, if the insurgents were inside the line, the government troops were to quietly evacuate the city. If the defenders still held the line, the insurgents were to withdraw and go elsewhere. Both generals agreed, a battle was fought in which General Rodriguez lost his life, the Jimenistas withdrew, and the town was unharmed.

The usual American policy was followed in Horacio's case. He was not hampered in his attempt to seize the presidency, and in fact, he succeeded shortly after the bag of gold was entrusted to Lieutenant Crosley. His secret was kept, but Germany had again failed to obtain a naval base in West Indian waters. The incident, however, forced the United States to guarantee payment of the Dominican debt to German investors, and the supervision of customs receipts began. St. Elmo's force of hard-riding frontier guards was sworn into the Dominican service, and Colonel Colton and Commander Phillips began to administer the ports of entry.

The new Horacista government was not pleased. The customs receipts were really the prize of office. Tenure was uncertain owing to the nearly equal power of the two factions, and any perquisites to be collected had to be amassed quickly. And there were the Americans stacking up the good money in the bank and keeping careful account of where it went when spent. The annexation bogie rose in vivid form, and the capital

city began to show signs of anti-foreign temper. The United States could not back down, for the guaranty of European investments was the only alternative to allowing European intervention and a consequent wrecking of the Monroe Doctrine. Then came the battle of the Ozama.

III

Santo Domingo City covers the point where the Ozama river runs into the sea. Ships of over fifteen feet draft must lie outside in the open road and lighter their freight in to the customs wharf, which lies under the shadow of Diego Columbus' castle, hidden behind the frowning walls of the fort called Homenaje. The gunboat *Scorpion* lay inside the river opposite the wharf. Out in the roads, unable to cross the bar, were the cruisers *Des Moines*, *Tacoma* and *Galveston*. In command was Admiral R. B. Bradford. On shore, Minister Dawson was finding it more and more difficult to deal with the Horacista government, and was justifiably nervous.

It occurred to the admiral that it might be wise to show the city what he could do if they compelled him to take action. Across the river from Homenaje is a stretch of beach running back to a jungle which struggles up a high hill. Not a house or even a stray cow inhabited this swampy waste. The range from where the ships lay was greater than that necessary for the American guns to rake the city, so the admiral considered it ideal for his object lesson. One afternoon his five-inch guns began to bark from the white ships, spraying the deserted jungle with common shell.

There was tremendous excitement in the city when the firing started, but it soon gave way to Homeric laughter. One and all, the Dominicans roared with mirth. The deadly ships in the bay were not so deadly after all. They were firing, evidently with hostile intent, and were missing the broad target of the city by over a mile! The object lesson was a boomerang.

So the next day the admiral tried another plan to secure the safety of the foreigners. Since it would be his duty in case of a popular rising to land an armed force, it occurred to him that landing would be easier and order would be restored more quickly if his whole force were aboard the *Scorpion*, well up the river and shielded from the fire of Homenaje. A long line of boats put off from the three cruisers filled with bluejackets and marines in heavy marching order, bound for the harbor mouth and the *Scorpion*. From the fort came the shrill cry of a sentry. The Americans were attacking the city! Bells began to clang and bugles to shriek. From every house poured Dominicans armed with rifles, shotguns, and revolvers of all descriptions. Others bore the Dominican arm called *pato de mula* (mule foot), a roaring, wrist-breaking, deadly short pistol made by cutting down the barrel and stock of a heavy sporting rifle until it will fit into an inside pocket. Over the rocks at the river mouth climbed the patriots, nearly three thousand in number, yelling defiance to the invaders. To reach the *Scorpion*, the American boats would have to pass directly under the ragged cliffs within biscuit throw, a fair mark for scores of firearms. So they turned back before getting within range.

The battle of the Ozama was thus won by Dominican patriots, and one American on shore had reason to be very well satisfied that it was. At the first alarm, a prominent and fiery young man named Anibal Moya, a poet, a song-writer, an amateur actor and an altogether delightful companion, conceived the idea of making a hostage to use in case the Americans won a landing. A large pistol was in his hand, and he placed the business end of it against the breast of the American minister, stating calmly that it would explode as soon as the Americans fired on the city. When word came of the retreat of the boats, his pistol went back in his pocket, he offered apologies for the rudeness to which his patriotism had forced him, and withdrew.

"I am glad that it all worked out all right," Don Anibal confided to me months later over the coffee-cups. "It would have broken my heart to shoot such a cheerful old gentleman!"

After the battle of the Ozama, Admiral Bradford sailed away, and a fleet of gunboats under command of Commander Southerland encircled the shoreline of the Republic. Horacio, hamstrung by his unsuccessful German transaction, soon left office. Morales, his successor, was too pacific and pro-Yankee to suit even his own party, so he was deposed by a *coup d'état* and General Ramon Caceres was voted into the uneasy presidential chair. He was immensely popular with the people, and he was clear-sighted enough to see all around a question. The necessary thing for domestic tranquillity was to get the Americans out of sight. The only way to do that was to agree with them upon some method of amortizing the European debt. So the *Modus Vivendi* Treaty went through quietly, the military departed, a minimum of gunboats remained in Dominican waters, cruising aimlessly about and giving dances, and the Dominican government *hired* American experts to administer the receipt of customs. Not an inch of Dominican soil was polluted by the foot of the invader, and the spectre of territorial seizure by European creditors was laid for all time. American employés, not American military, were straightening out the debt tangle.

For several years things went smoothly in Santo Domingo. The customs, administered by the Americans of the Receptoría, were steadily rising, the debts steadily falling. Then events in the rest of the world began to bring heavy and unbalancing pressure to bear. First, the Huerta controversy in Mexico, culminating in the occupation of Vera Cruz, threw a tremendous bombshell into every West Indian chancelry. The United States had, it seemed, definitely abandoned its old formula of intervention for the protection of international trade only. The small republics of Central America and the Antilles concluded that it now claimed the right to dictate the personnel of their governments, and would next be using that usurped right as a pretext for territorial aggrandizement. The Dominican Republic was apparently the first and inevitable victim. The goodwill which had slowly been growing was destroyed almost overnight, and Americans in the republic were justifiably nervous.

Shortly after Vera Cruz, the skipper of a Yankee gunboat decided, as had Admiral Bradford, that a bloodless demonstration of power might promote tranquillity of discussion. Years before, the city of Puerta Plata had decided to build a municipal hospital, and had actually erected a large building of white concrete on a high hill back of town. It had never housed a patient. There had been no money for beds, linen or medicines. There had been no nurses or physicians. The government had used the house now and then as a barracks for the garrison, but it was a long, steep walk from the hospital to the fort where the soldiers' daily duties lay. For months no one had been near the place, now half a ruin. It shone white, clear and deserted among the trees, a fair mark. To demonstrate the range of his guns, the American skipper fired three blind shells into the courtyard.

Next day an enterprising local druggist had a new window display. Against a background of black velvet stood a four-inch shell, slightly battered but polished and oiled. At its base lay a white card inscribed in the beautiful penmanship which has marked the trail of the Spaniard all over the world. It read:

> Fired at the Hospital
> by the
> United States Gunboat
> *Dubuque.*
> God has made us neighbors.
> We must make ourselves friends.
> —*William Jennings Bryan.*

Puerta Plata laughed, and the echoes of the laugh rang across the hills to the other coast.

IV

After the marines landed in Haiti, it was evident to the Dominicans that the United States was now launched on a career of imperialism, and they girded up their loins. Humorous weeklies such as *Cojanlo*, *La Avispa* and *El Perrico* poured out streams of anti-Yankee patriotism. Haiti sank even lower in Dominican estimation as the weeks went by and the only opposition met by the Marines was furnished by the outlaws of the hills, the Cacos who had been read out of even Haitian political society by common consent since the day of the prison massacres. *Sin verguenza* was the remark of the high-class Dominican, as he discussed Haitian events: "They have no shame!"

Finally came a rumor, soon disproved but not yet, perhaps, disbelieved, that nearly half a million dollars of the customs funds had vanished. The incumbent government was *ayanquizado*—pro-American. Real trouble was beginning this time—and the Marines faced another job.

With the battle of the Ozama fresh in memory, the landing at the capital was more cautiously planned. The old fort of San Geronimo, some miles down the coast, was seized without firing a shot one dark night. The Marines landed in force and were bloodlessly in the capital city before its citizens could even sound an alarm. American field guns commanded the streets. The patriots were outmaneuvered, but undaunted. After two disastrous attempts at ambushing patrols, the city smiled grimly and turned its attention to the rest of the country, organizing, planning and chuckling, "All right, they are in. Now let's see them try to get out!"

When the second wave of Marines unexpectedly entered the harbor of Puerta Plata on the north shore, there was considerable opposition. Although the attack was not pushed home, the Dominican plan was evident. They were inferior in arms and short in ammunition, but they prepared to harass and delay the march of the Marines through the country and to lead them against the main body of Dominican troops in a prepared position at Las Trincheras. It was from the beginning a hopeless enterprise, but a gallant one, and it was carried out with surprising absence of bitterness. During the tensest part of Colonel Bearss' two-weeks' march to Moca a catchy little tune ran like wild-fire over the country. "Now Puerta Plata has what it never had before—Americans on shore and more of them out in the bay. I don't love you any more—I don't love you any more." Verse after verse was added, embodying the latest jests at the expense of individual Americans, always with the grinning chorus, "I don't love you any more." Down in the capital, débutantes who before the Occupation had danced and promenaded with Yankee naval officers, boycotted everything American and hummed the refrain as Americans passed their grilled windows.

The pay officer of the ill-fated *Memphis* was promoted during this time. He was an acquaintance of long standing in Santo Domingo City, known to Horacista and Jimenista alike, and since his name, McIntosh, presented difficulties to the Spanish tongue, the Dominicans had years before christened him with the nickname of Papinto (Thistledown). I was in the Fausto restaurant one night, and across the room was a table of six Dominicans prominent in politics—two editors, three Congressmen and a wealthy merchant. Entered Paymaster McIntosh, intent upon the Fausto's shrimp salad. On his khaki blouse glittered the gold leaves of his new rank. The Dominican table began humming at once: "Now Papinto has what he never had before, [*i.e.*, two gold stars]. We hope he's happy, but we don't love him any more. . . ."

The paymaster grinned. "Say, you chaps," he said, "I've a crow to pick with every one of you. I was at Headquarters this morning and Major Hill had six letters threatening his life. You wrote one of them, De Bruil. I know your hand. But

I didn't get any. I'm insulted! Don't I rate any consideration in this war?"

"One at a time," was the reply. "When we have thrown out these damned Marines we'll attend to your case. Meanwhile, sit down and have a drink."

Politically things went from bad to worse. The President resigned, leaving things at loose ends. Refusing entirely to coöperate with the Americans or even officially recognize their existence, the Congress went home. There was no one in authority in the capital who would turn a hand. Annexation still haunted the Dominican mind. The people daily expected its proclamation and would not move a finger to clear away the financial snarl which was steadily becoming more intricate. Their hastily formed resistance to the landing had failed, but the Americans would find that their patriotism was not dead. If the Dominican flag was lowered blood would begin to flow and continue as long as a drop was left. There was nothing loud-voiced or desperate in their attitude. It was expressed calmly, even jovially. "You're a good fellow," the Dominican dandy would say to an American, "much too pleasant to be torn up by the mob. I'll kill you myself on annexation day."

At last Admiral Knapp had to make the final move and the military government began. The admiral was careful in his proclamation to state the limits beyond which he had no intention of passing. Naval and Marine officers would administer the government departments according to existing Dominican laws, and he hoped with the assistance of the Dominican civil service employés. The budget would be balanced as rapidly as possible. A native constabulary would be formed to take the place of the now dispersed army. It was hoped that the Dominicans would proceed to hold an orderly election.

The chief of police in Santo Domingo City was a huge, quiet, efficient man whose courage and honesty were admitted by his bitterest enemies. His patriotism had never been questioned by the most rabid anti-foreign editor, and his counsel had been sought by the leaders in the field while the advance of the Marines was still being opposed. I was with him when the Marine officer sent by Admiral Knapp to warn this gentleman of the coming proclamation of the military government arrived. His face was stern and tired as the major entered, but as he explained his errand, the chief smiled like a boy. "Those are words from Heaven!" he exclaimed. "I suppose that I lose my job?"

"No," said the major, "the admiral wished me to express his hope that you will keep your job."

The chief hesitated, then said, "All right. There will be no trouble here."

As we were leaving, the major turned back from the door. "Don Jaime," he asked, "I know that you hate the thought of our being here more than anybody. And I know that you're not a liar. Why did you say, 'Those are words from Heaven'?"

This time the chief laughed aloud. "We are getting nowhere now," he explained, "and as the government has stopped we can't get anything done in future. The sooner your people take hold the sooner we will be sobered into holding an election. We'll hold it, and when you have cleaned up the muss, you will get out! That's what I mean. It is what the admiral's proclamation means, and I know that Admiral Knapp is not a liar either!"

And that is just what happened. The Marines are still doing the heavy work of patrolling Haiti, nor is there any sign of a change which will permit their withdrawal without bringing back the old anarchy. But long ago the Dominicans set their house in order. From the retiring American military government they took over a balanced budget and a receipted file of closed claims. The Marines have left Santo Domingo, and with them has gone the bugaboo of annexation. In Puerta Plata they are no longer singing "*Te quiero a tí no ma*' "; but they have never stopped laughing. Except when some tourist refers to their country as Haiti.

PANORAMA: PHOENIX, ARIZONA

BY GOLDIE WEISBERG

Genesis of a City

IN THE beginning there was space, broken here and there by more space tossed up excitedly into red, fantastic lumps called mountains. And there was a form of vegetation, magnetic to the eye and painful to the touch, called cactus. And there was all manner of creeping things that came to be known as rattlesnakes, and tarantulas, and Gila monsters.

An intrepid river-bed impressed itself, with some show of pioneering, into and along a portion of all this space, and there were times when the river-bed held water, so that it came to pass that a white man dipped a finger into it one day, and touched it to his lips. He called the stream Salt River, and the space about it the Salt River valley, and the gods of the desert stirred fretfully in the caves of Camel-back, for they knew that it was the beginning of the end. Other men had come before the white intruder; a race of men who built canals and houses and fortifications, who molded pottery and painted many gods thereon, but then vanished, leaving the desert triumphant. They vanished and left us nothing but the ruins of their civilization to marvel at, and their legends to weave into pageants.

On a memorable day there came to the valley one Jack Swilling and a band of settlers. They dug a ditch and built a rock-and-brush dam that diverted the waters of the Salt river and fed the land. The settlers took up homesteads, they planted castor beans for the quick shade they would afford them and for their kindly indifference to heat and drought, and they grew decent crops of barley and corn. One of their number was Darrell Duppa, an Englishman with a feeling for the mythologies. He looked on the ruins of a highly-advanced civilization and named the place Phoenix, and thereupon a city was born.

As the irrigating system grew in scope and more and more land came under cultivation, Phoenix developed into a supply center for the whole district. That was in the days when young men came West to grow up with the country. Soon however, some enterprising visitor, noting the quality of the ozone and the constancy of the sun, wrote home letters which turned out to be first-rate publicity. As a result, a new class of young men came West, not to grow up with the country, but to stay alive with it and salvage the remnants of their lungs. Sanitariums began to dot the landscape, and the more reserved lodging places began to carry as subheads to their "Rooms For Rent" signs the warning, "No Sick Taken." But with a sinister persistence the young men who came to live began to outnumber the young men who came to grow.

The valley at this time was developing citrus groves, sowing alfalfa fields, and improving its dairy herds. Then, shortly after the war, long staple cotton made a sudden attack upon the ranchers, and captured their imaginations. On the heels of it came a third and new class of immigrants: the white trash from Texas and Oklahoma, ready to pitch their tents by the wayside and chop cotton or hoe cotton or pick cotton, according as the season demanded, and then move on to another shack and another job. They settled on the outskirts of the city and on the edges of the ranches,

planting themselves definitely in the picture and serving as the support of a new swarm of second-hand Ford dealers and itinerant gospel-peddlers.

Concurrent with this invasion from Texas and Oklahoma came a wholesale importation of Mexicans from across the line, to work in the cotton fields and lend color to that section of the city which they appropriated as their own. There had always been Mexicans, but never so many, never so affluent, never so profitable to the small merchant with his wares of bright blue peg-top trousers and yellow buttoned shoes. The Mexicans spent their money freely, sang through the day's work, serenaded their sweethearts through the twilights, and on Saturday nights munched pan dulces and strewed peanut shells on the streets.

The inevitable crash followed the overproduction of cotton. Among the many burdens that piled rapidly upon the valley and city, the problem of the Mexicans, jobless, penniless, unschooled and bewildered, grew to mammoth proportions. The association which had brought them over was pledged to get them back. More than one contract was broken and a good deal of unpleasantness ensued. When it all blew over, we had as a more or less permanent part of our population, a large number of Mexican peons who had come to pick the valley's cotton and stayed to do its washing, its irrigating, and much of its petty thieving.

It was not until after the cotton business was put on a more normal basis that Phoenix began to feel the first stirrings of a big boom. The dominant element in the city at that time was made up of sons of pioneers who had taken wives with country club complexes, and in even larger proportion, of the uncles, cousins, and brothers who came in the wake of the tubercular young men to look things over, and stayed to become realtors and boosters. They saw the possibilities in the place and determined then and there to sell Phoenix to the world. They saw the weakness of playing up the climate to the health-seekers alone, who were very often just remittance men living in sanitariums. It was too good a selling-point to disregard, but they began looking about for another market. They found it among the elderly gentlemen who like to play golf all year round, and among the ladies of all ages who like to applaud them.

It worked. Today Phoenix no longer thinks of herself as first of all a health-seeker's paradise. There is no rule against regaining one's health here, but it is not in the best taste to discuss it. Phoenix is going metropolitan. It is turning smart. The Old-timer, pushed to the wall, looks on rather bewildered and not a little hurt. Once a year, on Pioneer Day, he parades down the street and sees on either side the outside faces watching him,—gaping faces from Oklahoma, amused faces from Michigan, smug faces from Kansas, bored faces from New York. No doubt he feels embarrassed.

II

The Noble Red Man

There is still another element that colors the shifting scene of our city and antedates all the others, chronologically: the element composed of 1928 model American Indians. They are mainly Pimas, most peaceful and friendly of the tribes, who, perhaps because of these very virtues, do not figure in any large way in either history or literature. Only during State Fair Week do we see many of the other Arizona tribes. Then the Navajos come from the north and the flat-faced little Hopis, the former ornamented with trinkets of beaten silver, and the latter with their short legs swathed in cloths, their shoulders wrapped in bright plaid shawls, and their black hair plaited with colored ribbons. The Papagoes, cousins to the Pimas, come from the Tucson district and some of the still fierce Apaches from Fort McDowell. They move stolidly, warily, from shop window to shop window, their faces immobile. Sometimes they venture into the stores and stare about silently, pointing to the things they want.

The Pimas, whom we have always with us, are less reserved. The older generation wears its hair long and laughs inordinately at most things generally and the white man particularly. On Saturdays they come straggling into town in wagons loaded with mesquite fire-wood, which they sell for four dollars a load and a dinner. The women, their proportions exaggerated in billowing calico gowns and shawls of bright silk, squat on the down-town sidewalks and spread about them their pottery, beads, and baskets. When the men have sold their wood and the women as much as possible of their art, they fill a gunny-sack with the week's supply of bread, meat and canned foods and start back to the reservation.

While the old folks are approaching Phoenix from the south, their sons and daughters, co-eds at the government Indian school, are coming in from the north to spend the Saturday holiday in town. Street-car after street-car unloads its cargo of red-sweatered, blue-skirted, bob-haired maidens and khaki-clad boys. The girls stroll hand in hand down the streets, stopping now and again to patronize the five-and-ten cent stores. Frequently, from around the corners, come groups of boys from the school, and the girls, suddenly confronted, titter audibly, swing their clasped hands violently, and cast daring glances over their shoulders. Though they employ their own language for the most part, they draw on their English for inter-tribal discourse and they possess a decent stock of the best American slang for use on special occasions.

The big event of the year for the Indian school is the foot-ball game with the Phoenix High-school team, which is known locally as the Thanksgiving classic. The Indians' team is formidable, its brass band at least as loud as the pale-face band, and everybody turns out for the game. Their girls root and sing and wave pennants and yell, and quite often the Indians win the game. Then they go primitive. The grid becomes a council camp after battle and the foot-ball heroes are warrior chiefs. To the accompaniment of mad applause from the young squaws they do a war-dance of victory, trampling a hundred pale-face ghosts in the dust with each step.

For three gifts of the white man the present generation of Indians is, I am sure, grateful: for pink-frosted cakes, for Middle-Western tourists, and for circuses, and the most potent of these is circuses.

Anton has been bringing us wood for a number of years, and we have become very much attached to him. We have learned that he prefers fat meat to lean, fried potatoes to boiled, and pink-frosted cakes to bread-and-butter. Recently we learned that to all these things he prefers circuses. The Sells-Floto show had come to town ready to open on a Saturday afternoon, and Anton came in the morning without his usual load of wood.

"My wife, she sick," he said, without preliminary greeting. "She awful sick. I think she die, maybe. Bring wood nex' time."

"What is the matter with her, Anton?"

"She awful sick. She don' come to circus."

"Are you going to the circus, Anton?"

"I think yes, maybe."

"Do you want your dinner now?"

"No. You keep. I come back."

In about an hour he came back with a younger Indian. He came into the kitchen and beckoned the other man to follow.

"I take dinner now," he announced. The food was placed on the kitchen table for him. Turning to his companion, Anton spoke in Pima, pointing with the air of a merchant to the fat beef, the fried potatoes, the coffee and the cake. A brief argument followed, still in Pima; then the younger man took out fifty cents and gave it to Anton, at the same time sitting down.

"He eat. I go circus," Anton explained, and no amount of persuasion could induce him to join his friend, though it was pointed out that there was food enough for both.

"No," said Anton. "I sell him all. All right."

III

Journalism and the Arts

The public opinion of our city is molded by two daily newspapers, each acting as spokesman for one of the great political parties. The morning paper incorporates its political leanings in its name, the *Arizona Republican*, and admits further to being "The State's Greatest Newspaper." The *Evening Gazette*, politically Democratic, modestly limits its superiority to one field of endeavor, and appears with the subhead, "Arizona's Foremost Development Newspaper."

Of the two, the morning paper is the more sanctimonious. Across the top of its front page, smiling at you over your morning coffee, runs the greeting, "Good morning, the *Republican* wishes you success today." On the left, just below this dose of merry sunshine, is the assurance that it is safe to pass the paper on to grandma, your young son, or your niece from the country. Some days the little story reads, "Snappy, Yet Clean," and on other days, "Peppy, Yet Sane." Sometimes there is a stern admonition to "Read All the Ads." The bulk of the local news consists of cheery reports on crop conditions, politely gay accounts of luncheon club programmes done up in a boys-will-be-boys manner, and stories of building activities in a tone of subdued rejoicing.

A new business house opening in the city is big news, the degree of its bigness depending on the amount of display advertising, immediate and potential, that the newcomer can use. If the business office is sufficiently gratified there will be a big spread, with interior and exterior views of the new building, minute description of the flooring, the light fixtures, and the wall finish. There will be two- or three-column portraits of the company's personnel, with short biographies. This news policy is pursued by both sheets. But whereas the morning paper goes Pollyanna at all times, the other has on occasion found something to raise a rumpus over, and relieved itself of a few healthy if inelegant bellowings.

Any stranger in town, with the mildest claims to prestige in his home-town service club, can break into print by a very simple process. He needs only to announce to some one close to the city editor that he is amazed by the phenomenal growth of our city, and that he is so favorably impressed by its climate, its hospitality, its grapefruit, and its hotel accommodations, that he is thinking of selling his ice-cream parlor in Zion City, Ill., and settling amongst us. The next day the populace is apprised of the happy tidings under the heading "Prominent Illinois Business Man Amazed At City's Growth."

The extent of the *Republican's* efforts in behalf of beauty is expressed in an annual Christmas Spirit contest, when all the entrants decorate their lawns and homes in the Yuletide manner, with red and green lights twinkling on the natural foliage and Stars of Bethlehem rising over the roof-tops. There are prizes, of course, and all of them of an electrical nature. No one enjoys this charming custom more than the local light and power corporation.

The *Gazette's* contribution to the Higher Life is a Poet's Corner that serves as a haven for all the local bards. Both papers, of course, supply literature in the form of syndicated serials and inspirational sermonettes, and the Sunday edition of the *Republican* carries all the approved aids to a perfect day of rest.

IV

Savoir-Faire

For a number of years, as the bank deposits in Phoenix grew daily more awe-inspiring, even to the point of commanding headlines in the press; as the number of dinner jackets and the complacence of their owners multiplied and increased in direct proportion thereof; as more and more menus began to employ French; as innumerable other signs appeared to declare our metamorphosis from town to city, the crying social needs

of the hour became *savoir-faire* and bigger and fancier cover charges. Now the answer to those cries is ringing from the balconies of our newest hotels to Echo Canyon and back again across the desert to the Biltmore's desert golf course, where new turf hides the rough sands under a prim verdure and hugs the Suhuaro cacti, left standing self-consciously in the midst of all this alien splendor.

The old order, the group that sprang from pioneer wealth, was of the hardy type that took its pleasures leisurely and with unhampered grace. Remembering still when the City Hall block was a grazing plot for stray horses, and when cow-punchers carried guns, its members brought something of the warmth of this wide and multicolored country into social relationships. Later, the spirit of righteousness settled upon them and they began to feel the responsibility of their positions. It was the generation that followed them, fruit born of inoculated seed, that broke out with the reformer's itch. Long before Mr. Volstead found his place in the sun, long before the celebrated Anti-Saloon League perfected the art of lobbying, Arizona voted itself dry, and so brisked up the trade in *tequila* from Mexico.

The first open rebellion against the crudities of Western culture manifested itself in the wake of a political triumph. For a long time the State had been governed by a man who had punched a burro into Arizona and rose to its highest office through a series of colorful adventures, none of which was designed to polish the rough diamond of his personality. So a longing developed, particularly among the females of the rising polished class, for a Governor who knew how to eat artichokes, and could cut some sort of figure socially. Their day, brief though it was, did come, and for a fleeting, blessed space, they palpitated over a chief executive who was an ornament at any dinner, who looked enough like a Zane Grey hero to have served as model, who smiled ravishingly out of the rotogravure section, and who wore his ten-gallon hat with a perfect air of *savoir-faire*. The triumph was celebrated by a gubernatorial ball of unprecedented brilliance. It has never been repeated, but at it the yearning for fancier things in the social line took definite form and shape and in time bore fruit.

Now, though we are still distinctly a godly city in many ways,—witness the fact that we do not dance on Sunday—the newest generation, and especially the prosperous young married set, has crowded the conservatives into an admission that making whoopee has its charms and that every self-respecting gentleman must have an intimate understanding of at least three kinds of cocktails, and access to the makings of a decent high-ball. Church members whose wives sing in the choir permit cocktail shakers to stand about as carelessly as a "God is Love" motto once hung upon the wall.

Young club-women belonging to half a dozen civic bodies for promoting organized bridge, smoke cigarettes with varying degrees of self-consciousness as they play, and many of them have advanced to the point where they no longer feel devilish about it.

On the whole, Phoenix, having money to spend, is learning how to spend it. Enterprising promoters have come to town and are making it more possible every day. They it is who have understood the psychological importance of a little word like *couvert*. They it is who are providing us with reasons for buying more expensive importations and for learning to manipulate a dress tie with nonchalance. Not quite everyone can belong to the Country Club, even if he has the price of membership, but everyone with ready cash and a flair for spending it can go to a fashionable hotel, get fashionably plastered, and lavishly tip the head waiter. We are learning the new dance steps less belatedly than of yore. The radio keeps our fingers on the pulse of New York. We are making merry with all the gusto that, we take it, is the manner in Chicago, Syracuse, and points east.

V

Playboys of the New West

Thus the champion bull-dogger of other days has been replaced by the champion golfer. The fellows who once won fame and free drinks for their bronco-busting prowess have turned their talents to training polo ponies on the dude ranches and to grooming gaited horses in riding academies. In a land where a man would once have scorned to walk the equivalent of two city blocks, it took an Englishman to again popularize riding. He made it smart, and now trimly attired ladies in flat English saddles trot their slim, shining horses over paths that once knew the long, low swing of the cow-pony's lope.

A huge stretch of desert has been transformed into golf links. On a spot where men died groveling in the sand and praying to a preoccupied God for water, at the very place where charred human bones must have one day blazed a wavering trail to a new frontier, on a gray-green stretch of mystery whose every tortuous shadow was pregnant with danger, a golf course has been spread and hazards have been manufactured to tax the skill and endurance of mixed foursomes and small, precocious boys.

Our land today is a glorious play-ground for the playfully inclined, and our city, I believe, is for this purpose, as choice as any in the Union. There are certain things that correct people do. They golf, they motor, they dance, they play bridge, and they have radio parties. In our city, as in Des Moines, or Peoria, or Flatbush, if a man cannot golf in one place he can golf in another; if he cannot motor in a Packard, he can motor in a Chevrolet; if he cannot dance at the Country Club, he can black bottom at the Old Hay Barn; if he dare not aspire to bridge at the club, he can ask the neighbors in after dinner or attend the Husbands' Night party of the Jolly Sixteen. If he has a large family and an ailing wife and so cannot afford a radio, we take care of that, too. He can drive his Chevrolet to a convenient place on our most beautiful avenue, park comfortably, and listen to a silver-tongued announcer extol the merits of an all-night drug-store or a modern auto laundry or any other of the station's patrons, all interpolated with high class performances on the piano, violin, and vocal cords.

A new moving-picture palace opened recently,—a palace with a really beautiful interior and a tower lit up like a Standard Oil station,—and only the gentry bought the first-night pasteboards. It was a gala opening, with search-lights, dinner jackets and front-page headlines in the papers, but the customers, the next day, confessed to having been bored by the programme, the picture, and the Hollywood stars who came down to appear in person. Thus, the advantage was really on the side of the proletariat, who went on the second night for sixty-five cents and were spared the stars.

Sunday motoring is a form of recreation which finds most of its devotees among the great intermediate and nethermost strata. The top layer prefers cocktails and golf. The motoring trip usually includes a picnic lunch, eaten on the desert. I have known people to take bridge tables on these trips and to set them up after lunch, and I have known others to spend an afternoon on the desert under their Fords trying to locate a click or a cluck or whatever sound it is that misbehaving Fords make. It seems impossible that a man can break bread in the shadow of a sombre, red hill, and ride at the end of the day with his face toward a setting sun that is trailing its glory over dim, distant peaks, without absorbing a faint trace of the clear beauty of this wide, lovely, shimmering land of ours. Perhaps, in spite of the chug-chug of a missing motor, in spite of the smell of oil, in spite of a crying baby in the back seat, he does absorb it, and perhaps, one day, this trace upon trace of beauty, driven into his passive being by its own force, may crystallize into a thought, or a word, or a dream worthy of its source.

VI

The Shifting Scene

The merging of civilizations as widely divergent as those of the old West and the new is a long process and a painful one. It is less difficult in a thriving valley city than in the hill country, where the very canyons and peaks seem to force against the intruders. Even there the resistance has long ago weakened and progress is all over the place.

Down here the ranks of the old order are thinnest of anywhere in the State, but their day is not completely done. Mingling with the alert, peppy bond salesmen, the realtors, the efficiency experts and the other heroes of the age there may still be seen an occasional old-timer clad in blue denim jeans hanging over his high-heeled boots, and a wide-brimmed Stetson hat. He is easily distinguished from those tenderfeet known as sidewalk cowboys, whose membership is drawn largely from anaemic young men originating east of the Rockies.

On Saturday nights the scene is most representative and most kaleidoscopic. It is then that our rural neighbors come to town, intent on business and gayety. It is then that the tailored models mingle freely with the ready-mades, and the two mingle as freely with unabashed youths in denim overalls and lively Mexicans in holiday spirit. The waiting lines at the moving-picture houses may serve as a cross-section of the population, for Saturday night is movie night for the bulk of the citizens, particularly to those who look upon Sunday as a day for late sleeping. They are all in line at the movies—giggling Oklahoma girls who cannot enunciate short *e;* long, chip-on-the-shoulder youths from the Panhandle; young bank tellers with gleaming hair and slim-legged, bright-eyed stenographers; husky young girls from the ranches; young lads from Texas who wear socks only when they are trying on new shoes; women from the Country Club drive in silver slippers, and large women from Arkansas chewing gum and staring vacantly. And here and there an awkward chap with parenthetical legs encased in high-heeled boots, waiting, as no cowboy ever waited on his feet, to penetrate the dark cavern of the movie palace and see life.

The most pathetic of the hangers-on that time has left behind are the old prospectors. With no more adventures to face and only dreams of glory back of them, they sit in little groups in the sunshine around the Post-office or on the grass of the old City Hall plaza and pretend wistfully that they are young and that life is still a pulsing thing to be gayly excited about. They talk in low tones about the strikes they made, about the strikes they nearly made, and about the strikes they expect to make on the astonishing claims they still own. Gray, shaking old men with gnarled fingers fumbling for tobacco, with dim eyes prying into the past; frightened, sad old men sleeping on canvas cots and subsisting, day in and day out on *chile con carne* at fifteen cents a bowl or soup at ten; glorious, ragamuffin old men in broken shoes and soiled shirts.

Sometimes, of an early morning, you may catch one of them in a moment of recaptured youth. A desert rat has come to life and you may see him, plodding steadily beside the burro on whose back is tied the grub and the bed-roll, making for some hill in the distance to dig for treasure on the claim in which he has never lost faith. He walks beside the wise, amused little pack-beast, his head bent, his eyes furtive. When he leaves the town behind him and sees space flung away from him on all sides, he will raise his head, and his eyes will clear.

VII

Peroration

Having lived here once, you will periodically return to our valley. There is a flavor and quality in it that no amount of organizing, standardizing, and boosting can pillage for the shrines of bigger and better gods. You have only to grow intimate with the stretches of desert that still surround Phoe-

nix and abandon yourself to its strange, peculiar charm. This desert of ours is not a white expanse of sand stretching endlessly to a far horizon. This desert is mother to the Palo Verde that drips its blossoms like so much honey from its branches; to the golden poppy and the fragrant mesquite; to the Cholla and the Ocatilla and the Suhuaro, king of all cacti. It is broken by strange, fantastic mountains, coral, gray, and crimson, and in the sunset, all shifting blues and mauves.

At twilight our desert plays Mephisto to the souls caught in the mesh of its haunting beauty. The quickening darkness lays its passing hand on the tall cacti, stern, erect, brooding, unchanging, and smudges a velvety blackness over their thorns. It arrests the quiver of the restless, delicate cotton-wood leaves and turns them to black lace against the lingering gold of the western horizon. It creeps up on the hills—on the ponderous hulk of Camel-back, on the graceful slopes of Squaw Peak, on the weird, twisted Buttes, and flattens them into great wings in the vast amphitheatre. In a little while the stars come out, and, the season being right, you may see the moon lift itself by its boot-straps over the rim of space.

You begin to feel a desire to flatten your body against the harsh, rough, somehow living ground, and you turn and drag yourself with a sudden sense of terror toward the lights of the city, with its dull security of walls. You go laggingly, throwing glances over your shoulder. The Mephisto of the desert has your soul, and the shell that you are carrying back to town is strangely reluctant to turn its back on the unchanging, eternal, persistent West that smiles with steady, grim aloofness on the Chamber of Commerce, on the service clubs, on the tourist hotels, on the new sky-line of a green but rapidly ripening city, which is determined, God willing or not, to have a population of 100,000 by 1930, and Los Angeles be damned.

MANDRAKE

BY NINA PURDY

I was wedged in between Sike Liddle and my mother on the front seat of the Broad Valley stage. The afternoon was one of brooding quiet, brooding woods hugging white hills, brooding white valley with its twist of frozen river banked by bare, leaning willows. Even the slide and creak of the big sleigh over the snow seemed an intrusion in the heavy, waiting stillness.

When we were about four miles from home, Sike violated that stillness with a sudden, gleeful chuckle:

"Wait till we stop to pick up Libby and she sees the front seat full!"

As we swung around the bend into the hamlet of Shaver's we saw Libby Hood waiting on the schoolhouse steps, a dark, fierce glow bound up in a rigid column of bones and flesh and clothes. One swift glance swept us scathingly; she did not speak.

Sike called out casually, "Just get in with Gus, Libby."

Gus Gregory, a clerk in the village store, was the only passenger in the back seat. But Libby marched off, her dinner-pail swinging from one hand, her long, full skirts sweeping the snow. She went down the road out of sight while Sike was sorting the mail. We could easily have overtaken her. As we came to the covered bridge, Sike turned the horses into it, and the sleigh spread the snow out in flying white fans as we took the unfrequented road on the other side of the river.

A windless dusk was slipping over the hills and into the narrow river valley, making a close, intimate world of hush and snow and shadow. Through the fringe of Winter trees we could glimpse the road on the opposite bank touched to a fleeting transcendence by a pale wash of light left from the sunset. And through this light strode Libby, a straight, black wound. Perhaps it was her unmoving head, the definite dip and fall of her voluminous skirts that conveyed to me the anger of her dark spirit. Perhaps I would not have felt it if Sike had not chortled in unmistakable satisfaction. My mother remonstrated that it was too bad for him to take this road and leave Libby to walk home after she had been on her feet teaching all day.

Sike said that it served her right for getting as mad as hops and not climbing into the back seat same as any passenger'd be glad to. And Gus Gregory put in that probably Chan Tiffany'd be tickled to see Libby *walking* past his place. Whereupon, Sike chuckled again and said Yes, and that would make Libby all the madder.

I see Sike in the frame of that day as a mischievous, furry gnome in his brown buffalo coat and cap, with its pointed ear-pieces, his cheeks and nose bright coals of cold, his eyes wickedly twinkling. Sike Liddle was a small, wiry man. There was something blasphemous and Rabelaisian about him, something ugly and something charming. For fifteen years he had driven the Broad Valley stage. He was known from one end of the valley to the other for his swearing, for his sure and daring driving, for his ribald stories, and for his chasing after women.

I knew him as someone over whom my mother shook her head, yet felt safe to ride with around Roaring Brook Mountain. More intimately, I knew him for those

quick sidewise winks which he darted at me whenever our glances met, winks which I did not dislike, but which embarrassed me, probably because I had heard that Sike wasn't always a *nice* man.

However, it was not until after we got home and I heard my mother telling my father with evident disapproval that Libby had gone into one of her mad spells because she couldn't ride beside Sike same as she did every night, that I began really to wonder. *Sit beside Sike!* So that was what made her as mad as hops!

And immediately I thought of Rachel Liddle, Sike's meek, large wife with the low voice and the deep, still eyes. She was superintendent of the Sunday-school. And from that time on, Rachel Liddle and Sike and Libby Hood—and—Chan Tiffany became a confusion in my brain.

II

I think of Libby Hood as always teaching school, probably because my mother went to school to her. My mother was a big girl and Libby was just licensed and hired for her first term. Ever since, she had taught either in the outlying districts or in the village.

When I entered the primary class of the village school, she was teaching the fifth and sixth grades. She was known throughout the county as a good teacher and a good disciplinarian, but she was more famous for her tempers. No punishments of standing in corners or writing the towns in the county a hundred times in Libby's room, no tingling switches about your legs. A swift slap on the side of the head, a *whack*, one indignant parent termed it.

Those were the years before the theory of "Spare the rod and spoil the child" had gone out of fashion, and though there were grumblings, the trustees put up with Libby because she made the children learn. Later when a union free-school was established under the more imposing direction of a Board of Education, Libby was condemned, and was put on probation.

Notwithstanding her warning, a few weeks afterward, the son of the president of the board went home with blue streaks on his face, and Libby was asked to resign. Since then she had been teaching district school at Shaver's and riding back and forth in the stage with Sike.

Except for the canary, which she let out of its cage as soon as she got home from school, and which sat on her shoulder and climbed stairs made by holding one finger above the other, Libby lived alone in the high, narrow, mustard-colored house in which she had grown up. The house was stiff and forbidding, like Libby, relieved only by two tall, narrow pines on the lawn and a flat cushion of myrtle at one side of the front steps.

Since her mother's death Libby's tempers had been worse than ever.

Most people attributed her cankered disposition to disappointment. When she was a young girl she was engaged to Chan Tiffany, but sent him kiting because he wouldn't give up drink, she said. According to the village, liquor wasn't her only reason. Libby and Chan had jangled for some time over his drinking, and finally she had told him that she wouldn't marry him unless he stopped. And Chan had even signed the pledge to please her. Not long afterward he took her to the county fair, where he met several cronies who felt pretty lively. He left her in the grandstand watching the horse races, telling her that he'd be gone only a few minutes. He came back drunk, bringing with him his rowdy friends, among them the young wife of a traveling salesman who had the reputation of being gay. She was said to have taken a shine to Chan and to be trying to lead him on.

That day Chan made things worse, openly taunting Libby, by putting his arm around the woman and loudly asserting that *she* liked him even if he did drink. Libby left without a word, and walked the six miles back home over the mountain.

Chan got drunker and finally drove off with the woman. And his spree kept on for

a week at her house. When he got over it he was ashamed of himself and tried in every way to make up with Libby. But she wouldn't speak to him and had never forgiven him.

I thought of this one day not long after our ride in the stage. I had been sent to the village to get the mail. As I waited in the crowded postoffice for its sorting, Chan Tiffany entered, a big paunched lumberman, always a little tipsy when he was not unmistakably drunk. His handsome, sensitive face was sagging and puffy; at variance with its laxity was his neat, clipped moustache, as if a symbol of a sturdy, inner strength which would be expressed.

As Chan took his place with the children and grown-ups lounging against the wall, Libby came in. She did not see him. Her face was glowing from her cold ride in the stage, her gray eyes brilliant. She brought a crystal breath with her into the stuffy postoffice. It was like the bite and fire of frosty iron. Libby must have ridden on the front seat with Sike that day.

She drew the key to her box from her bag, and then turned and saw Chan. He swept off his hat, bowed and stepped forward to speak. Immediately the sparkle vanished from Libby's eyes. Only ice and iron remained. She looked beyond him, ignored him, then stalked to her box. I remember the wavering shrug of Chan's shoulders, the hurt, baffled expression of his face as he shuffled out without waiting for the mail.

There was an epidemic of whooping-cough in Shaver's that Winter and the trustees closed the school. Libby hired to teach the Spring term in the Benson Hollow school, which was the first district above our place. As it happened, I also came down with whooping-cough. During the weeks I was sick I used to see Libby come over the knoll each morning, a sharp silhouette against the sky.

By the time I could go out, I was behind my classes in school and my father and mother decided that I should go to Libby for the rest of the term. Libby hadn't spoken to us since that day we rode up in the front seat of the stage, but my mother didn't hold hardness, for she remembered that Aunt Mate Hood, Libby's mother, had told her that it was Libby's way to take out whatever she felt by getting mad.

Instead of being provoked at Libby now, mother seemed inclined to lay the blame on Sike. I heard her telling my father that probably Sike had told Libby that we *insisted* on riding in the front seat—he was that double-faced. Probably it all started with Libby wanting to spite Chan by riding past his place with Sike every morning. Everyone said that it was only after Chan had sneered to Sike one day when he was drunk, "See you've got a regular front seat passenger," that things began to start between them, setting Libby's mind toward Sike, and egging Sike on to try out his devilish, winking ways. Of course Rachel made out to agree with Sike that Libby was doing all the running after, but you could be sure Rachel Liddle *knew* what there was to know. She knew all about Sike's side-steps, even though she didn't seem to.

I started out, curious, excited that I was to go to school to Libby Hood, also fortified by my mother's confidence that she wouldn't hit *me* "side the head" because Aunt Mate, Libby's mother, had been a friend of our family.

That first day stands out vividly in my memory,—four rows of old-fashioned, enclosed desks gouged by many jack-knives; mingled sounds of sharpening of pencils, rattling of paper and the twisting and turning of children. A rusty, red-bellied stove and the fragrance of seasoned chestnut. At the head of the room a colored map of Europe covering the long blackboard. And on a platform before her desk, the colors of Europe a background—Libby Hood.

It was as if my impression that day set the key of my regard for her. There was something golden about her, not the gold of the sun, nor of the yellow nods of buttercups, rather the old, dull gold of

threshed grain. Golden and regal I remember her, as she stood silhouetted against the colored map of the blackboard. And from that time on I likened her to a picture of some English Queen. She was big-boned and her flesh was full and firm. Her light brown hair was puffed in front and twisted in a flat coil of braids on the back of her head. Her waist tapered even as did the waists of the Queens of England, and her full skirts almost trailed the floor. Her high-collared shirt waists and basque dresses of dark serge oddly enough suggested to me a queenly contour. And there was that heavy, gold rope chain she always wore.

III

I already knew the story of this chain and the watch that hung from it. The village frequently related it. On a May afternoon past four o'clock, the Spring that Chan proposed, a knock came at the door of the schoolhouse where Libby was teaching. When Libby answered she found a birch-bark May basket on the step. It was filled with mandrakes, and nestled in the white blossoms and glossy green leaves was a white velvet box. In this box was an emerald ring, Chan's engagement gift and the only real emerald in Broad Valley. When Libby turned Chan down, she gave back this ring. Then she took the one trip that, with the exception of county fairs and teachers' institutes, she had ever been known to take. She went on an excursion to Poughkeepsie to see Vassar College and the Hudson river. And while she was away she bought herself the *solid* gold rope chain and the *solid* gold watch.

Ever since I can remember, the relation of this incident was accompanied by such comment as "Libby must have been making up to herself for having to send back that ring."

Thus heralded, perhaps it is not strange that the rope chain seemed to me an ornament fit for a Queen.

Libby put me to work copying the map from the blackboard. Notwithstanding her limited travel, she presented geography and history with a fervor that I now perceive as hunger. With equal enthusiasm, in the Spring days she taught us to build bird-houses. She was as handy with a hammer and a saw as a man. In every district in which she taught, Libby left behind the memento of her bird-houses.

These houses and the colored maps of Europe represented for me her gracious moods. Very soon I came to know her black days, days in which no matter how brightly the sun shone a lid seemed to press down upon us. Then her face seemed clamped in iron, and her eyes drawn into two cold, gray points. Her manner of hearing lessons became absent-minded, and unless we took care a smarting cheek was the penalty for a prank that would receive but a reprimand on another day. I had come to know that hand, quick and strong, descending upon some child with a powerful stroke.

Then came a day toward the close of the term. As it happened, the night before, Rachel and Sike Liddle were at our house for supper. And Sike amused himself by drawing the plans for the new house he was going to build for Rachel in Maple place, the leafiest and most graceful street in the village. He drew the interior of the house, then the outside, a bungalow type, with a wider porch than Broad Valley had ever known, "wide enough so Rachie could sit out without the sun striking her," he told my mother.

Somehow this house caught my imagination. Sike left the plans on the table, and the next day I carried them to school. At noon, after we had eaten our lunch, I showed them to Jennie, my favorite playmate. We made believe to the children that they were the plans for our own house and began a game of pretending about them. I colored the outside of the house with my crayons, and Jennie colored the rooms. Once Libby looked over our shoulders in passing, then went on without comment.

In the afternoon Jennie sat with me so that we might study our grammar lesson from the same book. After we had finished, I pulled out the plans, and we began to draw pieces of furniture in the rooms. Undoubtedly we were whispering and giggling louder than we thought. Also, Libby must have recognized the plans—probably she recognized Sike's handwriting, "dining-room," "living-room." I got one glimpse of her face as she swooped down the aisle, a bruised red bricked into her neck and ears. I did not see the descending hand. With the suddenness of an explosion, a thick Milne's Arithmetic came against my cheek. Against *my* cheek! At first I was astonished. Then I began to sob, and Jennie also began to cry. Next Libby jerked me out of my seat and plumped me down on a vacant bench. Without a word she gathered up the plans and locked them in her desk. I never saw them again.

When I told my father and mother that I had been coloring Sike's plans they exchanged significant glances, and my father said that Libby must have been eaten by the green worm.

My mother said that I should not go back to school, but my father said that I should and sent a letter to Libby, saying that he would have her license taken away if she again permitted herself to punish me unjustly and barbarously.

I went back wary and somewhat resentful. My apprehension left as soon as I saw Libby. She was in one of her golden moods. As a special treat she allowed us the afternoon off to look for wild flowers. After she had locked the schoolhouse door, she held out her hand to me, and I sprang to take it, glad to be reinstated to favor. And we started across the meadow, followed by the rest of the children.

It was a day of heightened blue and blown sunlight. Big, bursting puffs of cloud hurried through the sky, and just above the nearest hill four slender white wraiths fashioned like storks, their feet just touching the tops of the trees, seemed trying to keep up, all caught in a rush of breeze, all going somewhere. And so were we, tramping through the grass, skirts and pig-tails standing out, the boys' neckties bright, tossing streamers, their ruffled shocks of hair throwing off glints of sun.

Libby strode on in the lead, tall and unblown except for the swish and billow of her skirts. She *knew* where she was going. We dipped down a slope to a swamp which lay just at the edge of the woods. I saw some adder tongues and violets on the slope and wanted to pick them, but Libby continued on to the swamp. Then suddenly she knelt before some waxy, white flowers, knelt wistfully, silently, with an undercurrent of excitement that carried to us. The flowers were mandrakes, she told us, and rare hereabouts. Years ago her grandfather had lived in this hollow, and when she was a young girl she had picked mandrakes in this swamp. When she said mandrakes, I immediately saw a birch-bark May basket filled with them, and in its bed of blossoms that emerald ring.

We were excited because we felt Libby's excitement. The flower was something like a water lily, but not so large. As Libby knelt, gently fingering one, she told us that the forked root was supposed to resemble the figure of a little man, and that when a mandrake was pulled out of the ground it was said to wail like someone in pain. We listened for the wails but heard nothing. There were not more than a dozen of the blossoms. Libby picked them and carried them apart as if they were something precious. When we got back to the schoolhouse she divided the rest of the flowers she had gathered among us children. But she kept all the mandrakes, except one which she gave to me, as a peace offering, I thought.

There seemed something mysterious about the plant, perhaps its rarity, perhaps the gentleness with which Libby handled it. Years later I learned that mandrakes do possess mysterious qualities. Some authorities maintain that the fine, thin flame

of madness springs from them, some that they provoke shameless incontinence. To me they have always meant something intangible, an essence of hidden personality that is Libby Hood.

In the Fall, I went back to the village to school. Libby still taught in Benson Hollow, and occasionally I met her on my way home. I could sense her mood by the way she spoke to me. From Christmas on, she mostly emanated black.

IV

Shortly after Sike and Rachel Liddle moved into their new house in Maple place, Sike became ill with a gradual paralysis,—hardening of the arteries, the doctor called it. He sat in his chair in his sunny west window, "dying by the inch," according to the village.

I saw him one Winter day as I passed on my way home from school, all wrapped up in a gray quilt, looking like a skull, with his bald head and sunken yellow cheeks, looking dead except for his eyes, which I had always remembered as a light blue, now such an intense blaze of pain and protest as to seem almost black. When I was about halfway home, I met Libby glowering into the snow. And again I saw Sike propped up in his window, dying. I went on, feeling the burden of the Winter day with its bank of south wind clouds and its humming telephone wires.

That night I went to the village with my mother to call on Rachel Liddle. While Rachel and my mother went upstairs to see Sike, I sat in the living-room reading a story. They had been gone for some time when the bell rang, one quick, sharp tap. I answered it. As I opened the door, an envelope fell to the floor. I could see no one either on the lawn or on the sidewalk, but the prints of the feet of a large woman were in the snow of the porch steps. As I shut the door, Rachel and my mother came into the room.

Rachel was obviously disturbed and excited when I told her what had occurred. Fumbling, she opened the envelope and read the contents. Then her face broke, and she began to cry nervously as she handed the paper to my mother.

"I don't know how I'm going to stand it. They come every day." She took two other crumpled envelopes from her apron pocket. "One through the mail yesterday, this under my milk bottle the morning before."

My mother became aware of me and motioned me into the dining-room, and shut the sliding doors between the rooms. I did not need to listen to hear Libby's name repeatedly in the undertone of excited conversation that came through the door. But I did listen, justifiedly, I felt, for I was chagrined at being so unceremoniously dismissed. Also I was curious. It was not long before I had pieced together that Libby was on a tear because Sike was dying and was writing "awful" letters to Rachel.

When we got home I heard my mother's clipped tones telling my father that Libby was outrageous and ought to be made to shut up. Even then I did not feel her outrageous. I felt a weight which was like the weight of the afternoon with Libby glowering into the wasting snow, under its low-hung, menacing sky. A weight, which I now feel as frustration made articulate in rage.

With the beginning of Spring Sike died. Now maybe Libby would give Rachel some peace, I heard my mother say. He was buried on a Sunday and neighbors told of hearing Libby pounding away in her woodshed all that day. She woke them at daylight and kept it up until dark.

The following Saturday I went with my mother to a dinner and an afternoon sewing circle of the Dorcas Society, which was held at a house just next door to Libby Hood's. We were about to sit down to dinner when we heard the sound of pounding across the street.

"Look at Libby! Wonder what she thinks she's doing," said one woman who paused at the window.

Libby stood on a high ladder nailing a new glossy white-and-green bird-house against the slim trunk of the taller pine on her lawn—a bird-house, that was all, and we paid no further attention except that our neighbor wondered if *that* was what Libby was pounding on the morning she woke them up.

After dinner someone saw a man staggering up the street. It was Chan Tiffany, drunk. In front of Libby's place he stopped, leaned against a telephone-pole and stared. Suddenly, he staggered across the lawn, shaking his fist at the new bird-house gleaming at him from its perch on the pine and shouting, "By the Gracious King! By the Jumping Cat!" he'd tear that hellish thing down.

By this time he was making such a commotion that all of the Dorcas Society were peering out of the windows. And a buzzing set in among the women as someone disclosed the cause of the excitement. That bird-house was a miniature glossy-white, green-trimmed bungalow exactly like Sike Liddle's house!

Chan started to climb the tree and slid back, than started once more, shouting that he'd smash it into bits, so help him God. When he was halfway up he slid back again, blubbering that Libby had no right to make him so unhappy, and collapsed in a huddle on the ground.

Libby's house appeared blank and lifeless.

Chan still lay at the foot of the tree when we went home. About dark one of his friends came up and got him.

In spite of his protests the bird-house stood staunchly, defying weather, always shining, for each year Libby repainted it. One Spring Rachel changed the color of her house to yellow with deeper yellow trimmings. Libby likewise repainted the bird-house yellow with deeper yellow trimmings.

In a few years Rachel changed back to white and green again, and Libby followed her example. And after that bungalow and bird-house remained glossy white and glossy green.

Several years later, when I came home from school for a Summer vacation, I noticed that Libby's bird-house was shabby and dirty. Obviously it had not been repainted. Shortly after that I met Libby in the store. She sat on a stool by the counter, and I noticed that when two clerks asked her if she wanted anything she answered haughtily that she was taken care of.

Gus Gregory, the passenger in the back seat of the stage that day that mother and I rode in front with Sike, was waiting on me. Gus was tall and well-built, yet there was something cherubic about him. His tight, gray curls which stood up all over his head, his ruddy face and his round, inquiring blue eyes somehow suggested to me a clumsy, serious baby. After I had finished, Libby stepped to the counter and gave him the order for her groceries. I was surprised. No one ever sought Gus's services; he was so slow. Yet it was evident that Libby had purposely given him the privilege of waiting on her.

And it was not long before I learned that Gus was the reason for Libby's neglect in painting her bird-house, and had been for two years. Gus and his mother had bought the house across the street from Libby's place. They had lived there a month when the mother died. And Gus had bached it ever since.

Not long after his mother was buried Gus was seen carrying his lawn-mower over to Libby's yard, and frequently Libby's dust-cloth flipped from his front window. But they never went out together openly. Often at night Libby would go down town to do her trading. She would wait in the store until almost closing time, then would walk slowly up the street, loitering along until Gus caught up with her.

Various conjectures were offered. Someone said maybe Libby was afraid of making Chan Tiffany mad. He had threatened just to let him catch her walking out with a man. Likewise, people wondered why Libby and Gus didn't marry. It seemed as if they might live out a nice old age to-

gether, two souls so stark alone. Here, too, the village gave its reasons. Some said that Gus was afraid of Libby's tempers; others, that Libby had said she would never trust a man enough to marry him.

The next time that I went home I heard that Gus and Libby were sparring over something, no one seemed to know what. Gus seemed to be trying to get Libby to change something she was dead set against. And someone heard her tell him if he didn't like it he could go off and lump it and not come back.

One night as I started up the store steps, Libby flounced out, her face the bruised red I knew. She passed without speaking and hurried up the street. I went on into the store. Gus's face also was a dark, broken red. Contrary to his usual friendliness, he kept on mechanically measuring off goods by the yard.

"Libby had set it to him pretty snug before a storeful," one of the clerks told me, slyly showing me a crumpled piece of paper which Libby had thrown across the counter at Gus. It had fallen on the floor and Gus had been too proud to pick it up. It was a small, round, locket-sized photograph of Gus himself.

Jewelry repairing was undertaken as a side line in the store. And it was not surprising that the man who tinkered at watches should take it upon himself to tell me his version of the spat. Not at all surprising, for he went on to say that only a few days ago Libby had left her watch with him for regulation. And this afternoon Gus had told him that if the watch was running all right he would take it up to Libby; then she'd have it to carry to school in the morning.

But after Gus came back from his supper, who should come in but Libby?—for her watch. She was late getting up the river from her school that night and had come to the store before going home. She seemed suspicious when Gus said that he had taken the watch up to her house and locked it in the drawer of the kitchen table. And she stalked off without a word.

Gus had seemed mighty nervous after she had gone out. Then, almost before you could shake a stick, she was back, on a tear, throwing that bit of photograph at Gus, and again stalking off.

Well, there was *no* picture in the watch when she left it to be fixed, though there was a special place for one in the back case all right, glass, clamps and all. If Gus and Libby were sweet on each other, the way they seemed to be, why should Gus Gregory's putting his picture in her watch (it looking reasonable that that was what he had done) cause her to fly into such a temper?

V

About a week after this I called for my mother, who was quilting for the Dorcas Society at the home of the neighbor who lived next door to Libby. I found everyone worried—my mother, her hostess and two other neighbors who had come in to sew.

Libby's shades hadn't been raised for two days.

Libby hadn't been seen around the place.

And now that Gus and Libby were on the outs—not speaking—perhaps—Perhaps what? Something must be wrong. Libby was too thrifty to leave her morning's milk out to sour. They had knocked and had tried doors and windows, but all were locked. Now they were waiting until Gus came home from the store. He ought to know what to do.

We saw him coming up the street, his hat in his hand, his feathery gray curls shining in the sunlight. We went out to meet him. Gus flushed when Libby was mentioned, but he went to his house and got a chisel; then we followed him on to Libby's porch.

Finally he succeeded in breaking the lock on one of the long French doors, and we tiptoed into the sitting room. There were no sounds except Libby's canary singing in the kitchen. We tiptoed between tidied Boston rockers, horse-hair chairs, and marble-topped tables to the

kitchen. Libby sat in the middle of the room in her best black *faille* silk, basque dress, her rope chain around her neck, rocking majestically. Her arms were folded, her eyes drawn into cold, gray points. She looked us up and down, continuing to rock.

She'd like to know what we meant by breaking into her house.

Halting expressions of concern were proffered.

She guessed it was her own business if she wanted to put her shades down and sit in her own house.

Amid embarrassed explanations we took ourselves off. Gus Gregory hadn't said a word. He also turned to go. Then came Libby's voice, persuasive, rich:

"Why, Gussie, you weren't worried about me, were you?" And Gus said sheepishly that he guessed maybe Libby would need some wood, and he did not follow us.

The women had scarcely settled to their quilting when Gus came out with the lawn-mower and began to cut the grass in Libby's yard. Someone said that it hadn't taken them long to make up, and someone else put in that probably the mowing was part of the making up. We heard the purring of the mower for some time. Then came a voice, loud and challenging:

"Here, you get out of that yard!"

I looked out of the window. There again was Chan Tiffany. He looked older. His hair and moustache were white, but his moustache had its clipped severity. He was more paunched, looser. Yet today his face seemed to slough off its puffy flesh; stern lines leapt out. His muscles became taut and powerful, as, erect and threatening, he strode over to Gus, insisting that if anyone was going to run that lawn-mower, he was.

Gus kept on mowing, mildly telling him that he'd better run along; he didn't want to mow—he was drunk.

At that Chan forcibly pushed Gus aside, telling him to leave that machine alone and to go home where he belonged or he'd show him how to get there.

Gus began to bristle. Chan Tiffany was the one who had better go home or he'd get the constable. Drunk!—disturbing the peace!

Whereupon Chan began. Where did Gus Gregory think he got off? Couldn't even get her to wear his picture in her watch. Hell of a fellow, wasn't he?

Gus's ruddy face purpled. "If you don't get out, I'll show you," he answered.

There they stood, two gray, oldish men, glowering.

So he wanted to fight, did he? Well, come on, he'd show him where his place was, so help him God! And Chan stripped off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. What Gus might have done, no one knows. He stood uneasily fumbling with his coat, saying it was foolish, they had no cause to fight, and for Chan to go along about his business, when Libby threw open the front door, swept down the steps, her black silk skirts trailing the grass. She stepped between them, turned her back on Chan. With a gesture of the utmost confidence, she took Gus's arm. Then in words like honey, the same strained clarity, the same golden drip:

"Come on over and help me set out these bulbs, Gussie."

And she walked him off. But Chan was not to be vanquished thus easily today. He stepped back abashed when Libby swooped between them, said nothing when she started off with Gus. But when they reached the newly made flower-bed by the front steps he burst into a loud and scornful laugh.

For the love of God, couldn't she get a man who would fight for her? Trotting after her Gussie—*Gus*-sie! And Chan mimicked Libby's tone in a dulcet falsetto, then burst into a derisive laugh.

Gus and Libby, their backs toward him, gave no sign of having heard him except that Libby's shoulders squared stubbornly.

Chan stood scornfully cackling until he seemed to become conscious of the sounds

he was making, then he shrugged, strode out to the sidewalk and continued up the street with shambling dignity.

Gus turned, saw that Chan was out of sight, then moved toward Libby confidently, an expression of sheepish pleasure and embarrassment in his face. Suddenly he halted. Libby was swooping upon him, her face flooded with the dull, bruised red, her eyes the flashing, cold points. Her words tumbled out of a voice of ice and iron:

"No *cause* to fight! Calf! Coward!"

Then with the suddenness of an explosion came that swift, powerful stroke and the sound of a resounding blow. Gus stepped back, one cheek reddened and streaked. Libby wheeled and started up the front steps, wavered, then thudded to the porch floor.

The first person to reach her at Gus's cry for help was Rachel Liddle. She lay stretched out dead, again a straight black wound. The doctor had told her she must be very careful about getting excited, Gus said.

When they were laying her out, one of the women opened the back case of her watch. In it was a scratched tintype almost worn through at the four corners where it was clamped in the case—a likeness of Chan Tiffany when he was a young man.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Looking at America.—The business of publishing books on America by foreigners continues at full blast, presently running second only to the publishing of that species of novel by Americans which opens: "Mazie wiped the last dish on a dirty towel and began the ritual of washing Joe's socks." During the last two years I have read what seems to be a comprehensive library of these alien impressions of the Republic and its denizens, the confection of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Swedes, Germans, Spaniards and apparently everyone else in the Eastern hemisphere, save alone Central African colored gentlemen. In the lot there have been two and only two books that were even passably interesting—those of Siegfried, the Frenchman, and Spender, the Englishman—and these two were often as obvious as wet water, said very little that everyone hadn't heard before and were generally inferior to even certain second-rate books on America and Americans that have been written by Americans.

The praise that such relatively better-grade treatises by foreigners invariably get is critically hollow. It is based not upon their accurate and original research, impression and deduction, but almost wholly upon the foreigners' coincidence in and echo of what is already clearly known here of this country. The circumstance that a foreigner has perceived what every intelligent American well knows is believed to be the ground for eulogy of him, and not only for eulogy but for enthusiastic tribute to his gifts for immensely acute penetration, clear and original insight and even high sociological philosophy. Yet all that the moderately intelligent American discovers in the volumes in question is a mirror once again held up to books on the same subject written by Americans, with nothing that is fresh and new in the way of observation and nothing that is fresh and new, or even particularly sound, in the way of deductions from that observation.

There is more truth about America in even such a book as Charles Merz's "The Great American Bandwagon" than in two dozen of the customary books by aliens. There is a hundred times more vivid and accurate a picture of Americans in almost any novel by Sinclair Lewis than you'll find in any portentous tome—with the one single obvious exception—written by a foreigner in the last fifty years. And there is a thousand times more common-sense and information in a book like the Lynds' "Middletown" than you'll encounter in anything written about America abroad in the last century.

Reducing the bulk of the alien treatises to their simplest terms, one comes upon banality thrice banal: that the American is always in a hurry, that the salient mark of the United States is its exaltation of the business man, that money is the first goal of the American, that the democratic form of government obtaining in America has many flaws, that the American, now that he has come into riches, is learning how to play, that "far too little of the brains and character of the country is going into its public affairs," that "the majority of Americans seem to be convinced that if only they stick to business everything else will cure itself," that "the American and Canadian peoples have come now to the era of good feeling, mutual respect and thorough understanding," that a man living in Chicago does not speak English like

a man living in Liverpool, that Billy Sunday and Aimée McPherson are phenomena peculiar to America and could be found nowhere else, that the New York night-court is very interesting and amusing, that Prohibition has not been a success in America and that the well-to-do have all they want to drink—and some very tasty brands, too—, that way down deep in America there is an ideal, that there are possible causes for a war between Great Britain and the United States and that, if it comes, the Pacific will be the theatre of operations, that the Germans are none too well informed about Americans or their culture and read Upton Sinclair and Jack London in preference to Dreiser and Cabell, that "there is an appalling standardization and mechanicalization of American life" and that "all the finer values have been subordinated to mob notions of Success," that "capitalism rides in the saddle in the United States," that "for all the understanding between nations, the inevitable tangle of economic forces and psychological motives will bring about misunderstanding," that "there is something unhealthy about American prosperity," that "instead of saying that the American worker has a high standard of living it is nearer the truth to say that he has a high standard of spending; it is made easy for him to gratify every passing want; but is it comfort to have a player-piano and be unable to pay the grocer's bill?", that "the concentration of power in America rests in the hands of Wall Street", that the American girl is very resourceful and is physically attractive, that the skyscrapers "are like giants raising their heads into the skies", that Federal aid in the way of subsidies stimulates State interest and State activity and brings about a certain degree of uniformity without ignoring differences in local needs, that everybody in America seems to own a radio, a phonograph and a Ford, and that the war psychosis continues to make genuine understanding between Europe and America impossible, but that time and education will help.

When these alien views of the United States are not absurdly platitudinous, they are often strikingly defective. They are accurate enough when they describe such things as the Chicago stock-yards, the hospitality on tap in Richmond, the black-and-tan joints of Harlem and the good-looking shoes and stockings that even American shopgirls wear, but they are often far from pointed in their observation of somewhat more esoteric phenomena. By way of general illustration, I point to "Through English Eyes," one of the better of the foreign books and the work of the Spender already alluded to, J. A., until seven years ago the able editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. It is Mr. Spender's observation that since the business man is unduly exalted in America, even above the statesman, public affairs in America are left to men of inferior brains. Aside from the painfully obvious fact that, since we have no statesmen worthy of exaltation, the American business man—the Kohinoor of his kind—inevitably and quite naturally gets the *Kudos* that the non-existent statesmen might get, we engage the second fact that the American business man gets his share of what Mr. Spender calls exaltation not merely because he is an excellent business man but, more importantly, because as an excellent business man he figures so largely in America's public affairs. What is thus true of the United States is quite as true, on a somewhat lower scale, of present-day Germany. Some of the best brains of American business are found closely interwoven with public affairs. There is no need to catalogue names; they are immediately recognizable.

Politics and government in the United States are today purely a business matter, and correctly so. We are the world's bank. We have infinitely less need for Gladstones and Winston Churchills than for Mellons and, if God had been more just, Raskobs. Maybe the next Mr. Balfour who comes over here on a Mission will not find a hard-boiled business man so easy to hornswoggle as a Wilsonian pseudo-statesman.

More on Statues.—I have already argued eloquently in these pages for more realistic and more human statues of the great, and have issued a call for marbles and bronzes that shall depart from the stereotyped wrinkled brows, hands in Prince Albert bosoms and general undertaker air and give us in place of them effigies that more honestly and charmingly reflect the real natures of their subjects. Surely Beethoven was not the college professor that the sculptors uniformly make him out to be, nor did Franz Sigel always look as if the mere thought of a glass of beer would horrify him. The present statues to the eminent deceased have little more biographical authenticity than so many funeral eulogies. They are dirges without life and depressing, and would have us believe that the MM. Washington, Bismarck, Gladstone, Longfellow, Greeley, Lincoln, Chester A. Arthur, *et al.* were sufferers from chronic stomach-ache and trigeminal neuralgia that induced in them a pervading morbidity and a look that suggested that a bill-collector was just around the corner. Surely the illustrious corpses were often given to other moods and other looks. Let's see some of them.

But what I argue even more eloquently for today is the placing of these statues, whatever they may look like, in more suitable positions than we presently encounter them. They are often placed, so far as their bases go, in relevant and appropriate surroundings, but it is seldom that they are faced in a direction that isn't ridiculous. The statue of Ibsen in Christiania is set up in such a position that old Henrik is found gazing intently at a movie theatre, with its placards of Clara Bow and Harold Lloyd, across the street. Goethe, in Chicago, is discovered looking longingly at the new Elks' building. William Penn, in Philadelphia, looks down on a delicatessen restaurant, a cabaret roof garden and an European steamship ticket agency. Lord Nelson, in London, gazes at a hotel patronized chiefly by chorus girls and American drunks, Shakespeare at a vaudeville theatre given over to saxophone players and soft-shoe dancers, and Stafford Northcote, First Lord Iddesleigh, famous Conservative, looks lovingly at John Bright, equally famous Liberal. The warlike General Sherman, in New York, faces a modiste shop, George Washington looks admiringly at the offices of J. P. Morgan & Co., Admiral Farragut at a bargain sale of suit-cases, Beethoven at a hot-dog wagon and E. Franko Goldman's brass band, Dante at an automobile store, Nathan Hale at a pretzel stand, Joan of Arc at a glue factory, Abraham Lincoln at a chop suey restaurant, Carl Schurz at a ten-cent roller-coaster across the river in the Palisades Amusement Park, and Samuel J. Tilden, up on Riverside Drive, at the Albany Night Boat.

Literary Criticism.—The outstanding defect of literary criticism in America today is a confusion, on the part of a number of its professors, of the chameleon with catholicity. The practitioners of the art in considerable proportion believe that it is a mark of their open-mindedness and critical hospitality to change color every once in a while, and they negotiate the antic with a virtuosity that is exceeded only by an obvious arbitrariness. Any author, however bad, will soon or late share that hospitality if only he has patience. Virtues will in due time mechanically be read into him. The critics will essay to achieve for themselves a reputation for lack of prejudice and liberality by a whimsical digging for gold in his dross. Any number of these critics, who surely know better, have thus laboriously jockeyed themselves into a detection of hypothetical merits in scores of such writers as Dr. Joseph Collins, Harold Bell Wright, Katherine Newlin Burt, Hamilton Gibbs, Zane Grey, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Gertrude Atherton, *et al.*

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Negro Drama

The virtue of the play called "Harlem" undoubtedly lies in the circumstance that it was written by a white man and a black man working in collaboration and that it accordingly avoids, on the one hand, that air of viewing the Negro as a curiosity under a microscope which attaches to most Negro plays and books written by white men and, on the other, that air of exhibiting the Negro as a misunderstood and overly estimable human being which attaches to most Negro plays and books written by black. The etiolated Mr. Rapp and the fuliginous Mr. Thurman have served as balance wheels one for the other, and their play, as a result, doubtless comes nearer to the truth of the particular set of Ethiops they deal with than it would have had it been written by either gentleman singly. The somewhat supercilious superiority, magnanimously and laboriously concealed, that the white Mr. Rapp might have been expected to show is thus counteracted by the somewhat undue sympathy for his race that might have been expected of the black Mr. Thurman and a sound average is struck, as it is similarly struck by other potential exaggerations on both sides operating against each other. What emerges is a play that is far from being one of marked quality but one that none the less has a great deal of accurate character observation, a considerable measure of authentic reflection of Negro conduct, and a pervasive feel of reality.

Although these attributes have not been lost upon the more sagacious of the critical fraternity, the attitude of the latter toward the exhibit still reveals a share of the cuckoo notes of code criticism. One of these notes, as may be anticipated, is found in the complaint over the play's melodrama. Whenever an otherwise rational critic doesn't know what to say against a play whose defects he feels but is at a loss critically to get his fingers on, he invariably falls back upon the theory that it would have been a better piece of work if it weren't for its melodrama. He never, true enough, offers any good reason why it would have been better without its melodrama, but simply takes it for granted that his readers, having been told nonsensically for years that melodrama is suspect, will arbitrarily catch his point and agree with him. I have yet to read a detraction of the melodrama in such a play as "Harlem" that argued that detraction intelligibly, yet never is such a play produced that the detraction isn't dished up with a kind of mechanical headwaiter disdain.

The melodrama of "Harlem," in point of fact, is completely relevant; it is part and parcel of the play and its characters; and it is as befitting and integral a part of the whole as the melodrama of the "Phoenissæ" of Euripides. The critics have become so many phonographs in the presence of melodrama. Any play that is labeled a melodrama, provided it deal with crooks and detectives, will get a pertinent and equitable appraisal. But any play that isn't called a melodrama and that contains, however congruously, certain melodramatic phases, will draw out of them a measure of doubt and misgiving. In all the history of modern drama, the only play that I can think of—not called a melodrama—that has had a pistol in it and has not been superiorly sniffed at for the fact is "Hedda Gabler."

Melodrama and the Negro are cut from the same cloth. The Negro's emotions have

naturally all the exaggeration of melodrama; his imaginings, dreams, reactions to the world about him and even dress have all the high color of extravaganza and melodrama. This is true, I believe, of the educated Negro as well as of his nether brother, though to a lesser degree, of course. But it is true nevertheless. Read the books that he writes and you will find in them much of the basic indignation of melodrama. Read even his poetry and in much of it you will find the swollen emotion and defiance of melodrama. In Washington, D. C., there has recently been inaugurated an intellectual Little Negro Theatre movement. The plays for this theatre deal with Negroes and are written and acted by Negroes. I point to two of the first plays presented: "Compromise," by Willis Richardson, and "Chasm," by Mr. Richardson and E. C. Williams. The former is a melodrama in which a Negro compromises with a white man, who has killed his son, for one hundred dollars and drinks himself to death with the money. His widow struggles to support her children. Her elder daughter is seduced by the son of the white man. Her son attacks the seducer and, in an attempt to kill him, severely wounds him. The white man swears vengeance against his boy's assailant but the latter escapes. The white man then turns to revenge himself on the mother who, as the final curtain falls, is loading a shotgun to let hell loose on the villain. The second play is a melodrama in which a Negro chauffeur has a love affair with a white girl, in which the girl's family, becoming privy to the news, raises the roof, and in which the girl stands at bay, finally defies them in a ringing address and melodramatically rushes out to join her black beau. The best of the more recent plays written by white men and dealing with the Negro have astutely appreciated the close relation of the Negro and melodrama and have not hesitated to display the one in terms of the other, such plays, for example, as "Goat Alley," "Black Boy," "Porgy," *et al.*

II

Chair Acting

Miss Rachel Crothers' "Let Us Be Gay" is an amusing little comedy that makes deft use of some of the established sure-fire dodges of the theatre. Chief among these is the character of the hobbling, querulous and ironically sharp-tongued old lady who sits in an armchair for the major portion of the evening and points her remarks with a cane. This personage, whether male or female, has long been a recognized figure in the stage character gallery and, for all its familiarity, never fails to draw praise from the critics for its excellence of portraiture, however commonplace its execution may be. And the actor or actress who plays the character, whether good or bad, invariably shares in that praise. From the day that Henry Irving presented himself as the doddering old man in Conan Doyle's "Story of Waterloo"—a performance truthfully characterized by Shaw as the veriest histrionic flapdoodle—critics have deluded themselves into accepting as examples of stunning virtuosity performances that impose no more strain upon an actor's talents than that involved in applying a pint of makeup to his face, making his voice quaver and periodically converting his knees into seismographs. "Enter Mr. Irving," wrote Shaw, "in a dirty white wig, toothless, blear-eyed, palsied, shaky at the knees, stooping at the shoulders, incredibly aged and very poor, but respectable. He makes his way to his chair and can only sit down, so stiff are his aged limbs, very slowly and creakily. This sitting down business is not acting: the call-boy could do it; but we are so thoroughly primed . . . that we go off in enthusiastic whispers, 'What superb acting! How wonderfully he does it!' . . . Every old actor will wish that he could get such press notices for a little hobbling and piping and a few bits of mechanical business. . . . The whole performance does not involve one gesture, one line, one thought outside the commonest routine of automatic stage

illusion. What, I wonder, must Mr. Irving, who of course knows this better than anyone else, feel when he finds this pitiful little handful of hackneyed stage tricks received exactly as if it were a crowning instance of his most difficult and finest art? . . . But the critics!"

And what must Mr. Arliss feel, and all the score and more of other actors and actresses who, after laboring for years, find acclaim from the critics at last only when they similarly put on gray wigs, hobble around on canes, sit down in wheel-chairs, talk the way the Three Giersdorf Sisters sing and so persuade the critics that they are great character interpreters? Not only are such paint-and-powder characters the easiest to act but undoubtedly the easiest, as well, to write. It is the hack plays that have contained most of the best of these so-called characters, if we are to accept the critics' valuations of the latter. The audience effect is automatically achieved the moment the old boy or old girl is revealed in his or her chair. Sitting there and dryly commenting on the other actors who are made to leg it hither and thither like so many chipmunks, the character works on the audience much in the way that William Gillette shrewdly used to when he caused all the rest of the company to read their lines like college yells while he himself stood tranquilly to one side and read his in a soft and even voice.

Miss Crothers has, true enough, not made her old-lady-in-the-chair character put on a white wig, but the rest of the hokum is there. Seated placidly throughout the greater part of the evening at either stage right or stage left, the acidulous ancient delivers herself of comments on the pedestrians who trot in and out, now and then shaking her stick at them, and though no more acting is involved in the proceedings than was involved in Joe Jefferson's opening his eyes in the Catskill mountain scene and though the lines spoken consist largely of such witty literature as "Go to hell" and "If you don't marry him you'll be unhappy and if you do marry him you'll be unhappy," our friends, the critics, proclaim Miss Charlotte Granville a genius and Miss Rachel Crothers another.

III

With a Stein on the Table

No such skilful showmanship as that which Christopher Morley and his associates have visited upon their Hoboken enterprises has been observed hereabouts since the days of Thompson and Dundy. I do not allude to the great success with which these engaging gentlemen have put over their two theatres in that trans-North River *Stadt*, nor to the equally great success with which they have sold their revivals of "After Dark" and "The Black Crook" in them, but to the even greater success with which they have convinced most of New York that Hoboken is currently indistinguishable from Munich and that you can still get such beer there as hasn't been gargled in America since Lüchow's, Scheffel Hall, Weber's and Otto Humpfvogel's went down before the moral indignation of Mr. Volstead. So like tetronal has their showmanship been, what with its sly hints, eye-winkings, rib-pokes and subtly phrased newspaper advertisements, that a good nine-tenths of the folks who make the voyage on the ferry are absolutely convinced that what they get to drink in the rathskellers is Pilsner plus, when what they actually get is, of course, only the usual near-beer, with all its attendant republican stomachaches and intestinal catarrh.

There is something of the Barnum proficiency in showmanship of this kind. To convince, by confidential innuendo and whispered *entre-nous*, thousands of people that real beer is flowing like water when the thousands know perfectly well that, if it were, the whole of Hoboken would be padlocked and in jail, is a feat that must take its place in press-agent history with the Cardiff giant, Anna Held's Zoo-

lak baths and the histrionic genius of Richard Mansfield. There was a time when, Prohibition or no Prohibition, you could get a fair grade of malt tonic in Hoboken, that is, if the *Ober* knew you and your family for at least two generations and if you didn't wear an American Legion button, but that time—take it from a serious dramatic critic—is now something like two years gone. Even before the Morley régime made its appearance, what the *Seidel* vouchsafed one's tonsils in that Germano-American municipality was anything but realistic to one even faintly versed in the hop *Kultur* of Schiller, Lessing and Goethe. So impressionistic was it, indeed, that connoisseurs long since deserted Hoboken for a certain other oasis in the same State where distant but nevertheless soothing cousins of Culmbacher and Augustinerbräu were and are still available. All that Hoboken has to offer to the beer professor is exactly what anyone can get anywhere else, which is to say an amber fluid with a weak collar that bulks about one per centum of alcohol or less and that, were it to be served in the Hoftheater-café or the Spatenbräukeller would bring forth such an indignant yelling and such comprehensive grousing that von Hindenburg would tremble in his boots for the safety of the German Republic.

Although, as I have noted, the showmanship of Morley and his colleagues has reached its height in this quarter, there are still liberal traces of that fine showmanship in other directions. They have brought to the theatre precisely what it has most badly needed and in later years so greatly lacked: the spirit of picnic, lark and fun. They have made theatregoing what it was when we were kids. They have brought back to it the carnival, off-on-the-loose, boozy kick. They have injected the frolicking theatre mood into their customers and have made them feel that they were setting out on a high old time. They have again made theatregoing not a mere time-killing device and something of a chore, but a college-boy adventure. Take a look at their audiences and then look at the audiences in the conventional New York theatres and you'll see the difference in a moment. Full of beer with no more intoxication in it than so much Moxie, those Hoboken audiences are yet cockeyed by mental suggestion. Fellows with their arms around their girls, loud laughers, wags who pull one's hat from under one's seat and cause one to sit on it, public osculators and osculatrixes, hand-holders, villain-hissers and hero-clappers, gallery wits, city folk in evening dress eating crackerjack, dramatic critics equipped with quart pocket-flasks, estimable magistrates and judges sagaciously fortified with New York cocktails, Prohibition agents borrowing the critics' flasks in the shadows of nearby doorways during the intermissions—a gala crew and far removed from the depressing crowds one sees in the Broadway houses. Anyone could have revived "After Dark" and "The Black Crook," but it has taken Prof. Morley and his three humorous musketeers to make those revivals something more than mere revivals. In the future, I suggest to these public-spirited gentlemen that they send not only the critics the usual reviewing seats but our professional theatre managers as well. The latter will learn what they need to learn so badly, and that is that a theatre calls for just as much dramatization as a stage.

IV

The Will to Swelldom

The besetting vice of many of the newer playwrights amongst us is a desire—apparently unsupported by familiarity with the apposite punctilio—to treat of fashionable phases of our national life. Every season reveals plays that betray what may be termed this dramatic pusher quality and that, whatever their measure of merit in other directions, make themselves absurd because of their authors' idiotic wish to pass themselves off as fellows privy to the tony. The phenomenon is doubtless to be

accounted for on two grounds: first, the long-held senseless belief that theatregoers are much more greatly interested in what are called dress-suit plays than in plays dealing with the mufti milieu and, secondly, the climber impulse that is often as visible in American literature as in American public and private life.

Each year, as I have observed, provides us with many examples of the dickey drama, plays in celluloid collars and false-fronts that posture a superior elegance and that, the moment they step off their intrinsic rag rugs on to the polished floor, slip and land flat with a droll bump. Such a play as Myron C. Fagan's "Indiscretion" is, of course, the sourest kind of junk from any angle you elect to look at it, but it shows the prevailing tendency with its big scene laid, as the author describes it, on "the balconnade of residence of Helen Morse overlooking Long Island Sound." Such another play as Warren F. Lawrence's "Conflict," however, has several points of merit, notably one excellent accomplishment of character analysis, yet it, too, is largely invalidated by its author's unconscious grotesquerie when he leaves off writing what he knows about to disport himself in surroundings that are apparently strange to him. Plays and playwrights like the "Indiscretions" and the Fagans do not matter the one way or the other; there is nothing in either of them; but plays and playwrights like the "Conflicts" and the Lawrences do matter and it is these that undo themselves by venturing foolishly into domains that may well be left to others that know them more intimately.

Many a promising American playwright has been ruined by this itch to be grand. Following Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea," at least three playwrights with potential stuff in them botched what qualities they possessed by trying vainly to turn them into channels that Mitchell had navigated from his cradle days but that they themselves were as unacquainted with as a Fort Lee ferryman is with the waters off Hatteras. The vogue of R. C. Carton, Haddon Chambers and the other English polite comedy writers also sucked into its wake a number of American imitators who made miserable monkeys of themselves and killed whatever authentic gifts they may have had. In more recent years we have seen the pathetic collapse of one of the most promising young women playwrights who had appeared on the local horizon and who, after an admirable and honest beginning, gave herself over so assiduously to paste-jewelry drama and stages full of pseudo-dukes that everything valuable in her went to pot. There are other such examples at the moment of the damaging consequences of second-hand fine feathers and pretence. One of the best polite comedies on view as I write—the work of a playwright who is entitled to some critical respect—lifts its curtain on the eccentric spectacle of a country-house drawing room serving as a conference chamber for the châtelaine's butler, maid and chauffeur.

V

The Alley Drama

The thing that strikes the student of the alley drama most forcibly is not so much its strain to depart from the tradition and etiquette of the established drama as its strain to accompany that departure with a wealth of hoots, cat-calls, nose-thumbings, smutty cracks and goddams. The average little theatre seems to believe that its mere juxtaposition to a cow-stable or a Chinese laundry does something for it that could never be hoped for by a theatre anywhere near the Hotel Astor and it takes advantage of the fact—invigorated by the fresh breezes from the cow-stable and Chinese laundry—to snap the Muses' garters with a self-confident intimacy. The circumstance that Eugene O'Neill happened to get his start in one of these antipodean playhouses has encouraged a precocious corps of young men without any share of O'Neill's talent, save profanity,

to let themselves go on the alley stages and to confound a gift for billingsgate and a taste for anatomical radicalism with dramatic art.

Many of these closet theatres produce exhibits that are infinitely less plays than jeers at plays. Written by young men who haven't the slightest knowledge of dramaturgy, the stage shows abandon that art—much after the contemptuous manner of a pauper deprecating the cooking at the Ritz—and seek to conceal the Hobson's choice thus imposed upon them in a wealth of demented scenery, smoking-car studies in biology, allusions to women as sluts, views of dirty kitchen sinks, and stinging epigrams at the expense of Capital, legitimate babies and God, the whole retailed by the kind of actors who believe that there is something altruistically noble in playing tripe for twenty dollars a week. It is only on rare occasions that these outhouses of art display anything worth consideration. They began well enough and some years ago argued rather eloquently for their place in the sun. They started out, some of them, with excellent motives and not infrequently with commendable accomplishments. But in the last year or two they have made themselves ridiculous with the impudence that is ever the protective coloration of impotence, and with exhibitions that are little more than forensic turkey shows.

The Provincetown Playhouse, one of the more intelligent of the little theatre groups on the record of its earlier achievements, has not entirely escaped the prevailing flu. During the last two seasons it has periodically committed its stage to such imbecility that even its erstwhile friends have tapped their heads significantly. In James Light it has a director very greatly superior to any other little theatre director hereabouts, but poor Light—unless his own manuscript judgment has gone back on him—is apparently hamstrung by play-pickers of woeful incompetence. The latest sample of the board's judgment is "The Earth Between," by Virgil Geddes, an attempt to handle the dramatically difficult subject of incest. Mr. Geddes, despite the fact that he hasn't the cheap mind of so many of the current by-path theatre playwrights and despite the further fact that there is a measure of dignity and sensitiveness in his work, seemingly has not yet learned the elementals of dramatic craftsmanship, and the so-called play that he has produced has, accordingly, the sound of a mere preliminary dictation of its externals to a stenographer. It is not composed; it is interruptive of its own flow; it snorts and gurgles inarticulately; it suggests the trick ending of an O. Henry story thrown at an audience by a stagehand tired out from endless scene-shifting. The little theatres cannot fall back on the old apology that, desirous of presenting the work of aspiring young American playwrights, they are presenting the best plays that they can find, even though the latter may not be all that they should be. There is better work lying around than that upon which they are wasting their time. I have read some of it myself. Let them make an effort to dig it up.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Gods and Their Agents

SLAVES OF THE GODS, by Katherine Mayo. $2.50. 7½ x 5; 278 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

THE STORY OF SUPERSTITION, by Philip F. Waterman. $3.50. 8⅝ x 5⅝; 307 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

PROTESTANTISM IN THE UNITED STATES, by Archer B. Bass. $3. 8¼ x 5¼; 364 pp. New York: *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company.*

WHILE PETER SLEEPS, by E. Boyd Barrett. $3. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 329 pp. New York: *Ives Washburn.*

THE VAMPIRE: HIS KITH & KIN, by Montague Summers. $5. 9⅜ x 5⅞; 356 pp. New York: *E. P. Dutton & Company.*

WITCHCRAFT IN OLD & NEW ENGLAND, by George Lyman Kittredge. $6. 9½ x 6; 641 pp. Cambridge, Mass.: *The Harvard University Press.*

ALL of these books might well be much better than they are: a sad circumstance, for the great mystery of religion deserves the best writing of which *Homo sapiens* is capable. Dr. Kittredge comes closest to doing a sound piece of work. His huge volume is dull, but it has the compensatory virtue of being thorough. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a more diligent and relentless piling up of materials. His notes fill no less than 224 pages of fine print, and cite literally thousands of authorities, not only on the witchcraft that is his principal subject, but also on charms and amulets, crystal gazing, treasure trove, superstitions about the weather, and a multitude of other such things. For years the author has been engaged in the great Christian work of teaching Harvard sophomores the difference between *will* and *shall*, and in the furtherance of it he has composed and published many learned books, some of them of permanent value. But all the while his leisure has been given over to searching the byways of theology, especially in the region of folklore, and here he presents a colossal summary of his conclusions. The chief of them is that a belief in witches is still cherished by the majority of human beings, and that it may show itself in overt acts at any time, given only "a perturbed condition of the public mind." In the Seventeenth Century it was well nigh universal, so that "practically every person executed for witchcraft believed in the reality of such a crime, whether he supposed himself to be guilty of it or not."

Today there is more skepticism, but even though he is a Harvard professor Dr. Kittredge thinks it necessary to assure his readers in his preface that he has, personally, "no belief in the black art or in the interference of demons in the daily life of mortals." This disavowal is not to be dismissed as a laboring of the obvious, for most students of witchcraft end by believing in it. The case of another author under review, Dr. Summers, is characteristic. He is not only, like Dr. Kittredge, an English scholar of high dignity; he is also a Christian clergyman, and in good standing in the Church of England. Yet in "The Vampire" he makes it plain that he believes that vampires really exist, just as in "The History of Witchcraft" he made it plain that he believed in witches. More, he brings up such a mass of evidence in support of his belief, much of it from ecclesiastical sources of the first authority, that it is hard to resist following him. No one, indeed, can be a good Christian, and not believe in demons of all kinds, including those which animate vampires and witches. The Catholic church teaches categorically that they exist, and has the support of Holy Writ for its teaching. Some of the Protestant churches question their existence today, but not one, so far as I know, denies that they existed in the days of Aaron. Any Catholic who expressed a public doubt

upon the subject would be guilty of heresy and scandal, and might be excommunicated for his pains. Thus we are forced to assume that Al Smith believes in demons, and that it would not surprise him at all to see one of them enter into a bellboy at the Biltmore and cause a dreadful ruction. It would be his duty, in such an event, to send for a priest, and arrange for an exorcism. The *modus operandi* of such exorcisms, with a caution against mistaking lunacy for demoniacal possession, is set forth in every handbook of Pastoral Theology.

In "While Peter Sleeps" Dr. E. Boyd Barrett has nothing to say about demons, but he discusses other dogmatic matters with great frankness, and inasmuch as he is a former Jesuit and remains to this day a good Catholic, his remarks are worth attending to. His former book, "The Jesuit Enigma," will be remembered: it was widely read, and got him a sound lambasting in the chief organs of Catholic opinion. Since he printed it he has been writing articles for the reviews, and one of them, published in THE AMERICAN MERCURY last January, forms a chapter in the present volume. Dr. Barrett's main contention is that the Catholic church in America must soon or late throw off the shackles of Rome—that many of the doctrines enunciated by recent Popes *ex cathedra*, and hence with all the force of infallibility, are repugnant to fundamental American principles.

He believes that Al Smith, strictly speaking, is a heretic, demons or no demons, and that practically all the American bishops, not to mention the generality of laymen, are heretics with him. He proposes that the church in America, following the precedents of the early church, call a national council, and set up a national church. He wants this national church to recognize "the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff," but proposes that it be "so far independent as to be able to resist the introduction of new dogmas"—that is, new dogmas standing in opposition to American principles, especially in the realm of government. Finally, he argues for "the reestablishment of the early democratic custom of electing bishops," apparently by the votes of the faithful.

My guess is that these proposals will get no welcome at Rome. Further, I predict that they will find no customers among the American bishops, who have all come to the purple under the existing system, and may be confidently assumed to be satisfied with it. Nothing, indeed, is less likely than dismemberment of the church. The dogma of the Pope's supremacy is now so firmly established that it may be said, not unreasonably, to be the most sturdy of all Catholic dogmas. To countenance even the most academic modification of it would be to destroy utterly that vested interest which now constitutes, to all intents and purposes, the church. Even if theological support for any such modification could be dredged up, it would encounter difficulties residing in the weaknesses of human nature. Dr. Barrett is probably right when he argues that American Catholics, as good Americans, simply cannot accept certain current notions of the church. But he is probably wrong in holding that the difference is of great moment. The church will go on winking at heresy hereafter as it has winked at heresy in the past. At the bottom of all its dogmas is the master dogma that the faithful, after all, cannot attain to perfection—that a certain amount of sin is natural to man.

Dr. Barrett devotes a chapter to an argument against the celibacy of the clergy. He says that it is a heavy burden to all priests save those of a mystical and unearthly character, and that it works against their sacerdotal efficiency by depriving them of "a natural incentive to preach well and make a success of their parishes." It seems to me that this is poppycock. If a man actually believes in an omnipotent God, and has deliberately consecrated his life to serving Him, then the impulse to be diligent in that service must necessarily be far more powerful than the impulse of another man to take care of his wife and

children. Priests who are lazy because they have no wives to egg them on are simply priests who have got into the wrong trade. The arguments in favor of celibacy are numerous and overwhelming. The best of them is the plain fact that it has worked. Here in America we have Catholic and Protestant clergymen before us, and can judge them fairly. It seems to me to be completely obvious that the Catholics are superior to the Protestants, not only as priests, but also as men. I believe that their celibacy, by removing them from the subtle corruptions of the *Frauenzimmer*, helps to make them so.

Miss Mayo's book, "Slaves of the Gods," is a sort of appendix to her "Mother India," and first appeared serially, in large part, in the *Cosmopolitan*. A Hearstian flavor is in it; it is shabby and ineffective. The author's thesis is that most of the abuses and atrocities she finds in India have a religious basis—that the chief enemy to decency is the Hindu theologian. It goes without saying. The chief enemy to decency everywhere is the theologian. In India he battles for child marriage; in the United States he battles for comstockery, the interdiction of birth control by law, and Prohibition, with their long train of spying, hypocrisy, corruption, tyranny and dishonor. The Indian widow, it appears, is badly used; well, so is the civilized American badly used. In what way, essentially, does the Indian pundit's view of the function of marriage differ from that of a Catholic archbishop? Miss Mayo would have done better if she had let the well enough of "Mother India" alone. Boiling the old bones for Hearst has got her nowhere.

"The Story of Superstition" is by a Jewish rabbi. It is an amateurish compilation, wobbling constantly between theology and folkways, and is badly written. "Protestantism in the United States" is by a Baptist preacher. It describes the causes of disharmony among American Protestants, and argues for reunion, but there is very little in it that is new.

The Holy Estate

MARRIAGE & THE STATE, by Mary E. Richmond & Fred S. Hall. $2.50. 7¾ x 5; 395 pp. New York: *The Russell Sage Foundation.*

WHAT IS WRONG WITH MARRIAGE? by G. V. Hamilton & Kenneth Macgowan. $3. 8⅝ x 5½; 319 pp. New York: *Albert & Charles Boni.*

THE first of these books is a study, by professional social workers, of the legal formalities necessary to marriage in the various American States, and of the devices that have been invented to ameliorate or evade them. The story it tells is familiar and depressing. Nearly everywhere it is perfectly possible for a pair of drunken children to get a license and find a willing clergyman. The licensing officials, more often than not, are interested only in their fees. Anyone who appears before them and is willing to make the required oaths is quickly accommodated. And once a license is in hand the rest is easy, for if the more reputable clergymen of the place show qualms, it is always easy to find a needy Methodist, or to resort to a justice of the peace. There ensues a bawdy honeymoon, with a quick awakening, and a ferocious joust of lawyers. For the persons responsible no punishment seems to be provided. Once, to my knowledge, a Methodist divine was cast into the hoosegow for joining a girl of 12 to a man of 40, but soon afterward he was out again, whooping for righteousness, and so far as I can recall he was never formally tried. In the South it used to be the custom for aggrieved fathers to call upon such holy men and shoot them in the leg, but that custom seems to be going out as the theocracy gathers power down there. Drs. Richmond and Hall appear to believe that reforms, if they are to come at all, must come slowly. They advocate campaigns of education, and counsel going cautiously. It will be a long job separating jobholders from their graft, and it will be an even longer one instilling common decency into the lower orders of the evangelical clergy.

Drs. Hamilton and Macgowan, the former a psychiatrist by trade and the

latter a dramatist, approach the sad subject of connubial distress from a different angle. They investigate, not marriages that began insanely and quickly went to wreck, but marriages that began under good auspices and later succumbed to a process of attrition, mainly psychic in character. Their clinical material consists of the confidences of a hundred husbands and a hundred wives, some of them married to each other and some not. These laboratory animals, in the main, seem to have been New Yorkers, and relatively well-to-do. Of the husbands, twenty-two were business men, thirty-two belonged to the professions, and twenty-six were writers or artists. Of the wives, forty-five "had personal occupations outside of home-making or child-raising." The ages ran from twenty-three to fifty-nine among the men, and from twenty-two to sixty-two among the women. Three-fourths of each group had children, and the great majority had been married for at least five years. The method used was to take each candidate into a quiet room and propound to him (or her) a series of questions. In all there were 400 such questions, but only thirteen were really important. Among the thirteen were the following:

What in your marriage do you object to?

How long after your marriage did you begin to be dissatisfied?

Do you wish to go on living with your spouse?

If by some miracle you could press a button and find that you weren't married, would you press the button?

Would you marry if you were unmarried?

Obviously, there was a considerable loading here in favor of sad answers. To begin with, the husbands and wives assembled must have been of a generally introspective and gabby habit, else they would not have submitted to the questioning. Not a few of them, I daresay, had already been the rounds of the Freudians and other such quacks. Secondly, the group showed an unduly large proportion of artist husbands and of wives with jobs of their own and incomes of their own—two classes notoriously restive under connubial restraint. Thirdly and very importantly, the questions asked were mainly of the kind that lawyers call leading, which is to say, they suggested answers in a certain direction, and that direction was away from felicity. Finally, the number of individuals studied was too small to make generalizations safe—a fact that the authors themselves admit by saying that "if 2000, or, better still, 20,000 spouses had come to be studied, some of the opinions would probably have been reversed."

But let us take the returns as they stand. What do they show? They show, it seems to me, that even in New York, and among the class that spends far too much time prodding and snouting into things that had better be taken for granted, the proportion of endurable marriages is very high. Among the hundred men the authors found twenty-nine whose unions were "obviously successful" and twenty-two whose unions were "fairly successful"; among the women the figures were twenty-one and twenty-four, respectively. Here we have exactly half in the one case and nearly half in the other. There follows a twilight zone, and in it we find thirteen men and fourteen women whose marriages, though involving "persistent and irksome adjustments," are yet marked by "a high degree of attachment between husband and wife," and nine men and nine women who, though professing to be more or less unhappy, have done nothing about it. Thus the grand totals mount to seventy-three men and sixty-eight women. Do they indicate a failure of marriage? Plainly enough, they do not. On the contrary, they show it to be a considerable success. For who would expect seventy-three out of a hundred bachelors to say that they were satisfied with life, or sixty-eight out of a hundred old maids?

The authors discuss at great length the impediments to connubial contentment that they encountered. Many turn out to be obvious enough. It is manifestly unreasonable to ask a woman married to an habitual drunkard to enjoy his society: even his barber doesn't. And it is plain enough that

sexual incompatibility, when it can't be remedied, works against happiness. Of this last the authors uncover a good deal—in fact, far too much. The American male is notoriously inept and incompetent as a lover, and the laws of his country sternly forbid any effort to improve him. But he has virtues that compensate for this lack. He is far more faithful to his wife than any European, and probably a shade more complaisant when she departs from the strict letter of connubial rectitude. He treats her, as a rule, with the highest politeness that he can muster, and often admires her abjectly. No scientific inquiry, with its apparatus of tables and graphs, was needed to prove that, as husbands run in this world, he is a very good one. Nor is the American woman, taking her by and large, a bad wife. She lacks the sturdy docility of the European woman, but she always tries to make the best of herself, and so she tends to be various and interesting. Drs. Hamilton and Macgowan show that her fancies turn to adultery far more often than is commonly suspected. The fact is to be lamented, but let us not forget that it works for her husband as well as against him, for a woman who can still hope to conquer abroad is not yet a bore at home.

What I gather from this solemn and laborious report, in the end, is that marriage works pretty well. Those who enter upon it in a naïve spirit, expecting the powerful and continuous felicity of archangels, are bound to be disappointed, but those who approach it in a reasonable frame of mind usually find it not unpleasant. Marriage cannot augment materially the happiness of the naturally unhappy; it cannot cure incurable diseases of the soul; it cannot work miracles. Too many men and women, it seems to me, enter upon it as troubled girls go into nunneries, believing that it will solve all their problems. It can do nothing of the sort. But it can at least make most of them more bearable; it can at least dilute their poignancy with a certain soothing illusion. Thus, for most human beings, it is a reassuring and satisfying way of life, as it is unquestionably the natural one. Compared to existence *a cappella*, it is tranquil, serene, cheerful, comfortable, respectable, cheap, safe and sanitary. It curbs rashness and the love of hazard, and promotes common sense and the common decencies. I see nothing improbable in the doctrine that God is heartily in favor of it.

Those who propose to change its terms, hoping to make them more endurable, are howling up the wrong rainspout. Those terms are endurable enough now. Easier divorce wouldn't promote happiness; it would diminish happiness, and maybe destroy it altogether. For the essence of happiness is not ecstasy, as poets allege, but contentment, and the foundation of contentment is a philosophical habit of mind. It makes for such a habit of mind to face the irremediable. If divorce were forbidden altogether it is likely that most married couples would learn somehow to make the best of it. For in nearly all marriages, I incline to think, there is a best of it to be made. The thing is seldom downright intolerable. Nine times out of ten it may be borne, if only as diabetes and arthritis are borne. Its incurable unpleasantnesses are not peculiar to it; they are unpleasantnesses that are inseparable from life itself. No one is completely happy in this dark vale—that is, no one who is completely human. But there is no convincing evidence, in the present book or elsewhere, that such happiness as man may hope for is harder to find within the connubial corral than outside. A philosopher can stand anything, including even love.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

TRAVERSE CLEMENTS *was born in Michigan and educated in California and at Harvard. He is a former newspaper man and is now on the staff of the American Civil Liberties Union in New York.*

LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D., *is associate professor of medicine at the University of Kansas. He is the author of "The Human Body," and is a frequent contributor to the medical journals.*

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD *is editor of the* Household Magazine, *and formerly was director of information for the Federal Department of Agriculture.*

JUAN GÓMEZ *is a Cuban, educated in the United States. He has lived at different times in Santo Domingo, Porto Rico and Yucatan.*

SARA HAARDT *was born in Alabama and graduated from Goucher.*

GERALD W. JOHNSON *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL *was born and grew up in Oklahoma, finished her education in California, and for five years was a librarian in the public libraries of the latter State. In 1922 she went to Siberia as a member of the American Colony Kuzbas, and for more than two years was its librarian and secretary. In Moscow she worked as librarian for the Communist International and later as secretary-interpreter to an American correspondent. She returned to the United States in May of last year and is now living at Palo Alto, Calif.*

FRANK WARD O'MALLEY *was born in Pittston, Pa., and began life as an architect. But he soon switched to journalism and became one of the best reporters ever heard of in America. He was on the staff of the New York* Sun *until that paper suffered the Munsey blight. Since then he has been engaged in magazine work. His present home is in New Jersey.*

HAMILTON OWENS *is a Marylander and a graduate of the Johns Hopkins. After working as a newspaper reporter in Baltimore and New York, he became assistant manager of the London office of the Guaranty Trust Company. Since 1922 he has been editor of the Baltimore* Evening Sun.

WILLIAM HENRY NUGENT *has worked on newspapers all over the country. He is writing a history of prize-fighting.*

PAUL PETERS *is a Kentuckian. For a year past he has been working his way through the South, studying the life of the laboring folk. He is now in New Orleans.*

NINA PURDY *was born in Delhi, N. Y., and graduated from New York University. She is the author of two books for children, "Four-Leaf Clover" and "Wide-Open-Eye."*

LOUIS UNTERMEYER *was born in New York and educated there. He is the author of half a dozen volumes of verse, and the editor of a number of anthologies, and is well known as a critic of poetry.*

EDITH L. WEART *was born in Jersey City and is a graduate of Oberlin. She specialized in chemistry and was engaged in laboratory work for a number of years. She is now secretary to two dermatologists, and devotes her spare time to medical editing.*

GOLDIE WEISBERG *was born in what is now Poland. She has taught school in Ohio and Arizona, and has been a bookkeeper and a saleswoman. She is now engaged in retail merchandising in Phoenix, Ariz.*

ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE *is the subject of an editorial note in this issue.*

Don't Experiment with Oil Heat

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OIL-O-MATIC
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Listed as Standard by Underwriters' Laboratories

LET the experience of thousands of owners be your guide when buying oil heat. Don't take chances—get the truth from people who know.

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Two Nights Each Week. Tune in Tuesday on Station WJZ and associated NBC stations at 10 o'clock Eastern Standard Time. Tune in Friday on WGN, Chicago, 8:30 Central Standard Time.

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Please send me a list of Williams Oil-O-Matic owners in my neighborhood.

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All through the summer months Mr. and Mrs. Mears find it pleasant to use the Petrel extensively for transportation. Visits to friends in Islip and Sayville—trips to Belleport, to Greenport on the Peconic Bay, to Shelter Island and to Block Island. No other way of traveling is so cool and so comfortable, Mrs. Mears says. And certainly, she adds, in spite of city days spent in taxing professional duties, Mr. Mears' hours on the water keep him amazingly fit throughout the summer.

* * *

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*Although this series of advertisements recounts bona fide experiences of Elco owners, the names used are fictitious.

Elco
MOTOR BOATS

Editorial NOTES

ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE, whose "Emotion in the Court-Room" appears in this issue, has been referee of the Juvenile Court of Cuyahoga county, O., in which Cleveland is situated, for the past two and a half years. She is a psychologist by profession, and has written considerably on that subject for the reviews. She is also the author of a book, "Other People's Daughters." Her past articles for THE AMERICAN MERCURY have been "The People of Moronia," January, 1926; "Morals Among the Immoral," December, 1926; and "Dwellers in Neurotica," April, 1927.

Eleanor R. Wembridge

She was born in Massachusetts. "In these days of so many hard words about ministers," she says,

> I should like to testify that being brought up in New England, the granddaughter of a deacon and the daughter of a Congregationalist minister, did not blight my life, and that my first reading on evolution was from my father's library. Not only that, but my parents connived at breaches of school discipline by paying me twenty-five cents apiece for every standard work from Dante to Huxley I would read, and propped behind my open geography, the books were my main source of income. They got a flavor from being read on the sly, and not until I reached college did I know that anyone ever supposed that Genesis was to be taken literally. When I was in Radcliffe, I naturally succumbed to hero-worship of the James-Münsterberg-Palmer-Royce crowd. At about the same time,

Continued on page xxxvi

Planning high-speed business

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

MORE than 95% of the telephone calls from one town to another in the Bell System are now on a high-speed basis. This holds whether the call is from New Orleans to Boston or from New York to Oyster Bay.

Even if it is a long call, the operator in many cases now asks you to hold the telephone while the call is put through.

Calls from one town to another used to be handled by one operator taking your order and giving it to another group of operators to put through. You now give your call direct to the operators who put it through—and put it through fast while you are on the line. The average time for handling all toll and long distance calls in the Bell System was further materially reduced in 1928.

A high-speed service to all parts of the country—calls from one town to another as swift, clear and easy as local calls—that is the aim of the Bell System.

This is one of the many improvements in methods and appliances which are constantly being introduced to give high-speed telephone service. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is ever the goal of the Bell System.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"

. . . they call it The Danger Line

AROUND every one of your teeth the gums thin out to small rounded edges. These rounded edges and the teeth form tiny V-shaped crevices. In these, food particles collect and ferment. Acids are formed. Unless these acids are neutralized, decay of the teeth and irritation of the gums will take place.

Also, such things as strong astringents or a gritty tooth-paste may injure the gum edge and cause it to recede or be destroyed. The normal crevice then widens, forming an open pocket in which germs collect, eventually causing Pyorrhea.

It is because of these very real dangers that the line where teeth and gums meet is called The Danger Line. Proper care here will protect against the decay that is most difficult to control. It will also prevent the irritation which often leads to Pyorrhea.

Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, safeguards your teeth and gums. Milk of Magnesia neutralizes the acids which harm the teeth and gums. When you brush your teeth with Squibb's, tiny particles of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia get into all of these remote pits and crevices at The Danger Line and elsewhere.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans and polishes beautifully. 40 cents a large tube. At all druggists. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Editorial NOTES

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I might add, I spent an archeological season with Edith Hall Dohan and the late Richard Seager in Vrokastro, Crete. Shortly after I obtained my Ph.D. at Radcliffe, I taught psychology in Mt. Holyoke and Reed Colleges.

I have been married for twelve years to the same man—a fairly good record for these days! He is both a statistician and a singer, and I am poor at figures, but play his accompaniments—perhaps that explains it! Writing is a great gamble and hard labor for me, but I do know that there's material for another "Les Misérables" in the Cleveland courts. It needs, however, both time and genius to write about it with any force, and who has either or both?

Gerald W. Johnson, author of "Why Men Work for Newspapers" in this issue, was born in Spring Hill township, Richmond County, N. C., on August 6, 1890. His father was formerly a farmer, who later edited a country weekly, and finally assumed charge of a semi-religious weekly, organ of a church orphanage at Thomasville, N. C., the latter of which he still runs. Mr. Johnson was educated at Wake Forest College, N. C. (A.B. 1911). He took charge of a country weekly at Thomasville immediately upon graduation. It died. Then he got a job on the Lexington, N. C., *Dispatch*, another weekly, and held it until 1913. After that he went to the Greensboro, N. C., *Daily News*, and during the next eleven years held, at one time or another, every job on the staff except that of political correspondent. In 1924, he went to the University of North Carolina as professor of journalism, and in 1926 to the Baltimore *Evening Sun* as an editorial writer.

He is the author of a book on journalism, "What Is News?," and also of a popular treatise on economics, a book about Gutzon Borglum's work at Stone Mountain, and two biographies. One of the latter, "Andrew Jackson: An Epic in Homespun,"

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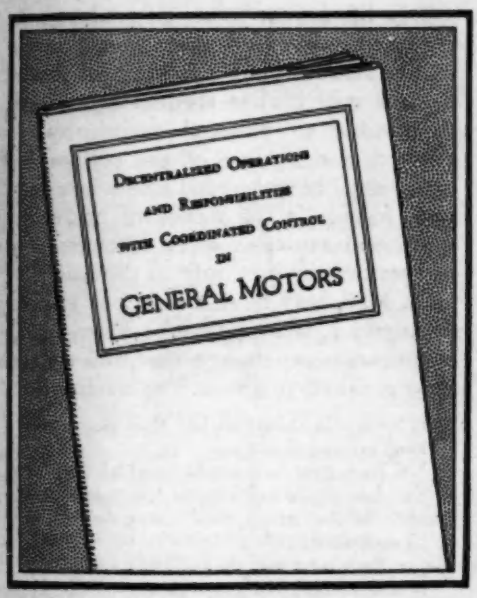
DECENTRALIZED OPERATIONS *and* RESPONSIBILITIES *with* COORDINATED CONTROL *in* GENERAL MOTORS



A COPY of this booklet, "Decentralized Operations and Responsibilities with Coordinated Control," will be mailed free upon request to Department Q-5, General Motors Corporation, Broadway at 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

THE manufacturing divisions of General Motors, from the standpoint of administrative management, are self-contained organizations, each with a general manager responsible over all its functional activities, such as engineering, purchasing, production and sales; and including financial control.

Yet there must be a sound measure of centralized control over the manufacturing divisions to assure the proper coordination of activities and to capitalize the advantages derived from the size and importance of the institution in the industrial world.

How General Motors secures the decentralization of operations and responsibilities with coordinated control is set forth in the booklet shown on this page.

In addition to its Annual Report and Quarterly Statement of Earnings, General Motors issues special booklets, from time to time, for the information of its stockholders, employes, dealers and the public generaliy. Many of the principles and policies outlined in these booklets are applicable to other businesses.

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1100 Rooms—Single or En Suite

THE ROOSEVELT
Madison Avenue at 45th St., New York
EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director

UNITED HOTELS

Editorial NOTES

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has been very widely praised. He contributes frequently to the reviews.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is offering two prizes of $500 each, one to male students and the other to women students, for the best essays on college life in America, received before August 1. The aim of the contest is to show how the four years of college life appear to actual graduates. In the treatment of the subject a wide margin will be allowed, but it is hoped that contestants will confine themselves as much as possible to personal experiences. In every case the name of the college discussed must be given, and save where good taste forbids it the names of instructors mentioned must be given likewise. The competition is open only to the seniors of 1929. MSS. may be sent in at any time up to August 1, and need not be deferred until commencement, though the prize-winners must graduate this year. The conditions:

1. No article should be less than 3000 words long, or more than 8000.

2. Each must be a wholly original work by a student graduating from an American college with the class of 1929, and taking the A.B. or its equivalent.

3. Each must bear the full name and address of the author, the name of the college frequented, and a statement of the course followed and the degree to be taken.

4. Each must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for its return in case it is not accepted.

5. THE AMERICAN MERCURY may make offers for a few MSS. other than those awarded prizes, but their authors are free to decline such offers.

6. The Editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be the sole judge of the competition.

The honoraria will be paid on August 2, and the two prize-winning articles will be printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for October. The MSS. of all other articles, if accompanied by self-addressed and stamped envelopes, will be returned to their authors on August 3.

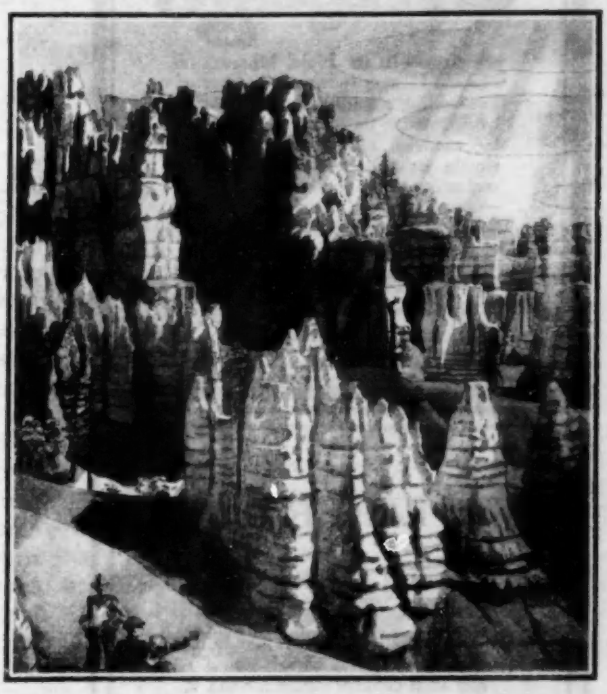
Union Pacific

"Unka-timpie Wa-Wince Pock-ich"

(Bowl shaped canyon filled with red rocks standing up like men)

BRYCE CANYON

Our Newest
NATIONAL PARK



LONG before white men discovered Bryce Canyon, the Indians of Southern Utah looked upon it with awe and wonder. They called it Unka-timpie Wa-Wince Pock-ich—"bowl shaped canyon filled with red rocks standing up like men."

That expression, though vivid, scarcely begins to describe it! Nowhere else in the world has Nature played so fantastically, so colorfully, with stone!

The great side walls are fluted like giant cathedral organs. Other architectural rock-forms tower upward in vast spires and minarets — marbly white and flaming pink. And high on painted pedestals stand human shapes, startlingly real. Figures of Titans, of kings and queens!

And yet, Bryce Canyon is *only one of five great wonderplaces* to be seen on this new exclusive Union Pacific tour. You see Zion Canyon, Cedar Breaks and Kaibab Forest as well—entirely different—no less thrilling! And as a climax, the Grand Canyon itself, the most colossal, most sublime chasm in the surface of the earth!

The trip requires only five days by motor-bus after leaving your Pullman at Cedar City, the gateway, with accommodations at handsome lodges. You can easily include it in a two weeks' vacation. You may go independently or on an Escorted All-Expense Tour with interesting companions.

The season is from June 1 to October 1. Send the coupon at once for richly illustrated booklets, and full details, including the low cost.

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Please send me complete information including cost, and booklet:
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LOW SUMMER FARES TO ALL THE WEST *via*

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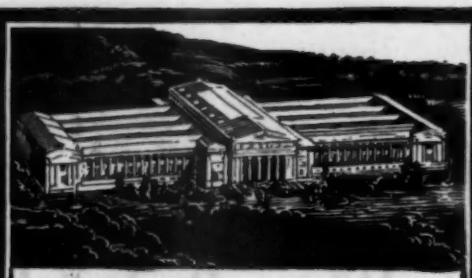
THE OVERLAND ROUTE



Chicago

possesses—in its Field Museum of Natural History—one of the four or five leading scientific museums of the world. With its monumental building modeled after a famous Greek temple, its collected treasures represent an investment of over $50,000,000—now priceless, because virtually irreplaceable. Edison Service supplies electric requirements.

Commonwealth Edison Company

The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 118 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for Year Book. Stock is listed on The Chicago Stock Exchange.

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AND AT 43 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W.

BROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

The INVESTOR

THE INDUSTRIAL DEBENTURE WITH STOCK PARTICIPATION PRIVILEGES

By Rudolph L. Weissman

A debenture is an obligation secured only by the credit of the debtor. It differs from a mortgage bond in that it is not secured by a lien against specific property. It differs from a preferred stock in that it is a debt, the principal of which is due at a definite maturity, and the payment of interest on which is a fixed charge. In the conventional classification of securities, the debenture receives a position inferior to that of a mortgage bond, and superior to that of a preferred stock. With a stock participation feature in the form of a warrant giving the holder the right to buy a stipulated amount of common stock, or a conversion feature making it convertible into stock, the debenture is one of the most widely used types of industrial financing. The preference of the public for common stocks over securities promising nothing more than a fixed income has increased beyond all precedent the use of a security, which, on the one hand, seems to offer the safety associated with a bond, and on the other hand, the extensive possibilities of capital appreciation possessed solely by a common stock.

As a rule, a new offering containing a stock participation privilege commands a substantially higher price than a like issue without this feature. The premium may be estimated at from 5% to 10%. The nature of the debenture, and the possibility that disproportionate risks will be assumed in

Continued on page xlii

No. 5 of a series of Advertisements of American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated

Towns Grow . . .

WHEN the water mains go in, permanent and indestructible, an enduring basis is laid for lasting community expansion . . . .

In 1928 the water works properties of American Water Works and Electric Company in scores of towns all over the country laid down two hundred and fifty miles of water pipes for the supply of constantly growing communities.

By furnishing capital for this steady expansion the securities of the American Water Works and Electric Company share in the permanent growth of our country.

An Industry That Never Shuts Down

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED
50 Broad Street, New York

Information about this Company, or any of its subsidiaries, will be furnished on request. Write for Booklet K-1.

© 1928

Answer the call of the Old World—its color, history, romance and strange beauty will enrich your memory. Let us call your attention to our Individual Travel Service—a service that aligns itself with your own ideas, your convenience and your budget—prearranges every essential, from steamship reservation to train, airplane, automobile and hotel . . . a service that takes care of your passport, visa and baggage . . . and gives you the benefit of the 88 years of experience of our unique organization with 200 offices in Europe alone,—of our close affiliation with the Wagons-Lits Co., owners of the famous international trains de luxe in Europe, Near East, Egypt, etc.

Our Group Travel programs—escorted or unescorted —offer an almost infinite selection of itineraries of various durations—ranging from the highest kind of Luxury Tour to the economical, comfortable Popular Tour.

Automobile Tours. Special Air Cruises; General Airplane Travel. Steamship tickets by all lines. Cook's Traveler's cheques.

THOS. COOK & SON
587 Fifth Avenue, New York
Philadelphia Boston Baltimore Washington Chicago St. Louis
San Francisco Los Angeles Toronto Montreal Vancouver
in co-operation with
WAGONS-LITS CO.

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xl

reliance on the prospects for capital appreciation, makes analysis doubly essential.

A debenture has all the weaknesses of an unsecured long term promissory note. Among the dangers to which its safety is subjected are the possibilities that additional indebtedness will be incurred. The trust indenture, or contract, under which the debenture is issued, generally contains covenants safeguarding the bondholders, but these provisions cannot take the place of earnings and equities.

An illustration from a carefully drawn debenture will serve to show the character of the covenants. The total issue is limited to $35,000,000, of which $25,000,000 has been issued. The remainder cannot be issued except for the purchase of fixed assets against permanent additions and improvements, or to acquire additional security holdings, and then only if the consolidated net tangible assets equal 200% of the funded debt, consolidated net earnings for the two preceding years available for interest and taxes are three times the annual fixed charges on the total indebtedness, and consolidated net current assets are 85% of the total indebtedness. Excepting current debt and purchase money mortgages not exceeding two-thirds of the cost of the properties to be acquired, no mortgage debt can be created to an extent greater than 1% of the consolidated net assets without securing the debentures ratably, and then only if the net assets are 200% of the consolidated funded debt. Dividends other than stock dividends cannot be paid except out of earned surplus, and unless the consolidated net tangible assets available for the funded debt amount to 175% of the consolidated funded debt; nor can more than $3,500,000 be applied to retirement of the stock except out of additional paid-in capital, or earned surplus. Similarly, there are protective provisions relating to

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OTIS & CO.

Established 1899

MEMBERS
New York Stock Exchange
Cleveland Stock Exchange
Chicago Stock Exchange
Detroit Stock Exchange
Cincinnati Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade
New York Curb Market

CLEVELAND

New York — Chicago
Philadelphia — Detroit
Kansas City — Cincinnati
Toledo — Columbus
Akron — Louisville
Canton — Massillon
Denver — Colorado Springs

Investment Trusts

While the investment trust is recognized as a valuable aid to the individual investor in simplifying his investment problems, the distinct differences in the rights of shareholders or participants in the many investment trusts now in existence or being formed, make necessary a careful analysis before choosing among them.

We gladly offer our services in this respect without obligation to you.

Bon Voyage • 1929

will be said with **BOOKS** because books not only carry the wishes of the giver—they *guarantee* a jolly trip to the traveller who likes reading. And who does not? A **Bon Voyage Book Box** is the most thoughtful of going-away gifts.

Write or wire name of voyageur, giving the price of box desired, the name of the vessel and the date of sailing. Delivery will be made to the steamer. Books and magazines of your choice or ours will be sent. Bon Voyage Book Boxes *are priced at* $5, $10, $15, $20, *etc.*

BRENTANO'S
Booksellers to the World
1 W. 47th St. New York
Branch 5th Avenue at 27th St.

Why not Europe this August or September?...

The Cunard Cabin Way invites you!

Late Summer and early Fall a glorious season in Europe! There's more freedom abroad. The rush season is over and life is less crowded. Paris always seems more French... the Black Forest pines more fragrant... the lakes of Lombardy more colorful and Shakspere Land more glamorous and restful. Begin your vacation on a Cunard Cabin Ship!

With three sailings a week and the choice of seven European ports to land at, seventeen great Cunarders link unsurpassable ocean comfort with moderate cost. Splendidly equipped staterooms, generously proportioned decks and public rooms, enticing food and service—all proclaim the world-known Cunard standard of Cabin Travel.

And on all these ships are very bright and surprisingly comfortable Tourist Third Cabin accommodations. Rates: Cabin $145 up... Tourist Third Cabin $102.50 up.

CUNARD LINE

See Your Local Agent

THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlii

the corporation's subsidiaries. A progressive sinking fund is provided, calculated to reduce 60% of the issue prior to maturity. The gradual extinction of the debt is most important where the assets are of the wasting type. The percentages or ratios will necessarily vary in each individual case, but the clauses cited above are suggestive.

Conversion is either stated in terms of the number of shares that can be exchanged for each $1000 principle, or in terms of a fixed price for the stock. Warrants give the holder the right to buy a certain amount of stock at a fixed price. In both instances, the prices are generally fixed on a scale upward, generally being raised $3 to $5 a share each year as the bond approaches maturity. Sometimes the price is changed according to the number of bonds that have been converted. Thus, the $50,000,000 Anaconda Convertible Debenture 7's were convertible on the following basis: the first $10,000,000 at $53 a share, and for each $10,000,000 converted, the price increased $3 a share. This was on the assumption that the stock would become more valuable as time went on. So far as the records show, there is only one bond with a stock participation privilege where the price scale descends. The I. G. Farbenindustrie Convertible Debenture 6's, due in 1945, were convertible into stock at 200% in 1928, whereas the rate is 195% during 1929, and gradually descends to 100% by 1941. Warrants may be detachable, in which event the holder is in a position to retain the bond and sell the warrant when it becomes of value. This is the chief distinction between the two classes of stock participation, for the convertible bond holder must either accept stock or take his profit by disposing of the investment. Provisions are generally included so that in the event that the stock is split up, or stock dividends paid, the price at which the

Continued on page xlvi

England

. . . the best trip in Europe

Step ashore at Southampton, right into the midst of centuries-old pageantry. A biscuit's-throw away... the great New Forest, with its thousand year old oaks... hunting ground of Rufus Redbeard. Beaulieu Abbey built by the Infamous John, from whom the nobles squeezed the Great Charter.

There's a dewy freshness about the Thames Valley and an incomparable charm about the entire countryside which blends ideally with the substantial hospitality of England.

Thirty-five Round Tours have been specially prepared for Americans. What best to see, where to go—without wasting time.

Guide No. 79, containing full information, gladly sent on request

K. W. C. GRAND, *Gen. Agt.*, 505 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

GREAT WESTERN
and
SOUTHERN
Railways of England

Who pays if your baggage is lost or damaged?

Let America's oldest fire and marine insurance company protect you against financial loss should your baggage become lost, damaged or stolen. Ask your agent or broker to get you a North America Personal Effects policy.

North America agents are listed in the Insurance sections of Bell classified telephone directories under "INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA."

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company"

Founded 1792

Or mail this coupon—

Insurance Company of North America
1600 Arch Street
Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. AM-5

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

wants information on Personal Effects Insurance

HOUSE PARTY
ALL-EXPENSE CONDUCTED TOURS

8 Days to Two Months
$125 up
Leaving Chicago every Sunday, June 23 to August 25
Recreation car
Comprehensive sight-seeing. Leading hotels. Expert couriers.

The gayest, most care-free vacation . . . Guild House Party Tours on luxurious trains to popular vacation-lands of the United States and Canada. Hundreds of interesting trips described in our beautifully illustrated booklets:

"Wonderland of the West"—Summer Tours of the Pacific Northwest, Canadian Rockies, Alaska, Pacific Coast, Yellowstone, California, Colorado, Salt Lake. Booklet 'DW'.

"Historic East"—Summer Tours of the Atlantic Coast, Canada, Niagara Falls, Virginia, Bermuda. Ask for Booklet "DE".

Art Crafts GUILD TRAVEL BUREAU
Dept. 620, 180 North Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

The Ambassador

"MONARCH OF THE BOARDWALK"
ATLANTIC CITY

Summer's Just Around the Corner

Spring, in its most glorious mood, is waiting on the Boardwalk with a warm embrace for you. The sun shines its brightest and every breeze from the sea bears the premonition of Summer . . . Come, enjoy Springtime—Maytime—at the AMBASSADOR.

Indoor Sea Water Swimming Pool

European Plan Daily Rate
$5, $6, $7 Single $8, $9, $10 Double
685 Rooms 685 Baths

The INVESTOR

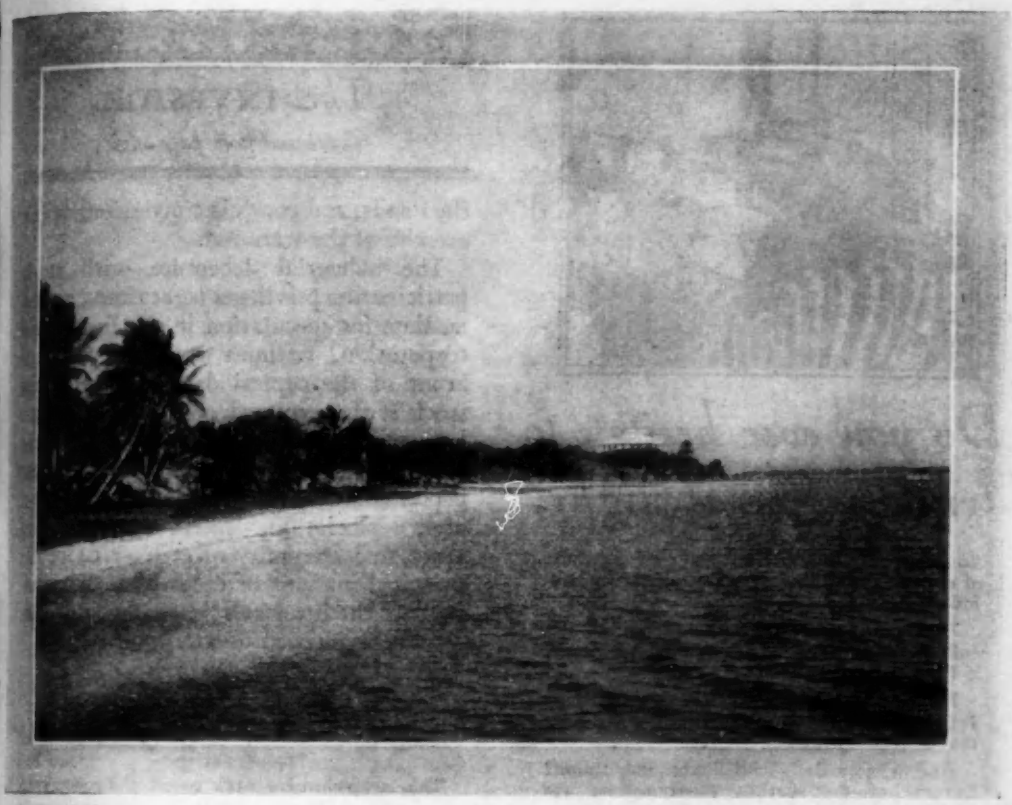
Continued from page xliv

warrant or conversion privilege is exercisable is reduced proportionately.

The offer of additional stock acts like a stock dividend, and provision should also be made to reduce prices in the event of subscription rights. The Anaconda Convertible 7's, for instance, did not contain such a clause. When the shareholders were given the right to subscribe to 40% additional stock at $55 a share, and the stock was selling in the neighborhood of $155, bondholders who did not convert their stock prior to the record date, stood to lose approximately $450 per $1000 bond.

Convertible bonds often anticipate the possible value of the conversion privilege. Porto Rican American Tobacco Company 6% Debentures, due in 1942, convertible into Congress Cigar stock at 90, sold as high as 106 when the stock reached 92. The conversion value of the bond, with the stock at this price, was only 102, and as a straight bond it would probably have sold in the neighborhood of 96–98. The then current price was attributable to buying by those who chose this method to speculate in the stock. Once the stock sells far above the conversion level, the bonds will sell without any relation whatsoever to their investment value, and will fluctuate with the changes in their parity value to the stock. Referring again to the Anaconda 7's, when the stock sold in the neighborhood of 160, the bonds sold at 246. The slight difference between the conversion value of the bond and the actual price was due to adjustment charges, for it is a general practice, in the event of conversion, to make an adjustment—the bondholders being credited with interest from the last interest date to the conversion date, and debited with the accrued dividend. Theoretically, there is no limit to the profits of a bondholder, but invariably the corporation has the option of redeeming

Continued on page xlviii

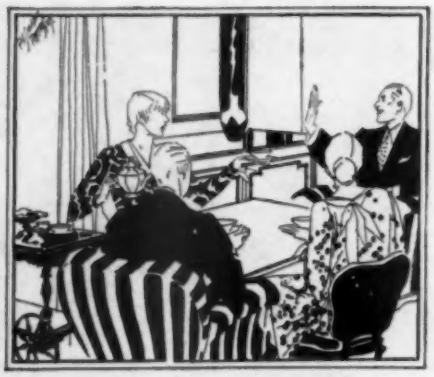


LONG before the stately white walls of the Inn were reared —years before the possibilities of the beautiful secluded island were realized—Useppa and its waters were a rendezvous for "dyed in the wool" fishermen. Giant tarpon was the lure that swarmed the Passes with the coming of Spring.

Years have rolled by, and Useppa has become a famous resort. Tarpon Time is here again and the fisher fraternity is gathering from the ends of America. A round of golf, perhaps—then off to the sportiest fishing on earth.

The season will not end until June, and up to the last day the golf course, tennis courts and beaches will hold fast their devotees. Wire J. F. Vallely, manager, for reservations. Useppa Inn, Useppa Island, Lee County, Florida.

Useppa Inn



Do you ever hesitate to drink coffee at night?

So MANY people deny themselves the pleasure of coffee in the evening—and dinner loses a lot of cheer.

How unnecessary! You can enjoy all the coffee you want, no matter how late the hour, if it's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Kaffee Hag Coffee will not keep you awake. It is 97% free of the drug caffeine—the drug that affects nerves and prevents sleep.

And what a delightful flavor and aroma! Several of the world's finest coffees are blended to produce one of the most satisfying coffees you ever tasted. Mellow, full-strength, heartening.

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. Let the family enjoy it, breakfast, lunch, or supper. . . . What could be more welcome to the coffee lover who has been putting up with substitutes?

Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Served by hotels, restaurants, on diners. Sold by dealers everywhere. Let us send you a generous can today. Mail the coupon.

* Now a Kellogg product

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1879 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, O.

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name_____

Address_____

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xlvi

the bonds, and compels conversion, or the exercise of the warrants.

The industrial debenture with stock participation privileges is, at times, a good medium for speculation in the future of a corporation, without assuming the full brunt of the capital depreciation in the stock if the expected prosperity does not take place, or if the investment must be liquidated in periods when stock prices are depressed. A liberal margin of net income, after depreciation, depletion charges, and taxes, and an equity of at least twice the principal amount of debentures outstanding, are the investor's best safeguards, and should be insisted upon.

New Financial Books

INVESTMENT PRINCIPLES & PRACTICES.
By Ralph Eastman Badger. *Prentice-Hall*
$6 9 x 6; 615 pp. *New York*

This comprehensive work covers the entire range of investments. The chapters dealing with the financial analysis of industrial corporations and securities are especially good. Dr. Badger is outspoken in his belief that, as a class, preferred stocks, principally those of industrial companies, are the least desirable of all securities. The reason set forth is that preferred stocks have all the weaknesses of bonds with none of their advantages, and all the weaknesses of common stocks with none of their advantages. The value of the book is enhanced by an excellent bibliography. Dr. Badger writes not only from a knowledge of economic theory, but also out of an extensive experience in the supervision of investments for estates.

INVESTMENT TRUSTS: AMERICAN EXPERIENCE.
By William Howard Steiner. *The Adelphi Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 325 pp. *New York*

The tremendous importance of the investment trust precludes the possibility of having too many capable works on the subject. Although the sub-title of Dr. Steiner's book is "American Experience," he has also reviewed the development of the investment trust in England, and points out the very essential differences in the capital structures, investment portfolios and practices of American and English companies. As the author notes, how much of the success of the investment trust in this country is due to financial acumen cannot as yet be determined. The test of a protracted decline in the market has not been faced. The fixed or stock conversion trusts are subjected to severe scrutiny.

Bargains in *Used* Adding Bookkeeping Calculating *and* Billing Machines

A full line of used Burroughs Adding, Bookkeeping, Calculating and Billing Machines is offered by the General Adding Machine Exchange at prices far below those of new machines.

These machines have been completely overhauled by Burroughs and rigidly inspected. They carry the same guarantee as a new Burroughs machine.

More information may be secured from the General Adding Machine Exchange Stores located in six cities listed below or from the Burroughs offices in all principal cities.

An interesting illustrated folder, "Used Burroughs Machines", will be sent free to anyone requesting it. This folder explains in detail the overhauling and guarantee of Burroughs Machines handled by the General Adding Machine Exchange. Write to any of the addresses below.

GENERAL ADDING MACHINE EXCHANGE

319 Broadway	1127 Walnut	130 E. Seventh	337 W. Lafayette	564 Market	77 W. Lake
New York City	Philadelphia	Los Angeles	Detroit	San Francisco	Chicago

what a whale of a difference just a few minutes make

YES
and what a whale of a difference just a few cents make

A definite extra price for a definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xxx

POETRY

FURTHER POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. *Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi & Alfred Leete Hampson* *Little, Brown & Company* $2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 208 pp. *Boston*

This collection of over one hundred and fifty poems by Emily Dickinson was recently discovered by her niece, Mrs. Bianchi. Many of them have been printed during the last few months in leading American and English journals, and the name of the God-intoxicated poetess of Amherst, Mass., becomes almost as well-known as that of the latest Manhattan nymphomaniac. Critics who have never given her more than cursory notice in the past now compare her to Sappho, Elizabeth Browning, Blake and Keats, and find the most profound philosophy in her lines. This is a tragedy, for the cold fact is that the present book is by far Miss Dickinson's feeblest. The workmanship in it is even more ragged than was usual with her, and one cannot get rid of the feeling that maybe she knew it herself, and therefore took pains to hide the MS., perhaps for future revision. There is nothing in the present collection worthy to stand beside her celebrated "Spring Symphony" or even "Emigravit." Nevertheless, there are some good things. For instance:

Why do I love thee, Sir?
Because—
The wind does not
Require the grass
To answer wherefore, when
He pass,
She cannot keep her place.

The lightning never asked
An eye
Wherefore she shut when
He was by—
Because he knows
She cannot speak,
And reasons not contained
Of talk
There be—preferred by daintier folk.

Emily Dickinson is in many ways the greatest poet the United States has yet produced, but to call her a profound philosopher is nonsense. It takes more to be a philosopher than to say, "Life is what we make it, Death we do not know"; or "I don't like Paradise. Because it's Sunday all the time, And recess never comes."

Continued on page lii

JUSTICE CALIFORNIA STYLE

TOM MOONEY FRAMEUP

JUSTICE CALIFORNIA STYLE

A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT

"IN QUESTA TOMBA OSCURA?"

(WITHIN THE TOMB—FORGOTTEN?)

CLARENCE DARROW GIVES $500

Chicago, July 4, 1928

Tom Mooney,
San Quentin, Calif.

My Dear Mooney,

I hope you will excuse me for keeping your papers so long. I am surprised to see how complete the case is. It is hard to imagine the Governor keeping you in prison after reading these documents. They ought to result in a release. However, there is something that is keeping you beyond what applies to the ordinary prisoner. When the Judge, the State's attorney, the police department, and the jurors confess that they were mistaken and ask for your pardon, it ought to be enough. I think this should be printed. It ought to be placed in the hands of everyone in California so far as it can be done. It is not at all likely that the people understand the situation. I hardly know what they could get out in reply. I don't see how they could do anything to overcome a Judge and a State's attorney and the case against Oxman.

I presume the question of money will cut some figure. Let me know what it will cost and I will see if I cannot raise the money here.

Personally I will pledge myself to $500.

Very truly yours,
Clarence Darrow.

TOM MOONEY'S APPEAL

In a Living Grave

My Dear Friends,

The other evening I was playing a record on the phonograph, Beethoven's IN QUESTA TOMBA OSCURA. It was sung by Feodor Chaliapin. It struck me very forcibly. Warren K. Billings and I are, for all practical purposes, forgotten. We are now rounding out our thirteenth year of the most cruel and unjust imprisonment for a crime of which we are absolutely innocent.

My petition for pardon has been in the Governor's office for two years. It has not been read yet. He says it will take A VERY CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF MONTHS to read it—in his spare hours.

He wrote Judge Griffin that the only time this can be done is during vacation, yet my petition has been in his office during two vacations and is still unread. I want to publish the documents of my case, now before the Governor, and send them to every registered voter in California. To me this seems to be our only hope.

Will you help me do this? I urgently appeal to every reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY to send a contribution to this fund started by Clarence Darrow and a few other friends.

TOM MOONEY.

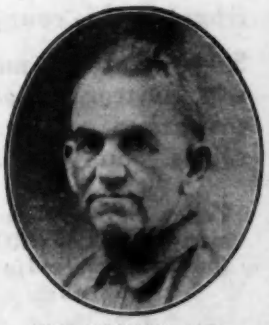
TOM MOONEY, 1916

SEND ALL FUNDS TO

TOM MOONEY MOLDERS DEFENSE COMMITTEE

MARY E. GALLAGHER
SECRETARY

BOX 1475, SAN FRANCISCO



TOM MOONEY, 1928

CALIFORNIA'S SHAME

Real English
CRISP BREAD

Try this tasty crisp wheat Novelty—

VAL-KY-RO, the real English *Crispbread* has "a chip and a crack at the first bite" that even by itself, is refreshingly *different.* Then comes that wholesome wheat taste—and *Crispbread* has won another friend in this country!

Serve it at any meal—with butter, cheese or preserves . . . or with salads. You'll like it.

Tell your grocer to include a box of VAL-KY-RO, *the English* Crispbread *in your next order.*

HUNTLEY & PALMERS
LTD.
60 WARREN STREET
NEW YORK

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page 1

BITTER SWEET POEMS.
By Rebecca McCann. *Covici-Friede*
$2 7½ x 5; 84 pp. *New York*

The seventy-two pieces contained in this posthumous volume are so slight, and often so fragmentary, as to have little distinction. And yet, because of a certain uniformity of tone, an overshadowing mood of futility, they are, perversely, interesting. Llewellyn Jones has contributed a brief critical introduction.

A SON OF EARTH.
By William Ellery Leonard. *The Viking Press*
$3 8 x 5¼; 235 pp. *New York*

This volume of Mr. Leonard's collected poems is composed of pieces from "The Vaunt of Man," "The Lynching Bee," "Tutankhamen and After," "Aesop and Hyssop," "Sonnets and Poems" (privately printed in 1906 and 1909), and "Poems 1914–16. "The principle of selection was relative quality," says the author in his prefatory note, "somewhat modified by the principle of arrangement. For the principle of arrangement was autobiographic, with reference to activities, aims, situations, influences, crises, and impact of public events. The volume is thus, in intention, a poem-sequence in eighteen episodes, about one life-time, . . . about one son of earth."

FICTION

IN THOSE DAYS. *An Impression of Change.*
By Harvey Fergusson. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 267 pp. *New York*

This story will inevitably challenge comparison with the same author's "Wolf Song," for the scene is the same Southwest and the time is not much later. "Wolf Song" is a better book. It is more adroitly organized, its people are more picturesque, and there is in it a greater glow. But that is not saying that "In Those Days" is ineffective. On the contrary, it is an excellent piece of work, and if its charm does not quite equal that of its predecessor, it is charming none the less. The whole gaudy panorama of the dead Southwest rolls through it. From the moment we first meet Robert Jayson, as he goes to work for Abel Doxey in the little adobe town on the upper Rio Grande, to his last days in Albuquerque, his cronies gone and his world in collapse, we follow him through the acts of a gorgeous drama—now, alas, already half forgotten. The Old Southwest is gone. Where the prospector starved there are now fat realtors. The burro has fallen before the flivver. But it was an enchanted land while it lasted, and into this story of it Mr. Fergusson has got a good deal of its enchantment.

Continued on page liv

THIS IS ONE OF A SERIES OF TESTIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS

"I DO NOT read *The American Mercury*"

Peter L. Straitlace

[PRESIDENT ANTI-PLEASURE LEAGUE]

Mr. Straitlace, the prominent reformer, was asked this question: "Do you read THE AMERICAN MERCURY?"

"I do not read THE AMERICAN MERCURY," he answered. "I have been told that it strikes at the very roots of our most cherished institutions."

Mr. Straitlace was bribed to skim through the proofs of the May issue, after which he continued.

"My informers were right. The very existence of such a magazine as this shows how the American nation has degenerated. Take this article: 'His Rev'rince—Rest His Soul', by Frank Ward O'Malley. This man shows an appalling lack of taste in attacking the clergy of his own church.

"Mrs. Eleanor Rowland Wembridge writes on 'Emotion in the Court-room.' She is most disturbingly outspoken. Mrs. Ruth Epperson Kennell, in 'The New Innocents Abroad,' writes about Russia, communists, socialists, members of the I. W. W. and other subjects about which any self-respecting lady is, happily, uninformed. No...I do not read THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Heaven protect my soul if I ever do!"

Heaven protect *our* souls if you do, Mr. Straitlace. This magazine was not prepared for you; it was designed for intelligent people with a saving spark of humor.

Do you DARE read THE AMERICAN MERCURY?

How about you? Can you stand outspoken truth? Knowing that certain things are wrong with our civilization and our nation, have you the courage to face the facts? Put yourself to the test now!

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

H. L. Mencken, Editor • • Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher • • 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

50c a copy • $5 a year

GOLD
LABEL

an uncommonly

fine leaf . . a "pick"

leaf . . a genuine

100% Orange

Pekoe Tea . . .

Ridgways

GOLD
LABEL

Tea

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lii

THE WHITE GIRL.
By Vera Caspary. *J. H. Sears & Company*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 305 pp. *New York*

Solaria Cox resents her Negro blood "as one might hate a deformity." She leaves her family in Chicago and comes to New York, where she passes as a white girl. She becomes a photographer's model and lives an artificial life, always fearing that she may be discovered. She falls in love with David Lannon and is ready to deceive him, but in the end fears the consequences and takes her life.

THE SNAKE PIT.
By Sigrid Undset. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 8⅛ x 5¼; 301 pp. *New York*

This is the second volume of a tetralogy of which "The Axe," published last year, was the first. It begins with Olav Audunsson's return to his estate, Hestwiken, where he brings his wife Ingunn, whom he has forgiven for her illicit love affair with Teit, the Icelandic itinerant, though he has killed Teit and is consumed with the problem of expiation for his sin. This, in the main, is the theme of the book, together with Ingunn's and Olav's struggle for readjustment. Their love persists even through their clash over Ingunn's son and Olav's unfaithfulness, but in the end, when Ingunn dies, Olav is still far from relief for the sickness of his soul. The translation is by Arthur G. Chater.

MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS.
By Du Bose Heyward. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 311 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

This is the story of black Mamba, with her multitudinous wrinkles and her strangely brilliant eyes, who comes up from Charleston's underworld and attaches herself to the Wentworths, a white family of distinction, and there remains without compensation but with increasing dignity until she can establish herself in the character of an old, valued retainer with the Atkinsons, one of the new rich families of Charleston. Her own position secure, she achieves the rescue of her ungainly daughter Hagar from the law by the intervention of her new white folks; but her one thought, her endless scheming is for Lissa, her beautiful young granddaughter, who dreams of becoming a great singer. Hagar heroically aids in the support of her daughter, but it is Old Mamba who saves Lissa from disgrace when Hagar murders her lover; it is Old Mamba who upbraids Lissa in her doubt, and who packs her off to New York, where she bridges at last the fabulous distance between Mamba's first fantastic dream for her and the consummation of that dream. A story of great merit, sympathetically and beautifully told.

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JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.
By H. W. Freeman. *Henry Holt & Company*
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The story of an indomitable old man, who, with his four sons, takes up unyielding fields and makes them flourish. It is Mr. Freeman's thesis that in this sacrifice the five find a happiness inaccessible to others; that their slavery to the soil is such that they have no desires, no ambitions, apart from it. A distinguished piece of writing, but the author's ideas breed an unreality that often obscures his characters.

THE CLOSED GARDEN.
By Julian Green. *Harper & Brothers*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 398 pp. *New York*

The scene is a drab house in a small French provincial town. Here lives Adrienne Mesurat, eighteen and beautiful, with a tyrannical, miserly father and a jealous old maid sister, slowly dying. So effectually is she shut away from the world that she falls in love with a middle-aged, unattractive doctor, a neighbor, whom she has seen only once, passing in a broken-down cab. She becomes obsessed with her passion and every night embraces the wall of his house, until her sister and father begin to spy on her. Presently she makes a friend who turns out to be a blackmailer and a thief; her sister leaves the house, and confronted and accused of her love by her father, she throws him downstairs and kills him. Afterward she wanders about in a futile effort to escape from herself; her letters to the doctor are intercepted by his elderly sister, and upon hearing that he is ill and cannot live, and that he does not love her, she loses her reason. A well-made story, told with ease and a good style, but not remarkable for depth. Mr. Green is an American, but writes in French. Henry Longan Stuart has made the excellent translation.

FRANCE IS FULL OF FRENCHMEN.
By Lewis Galantière. *Payson & Clarke*
$2 7¼ x 5; 165 pp. *New York*

This witty satire is, in form, the foreign diary of State Senator Peabody A. Wise, an eminent statesman of the Middle West, who sets sail for Paris with a research assistant, Harry Golightly, and three members of the local chamber of commerce—Theodore Sherwood, banker; John Reedy, public relations counsellor; and Marco Levine, owner of a department store—to "settle, by American business methods, all these problems between the French and us, and find out what was the matter that the French didn't like us any more." The difficulties of the quintette provide hilarious reading. There is, indeed, scarcely a more uproarious scene in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" than that of the international banquet at which

Continued on page lviii

POETRY and ART

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addresses are made in English by a French statesman and in English by Mr. Wise, for Mr. Galantière is an adept in his characterization of the French as he is in dealing with Americans.

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE.
By Bravig Imbs. *The Dial Press*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 305 pp. *New York*

Myron Ramson is a pedagogue gone modern, with the able assistance of his wife. Their scholarly butler tells of the gatherings of professors and their wives to meet such celebrities as Rebecca West, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Robert Frost. There is good satire, deftly served.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOU—AND THE DOCTOR.
By John B. Hawes II. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$2 7¾ x 5; 181 pp. *Boston*

This book is small, but it is packed with good sense. Dr. Hawes starts out with three chapters on a subject that is discussed strangely little—the proper attitude for a patient to take toward his physician. He then proceeds to deal with some of the common ailments of mankind, both trivial and serious. He describes their initial symptoms, differentiates between those which need prompt treatment and those that are less dangerous, and sets forth, when a cure is possible, the procedures necessary to it. Finally, he has chapters on vacations and on the family medicine chest, and then closes with a few pages on the choice of a physician. The book shows an enlightened and tolerant spirit throughout. It is the work of one who is a good doctor, and at the same time a highly civilized man. The author is a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, and is in practise in Boston as a specialist in tuberculosis and other diseases of the chest.

THE SOVIET UNION. *Facts, Descriptions, Statistics.*
The Soviet Union Information Bureau
$1.50 7⅝ x 5⅜; 288 pp. *Washington*

This is the latest Year Book issued by the Soviet Union Information Bureau, and like its predecessors is a veritable encyclopedia of what is going on in Russia today. All the information in it is drawn from official sources, and thus one can never be sure of its complete accuracy. Nevertheless, it is of great value. It covers every branch of the national life, political, economic, scientific, sociological, journalistic and diplomatic. There are two excellent maps, a complete chronicle of events from 1917 to the end of 1928, and a good index.

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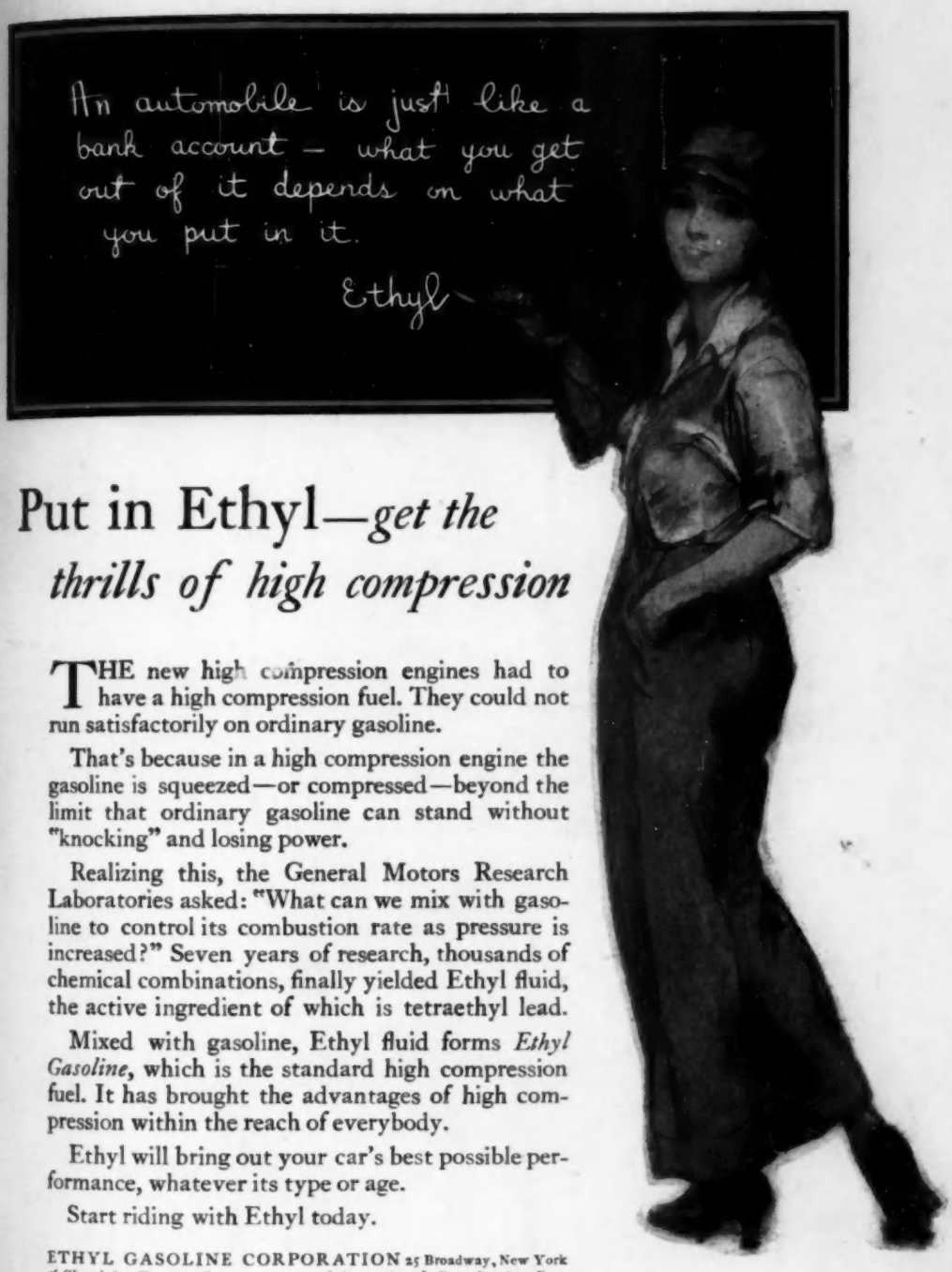

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That's because in a high compression engine the gasoline is squeezed—or compressed—beyond the limit that ordinary gasoline can stand without "knocking" and losing power.

Realizing this, the General Motors Research Laboratories asked: "What can we mix with gasoline to control its combustion rate as pressure is increased?" Seven years of research, thousands of chemical combinations, finally yielded Ethyl fluid, the active ingredient of which is tetraethyl lead.

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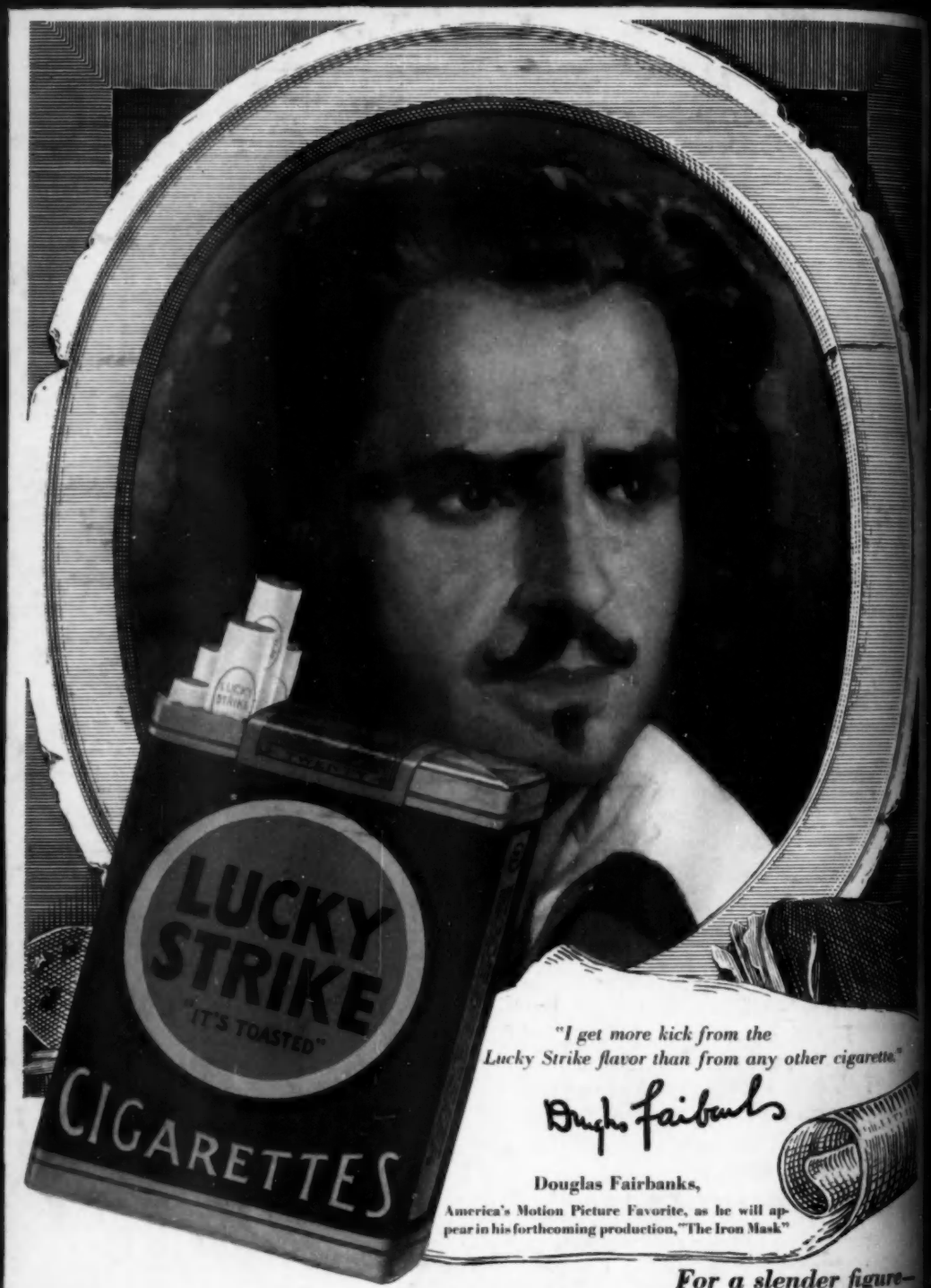
Knocks out that "knock"

ETHYL GASOLINE



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Douglas Fairbanks

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